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FAUST:

A

LYRIC DRAMA IN FIVE ACTS.

THE MUSIC COMPOSED BY

CHARLES GOUNOD.

ADAPTED TO ENGLISH AND ITALIAN WORDS, AND REVISED FROM THE FULL SCORE, WITH INDICATIONS OF THE INSTRUMENTATION.

BOSTON:
OLIVER DITSON COMPANY.

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PREFACE.

The composer of the charming Opera of *Faust* was born at Paris, in 1818, or, according to the less reliable account, in 1815. He first studied harmony under Reicha. At the age of eighteen he entered the counterpoint class of Halévy, in the Conservatoire, and subsequently went through a course of lyric composition under Lesueur. At the age of twenty-one he gained the prize of the Institute, and made a very successful entry upon public notice with a *Mass* of his composition, which was performed at the church of St. Eustache. He went to Rome, to complete his studies, where he produced, in 1841, a second *Mass.* This was given at the church of S. Luigi dei Francesi; and, in testimony of its merits, he received the rare distinction of being named honorary *maestro di capella* for life. Gounod proceeded thence to Vienna, where, in 1842, he produced a *Requiem*, and, in the year following, another sacred work for performance in Lent. He returned to Paris, and was appointed *maitre de chapelle* to the church of the Missions Etrangeres, and for some years devoted himself to compositions for the concert-room, among which may be noticed a cantata called *Pierre L'Hermite*, two choral pieces, named *La danse de l'epee*, and *Le vin des Gaulois*, and several orchestral symphonies. He became ambitious to write for the stage; and, being introduced to Mad. Viardot, she encouraged him in the idea by promising that if he would compose an opera, in which she might sustain the principal character, she would interest herself to obtain the production of the work. Thus stimulated, he wrote the opera of *Sapho*, which was performed, through the influence of the *prima donna*, at the Academie Imperiale, in April, 1851, and was given also at her recommendation at the Royal Italian Opera, in the summer of the same year. It met with no success in London; and, even in Paris, though it raised the composer's reputation, it had but a short-lived career. In 1852, Gounod wrote choruses for Ponsard's tragedy of *Ulysse*, which was performed at the Théatre Francaise; and, in 1856, he brought out his second opera *La Nonne Sanglante*, at the Academie. He was appointed director of the Orphéonists in Paris, in 1852, and exerted his talent for some years in the promotion of the objects of that very important musical organization. He came again before the world as a dramatic composer, in 1859, when his opera of *Faust* was given at the Théatre Lyrique, with Mad. Miolan Carvalho as the heroine, and achieved a success that bears no comparison with that of any of his other works—placing him very high in the ranks of living composers. *Faust* was represented at La Scala, Milan, in the Lent of 1863, and in the ensuing season at the two Italian Opera-houses in London. Each performance added to the reputation of the composer.

The Italian version presented at the two London houses differed in one essential point, viz., the situation of the death of Valentine. At Her Majesty's Theatre, this incident was placed *after* the scene in the church; at the Royal Italian Opera it occurred *before* that scene. The latter arrangement is more consistent with the dramatic flow of the story, and is, moreover, the form in which it was originally presented to the public. Siebel's romance, "When all was young," in the fourth act, was composed expressly for Madame Didiée, and first introduced in the Royal Italian Opera version. The charming "Spinning-wheel Song," belonging to the character of Margaret, in the same act, was omitted in both Italian versions. It is included in the following pages. The duet, in the fifth act, "My heart is torn with grief and repentance," was much elaborated by the composer for the Italian Theatre. So, also, was the concluding trio. Indications of the instrumentation have been copiously marked throughout the piano-forte part; also the metronome marks and signs of expression which appear in the original score. No pains have been spared to render the present edition of Gounod's great dramatic work as interesting and useful as possible.

EDWARD F. RIMBAULT.

NOTE TO THE AMERICAN EDITION.

The words of the present edition are the same that were translated by Mr. Chorley for the English work, with the exception of those fitted to the principal songs, which were translated from the original Freuch text of M. M. Barbièr and Carré, by Mr. J. C. Johnson.

The scene on Walpurgis night, which is described in the following narration, is usually omitted in giving the opera; probably because it lengthens, unreasonably, the performance.

FAUST,

NARRATED IN PROSE, BY CHARLES LAMB KENNY.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

FAUST, (Tenor.)	WAGNER, (Bass)
VALENTINE, (Baritone.)	SIEBEL, (Mezzo-Soprano.)
MEPHISTOPHELES, (Bass.)	MARTHA, (Contralto.)

MARGARITA, (Soprano.)

Chorus of Students, Soldiers, People, Demons, &c.

ACT I.

Faust is discovered alone in the deep silence of his study. The lamp, by which he has been poring over the volume spread before him, is about to expire, and throws a feeble and vacillating glimmer upon the open page, and the heap of musty parchment scrolls that encumber the table. Its fast sinking light is an image of the soul of Faust, gradually yielding to the darkness of despair. A life spent in acquiring the subtle but fruitless learning of his age, has brought no gleam of true knowledge, and the unanswered questionings of his restless spirit torture him with the agonies of universal scepticism. He impatiently closes the volume, and as his eyes turn to the distant horizon, where gleams the dawning of another day added to his weary existence, he invokes the only liberator his perplexed and unsatisfied soul can hope for — Death! But too impatient in his wretchedness to await its natural advance, he seizes a phial that stands among the philosophical apparatus on the table, and, having poured its deadly contents into a crystal goblet, he is about to drain them, when, just as he is raising the cup to his lips, the voices of a number of young girls are heard from without saluting the morn in a joyous chorus. The visions of human mirth and careless enjoyment of life, which these sounds evoke unnerve the soul of Faust in its fell purpose; and the goblet so many times emptied in the joyous feasts of his ancestors, but now mantling with a death-dealing draught, trembles in his hand. He makes, however, another effort to raise the poison-chalice to his lips, when again the busy world without sends its echoes into his lonely study. This time it is a band of field laborers hastening to their work, singing as they go, and praising God for the fruitfulness of the earth. Faust is spirit-stricken by these spontaneous hymns from the simple-hearted children of toil, and checked in his impious purpose, drops the fatal goblet from his hand. But his soul has been too long wasted, by the blasting influence of doubt, for the wholesome impression thus made to be anything but momentary. On the contrary, he despairs of the beneficence and compassion of the Creator — and, cursing all human joys, all human passions, thoughts and impulses, his own existence, the dream of love and ambition, the aspirations of faith and piety, he calls on Satan, the enemy of mankind, to aid him.

The invocation is soon answered, and Mephistopheles, the mocking fiend, appears, attired in the costume of a gallant of that day; a tall feather in his hat, a stout blade on his hip, and a well-filled pouch hanging to his girdle. Faust is at first startled by the sudden apparition, but, recovering himself, is disposed to give his visitor, though invited, but a sullen reception, and, in fact, plainly requests him to withdraw to the place whence he came. The fiend, once admitted to parley, however, is not so easily got rid of. Mephistopheles pretends to be piqued at Faust's apparent want of faith in his power, and challenges the doctor to afford him an opportunity of displaying it. He offers him riches, glory, power — but Faust prefers to these the gift of renewed youth, a treasure which he deems to comprise all others. Youth, therefore, with its enchanting illusions, its wild joys and tumultuous emotions, is what he asks the fiend to endow him with. Mephistopheles informs him that the matter is easy to him, but a trifling condition is exacted, as is usual with the ministers of the powers below, when gratifying mortals with the accomplishment of their wishes. The compact is that the fiend is to serve Faust faithfully during his earthly career; but, that terminated, their positions will be reversed, and the master will then become the slave. Mephistopheles, like a business-like fiend, has the necessary document about him, and hands it to Faust for signature. Seeing, however, that the doctor is hesitating, he determines to use his demoniac power to give him a foretaste of the raptures in store for him when the bargain shall be completed. Suddenly a vision takes form before the eyes of Faust. In a humble dwelling, by the side of a spinning-wheel, at which she is placidly working, is seated a simple village girl. The guileless purity of her heart is as apparent in the calm repose of her demeanor, as are the tender graces of her form arrayed in all the freshness of budding maidenhood. It is Margaret, the innocent victim, who is to die in agony, entangled in the toils of Faust's fiendish adviser, as a dove flutters itself to death in the fowler's net. Faust is enraptured at the beautiful apparition, and hesitates no longer to ratify the compact by his signature. Mephistopheles takes up the self same cup which Faust had in his despair filled with poison, and hands it to him, foaming and sparkling with the elixir that is to renew within him the springs of existence, as it clothes him outwardly in the brilliant and fascinating garb of youth. As Faust empties the life-giving cup, he turns to the vision of Margaret, which slowly fades from sight; but Mephistopheles promises the enraptured Faust, who is now outwardly and inwardly transformed from a decrepid, doubt-distracted doctor of letters and science, to a youthful and ardent lover, that his passionate desire to behold Margaret in actual and bodily presence shall be satisfied that very day.

ACT II.

The scene has changed to the exterior of a tavern, at the sign of the god Bacchus, situated near one of the gates of the town. A motley crowd is assembled, consisting of students, burgesses, soldiers, young maidens, and more mature matrons. The students are singing one of their drinking songs; the soldiers are vaunting their prowess in love and war; the burgesses are tranquilly discussing the news; the maidens are watching the students and soldiers with glances half shy, half provoking; and the matrons are indulging in not over amiable remarks on their younger sisters.

Wagner, a pupil of Dr. Faust, and who seems equally disgusted with learning, and determined to see the world, has enlisted as a soldier; and, in company with Siebel, a suitor to Margaret, is waiting, cup in hand, a comrade who is to accompany him to the wars, and who is no other than Valentine, the brother of Margaret. While Wagner is taunting Siebel with his love-sick melancholy Valentine joins them; and, he, too, is rallied for his sad looks, inspired also by the gentle Margaret, for whose welfare he expresses a deep, brotherly solicitude; as when he is gone, their mother being dead, she will be left without a protector. Siebel promises to watch over her as a brother; and the party is growing more cheerful again, while Wagner has struck up a popular ditty, when he is coolly interrupted by Mephistopheles, who, having momentarily parted company with Faust, is inclined to afford himself a little amusement at the expense of the guests of the "God Bacchus." Ironically apologising for his intrusion, with some words of affected praise for Wagner's singing, Mephistopheles is challenged to sing himself. He complies with the request, and sings a song satirising the passion for gold, which so pleases the party that they invite him to join them in a beaker of wine. Mephistopheles accepts, and, while the liquor is fetching, amuses himself with predicting the fortunes of the company, by inspecting the palms of their hands. Wagner is told that he will be killed in the first engagement; Siebel is informed that no flower will ever again approach his hand without withering; and Mephistopheles connecting this prediction with an allusion to Margaret, Valentine takes offence at the public mention of his sister's name by a stranger, when Mephistopheles warns him that his fiery temper will get him killed by some one who is not far off; and, pouring out a glass of wine, drinks to the company. No sooner, however, has he tasted the wine, than he pronounces it execrable, and offers to treat the party with more drinkable liquor from his own private cellar. So saying, he jumps on a bench; and is thus brought within reach of the tavern sign over their heads, consisting of a barrel bestridden by the jolly god, whom he apostrophises, at the same time presenting his glass to the tap, from which it is immediately filled with wine. He then proposes to drink a bumper to the health of Margaret; but Valentine, again enraged at the profanation of his sister's name, dashes the goblet from the fiend's hand, and the wine, falling upon the ground, betrays its infernal origin by flashing up in a blaze of fire. Upon this, a wild tumult ensues; Wagner, Valentine, Siebel, and the students, draw their swords, and advance upon Mephistopheles, who, however, safely entrenches himself behind a magical air-drawn barrier, which he traces round him with his sword. In vain do the fiend's assailants endeavor to cross this invincible boundary; they are arrested as by a wall of stone; and Valentine's sword, raised to strike his infernal adversary, is shivered in his hand. With this proof of the demoniacal character of the stranger, they resort to a ready mode of exorcising the fiend, by presenting towards him the hilts of their swords, which representing in form the sacred emblem of man's redemption, Mephistopheles is unable to face, and he is thus compelled to retreat, while Valentine, his friends, and the students retire.

Mephistopheles is now joined by Faust, who, being asked by his diabolical guide and companion how they shall commence their career of earthly pleasures, desires to be brought face to face with the lovely maiden whom he had beheld in the vision evoked by Mephistopheles. The fiend replies that her purity places her under the safeguard of the Celestial Power, against which he cannot contend. Faust then threatens to abandon the fiend if he does not immediately conduct him into her presence; and Mephistopheles replies that, if he will have a moment's patience, the maid, whom he is so eager to behold, will present herself on the very spot where they are then standing.

At the same moment sounds of joy and merriment are heard without, and a band of students and young maidens, among whom is Siebel, appear, walking in couples, arm in arm, preceded by fiddlers, and followed by the burgesses who had previously appeared on the scene. The fiddlers take up their posts on a bench, and the waltzing commences, accompanied by a joyous chorus. Siebel, who expects Margaret shortly to pass that way, refuses to join the dancers, and stands apart, gazing in the direction whence the engrossing object of all his thoughts is to appear. Equally longed for by Siebel and by Faust, though with feelings of far different character, Margaret at length presents herself on her way homeward — modest and simple in garb — modest and simple, but exquisitely graceful in demeanor. Mephistopheles urges Faust to accost her, while he balks Siebel of his intention to do the like by suddenly recognizing him, and persistently placing himself between the lover and the object of his passion. Faust meanwhile boldly addresses Margaret, with a compliment to her beauty, and offers her his arm; but Margaret, with a few artless words and a modest curtsey, rejects both his compliment and his proffered protection, and passes on her way. Faust, who seems to have expected a facile conquest, is disconcerted and dejected at this repulse, but recovers hope when Mephistopheles, as they retire in the direction taken by Margaret, assures him that he shall have the benefit of his assistance in the prosecution of his suit.

ACT III.

We are in the garden attached to Margaret's dwelling, and Siebel is seen to enter by a little door in the wall which separates the garden from the street. He addresses in the rapture of a fond lover the flowers which he sees before him, and bids them plead for him to his mistress. Stooping to gather one, he finds it wither in his grasp, and is reminded of the prediction of Mephistopheles at the tavern. He plucks another, and still with the same result. At last, as he approaches a little pavilion to which Margaret is wont to resort, to perform her devotions, he perceives a small holy-water font, at its entrance, into which he plunges his fingers, in the hope that this will counteract the fiend's malice. On again attempting to gather a boquet of flowers, he is delighted to find that these intended messengers of his love no longer wither at his touch; and, laughing at his triumph over the witchcraft of Mephistopheles, retires to another part of the garden. Meanwhile, Faust and his faithful attendant steal softly into the garden, and overhear Siebel's expressed determination, as he places the flowers he has gathered where Margaret will discover them, to declare his love at their next interview. Mephistopheles, who knows that Siebel is over-estimating his courage, utters a sarcastic exclamation, and Siebel hastens away. The fiend now proposes to Faust, that, as a counterbalance to the boquet of his rival, they should present Margaret with a casket of trinkets; but Faust, who is plunged in a reverie under the influence of the passion which he feels is taking a deeper and deeper hold on him, disdains to answer, and Mephistoples retires, bent on unearthing some buried treasure, in order to procure the means of making an impression on Margaret's mind favorable to his diabolical designs.

Faust, left alone, approaches the pavilion; and, profoundly impressed with the air of peace and innocence which seems to pervade the chamber inhabited by Margaret, apostrophises the dwelling which has witnessed the gradual unfolding of so pure and lovely a being. Mephistopheles soon reappears, however, to mar this wholesome train of thought. He has brought with him a casket, and informs Faust that Margaret is approaching. Faust declares that he will not disturb the calm happiness of which he has just been contemplating the delicate and indefinable traces; but Mephistopheles overcomes his virtuous resolution by referring to the probable success of his rival, Siebel, and threatening to assist him by handing over the casket of jewels to him.

At this moment, Margaret's light footstep is heard; Mephistopheles hastily places the casket in the way of the all-unconscious victim of his arts, and hurries Faust away to another part of the garden. Margaret then appears, and wrapt in thought, slowly advances towards an arbor where her spinning-wheel is placed, and, sitting down beside it, begins to wind the wool round her spindle. Her mind is dwelling on the young stranger who so boldly accosted her, and she acknowledges herself curious to know his name and rank — a high one, as she conceives, for only the high-born wear so resolute and dauntless a mien. While thus yielding to the interest which Faust has already awakened in her breast, she mechanically pursues her work, and accompanies it, according to her daily wont, with some popular ballad; this time it is one which celebrates the constancy of a certain King of Thule, who, having received a drinking-cup from his dying love, goes on drinking to her memory, his eyes filling with tears as he empties the cup, until, feeling the approach of death, he casts the cherished goblet into the ocean, and, having watched it fill and sink, quietly yields up his spirit. At the close of this ditty, Margaret is about to enter the pavilion, when she perceives the flowers left by Siebel, and recognizes them at once as his gift; and the next moment her eye lights on the rich casket left by Mephistopheles. The key is in the lock; and, yielding to a natural curiosity, though not without some misgivings, she opens it, and its dazzling contents are displayed before her wondering eyes. She is tempted to try the effect of one or two of these glittering ornaments upon her person; and, a looking-glass being very opportunely placed within the casket, the force of the artfully contrived bait to the innocent girl's womanly vanity is too powerful for resistance. First, she decks herself only with a pair of ear-rings; and, pleased with their effect, she proceeds to fasten a necklace about her white swan-like throat; and, lastly, clasps a bracelet about her arm; and, scarcely knowing herself as she surveys her image in the glass, she wonders what the stranger would think of her thus splendidly bedecked. In the midst of her childish admiration of herself, she is surprised by the entrance of her neighbor, Martha, a dame of mature years, though not overburthened with discretion, or very strict in her ideas of propriety. Martha is astonished to see Margaret decked out in costly jewelry, and interrogates her as to whence they have come. Margaret, ashamed and confused to be caught wearing finery which she does not at first dream to have been destined for her, at last, on being pressed by the old gossip, Martha, confesses that she was addressed in the morning by a gallant young stranger in the street. Martha jumps at the conclusion that it must be he, and adds that he must be a prince, at least, to make such a magnificent present. Margaret, alarmed at the very thought, is regretfully hastening to divest herself of the jewels, while Martha persuades her to keep them, and defy the gossiping tongues of neighbors, when Mephistopheles suddenly makes his appearance, followed by Faust, and, with a profound bow, apologizes for his intrusion, and asks for Madame Martha Schwerlein.

While Margaret, who has recognized Faust, is hurriedly replacing the jewels with which she had adorned herself, in their casket, Martha announces herself to be the identical personage inquired after. Mephistopheles,—after pointing out aside to Faust that his present has been graciously received, and that it is only because Margaret has guessed who was the donor, that she is now suddenly taking them off,— proceeds to inform Martha that he has news for her, sad news, which, however, interest but her alone; and, on this pretext, takes her apart, leaving Faust and Margaret together. The story, which Mephistopheles has trumped up to gain an opportunity for his master to obtain an interview with Margaret, is that Martha's husband, who had deserted her, is dead; that he died at Padua, and that Mephistopheles had brought her his last words. These last words are not, as Mephistopheles recounts them in his sarcastic way, over-consolatory; but he recommends the dame to think no more of him, and after waiting the interval demanded by common decency, to take a successor, with a hint that, were it not his lot to be ever on the wing, he should esteem himself but too fortunate to be permitted to place the wedding-ring upon her finger. While Mephistopheles is thus cajoling dame Martha, Faust does not fail to improve the occasion; and, gradually overcoming the reserve of Margaret by his pressing but tenderly respectful advance, leads her into a conversation, which proceeds simultaneously with that between Mephistopheles and Martha; and the mockery of the fiend amusing himself with the silly vanity of the old lady, affords a striking and impressive contrast with the beautiful simplicity, modesty, and artless trustfulness with which Margaret, replying to Faust's questions, relates the brief and homely, but touching story of her life, and of her present position. The brother is gone for a soldier; a mother, long since a widow, is but lately dead; and, sadder than all, the little sister whom Margaret had tended with a mother's care, and had learned to love with a mother's love, had been reft from her also by the ruthless hand of death.

Faust, now left alone with Margaret, Mephistopheles having retired, is deeply touched at the affecting disclosure of Margaret's helpless and hapless condition; but his compassion for her only serves to feed his lawless passion, and to increase the ardor with which he seeks to entangle her inexperienced heart. Ere the interview is terminated, Margaret has lost her heart; and in her simplicity and innocence has confessed it, after consulting the oracle of the daisy,—"he loves me, loves me not,"— placing herself completely at the mercy of her lover. Faust now bids her adieu until the morrow, when Mephistopheles, having skillfully got rid of dame Martha, who was growing somewhat too tender, encounters him at the garden door, and, taunting him with abandoning his opportunity, begs him at any rate to stay and listen to what the maiden has to say to the stars. At the same moment Margaret appears at her window, and, believing herself alone, pours forth aloud all the tender emotions with which Faust has inspired her. The lover, in an ecstacy of joy at this unrestrained acknowledgment of his conquest, rushes forward and reveals his presence to Margaret, who, thus treacherously surprised, and having now lost her last defence against the demon-aided seductions of her adorer, lets her head droop upon the shoulder of Faust, and Mephistopheles, sure of the success of his infernal plot, leaves the lovers with a laugh of fiendish mockery.

ACT IV.

Some time has elapsed since Margaret's first interview with Faust. She is now sitting dejected by the side of her spinning-wheel, awaiting, with a mournful yearning heart, the return of Faust, whose prolonged absence from her she refuses to construe into an abandonment. From beneath her window arise the sounds of girlish voices. They are those of her former companions, jeering at Margaret in her misfortune; and the sting of their taunts is felt the more deeply as the poor victim of an infernal machination remembers with what severity she, too, had visited one of her own sex, who had fallen into shame. One friend, alone, remains to offer sympathy to the desolate girl—Siebel, the rejected lover—who offers to hunt out the seducer, and avenge her wrong; but Margaret's heart still clings with fond affection to Faust, and will not harbor one suspicion against his truth and constancy. In her loneliness and dejection, the conscience-stricken girl turns to the only true source of consolation. Every once friendly house is now closed upon her; but there is one door which she may yet enter, and which is always open to sorrow and repentance. Margaret's dwelling faces the church, and she hastens to lay down the burthen of her heart at the foot of the altar. Already at the threshold of the sanctuary, oppressed with a sense of guilt, she falls on her knees, beseeching the divine mercy. The fiend, however, is watching his victim, and aware how near she now is to perfect freedom from the thraldom of the power he serves. Mephistopheles whispers in her ear as the voice of her own conscience such heavy self accusation, and pictures the contrast between her former happy innocence and present abject and despised condition, that for a time her faith in the power of repentance is over-clouded, and her soul is possessed only with the terrors of eternal punishment These fearful impressions are rendered more torturing still by the chant, which is now heard from within the church, celebrating the glories and the terrors of the last day. Margaret struggles, against the demoniac influence, to preserve a ray of hope; but the voices of the evil spirits, commanded by Mephistopheles, so crush her spirit with threats of divine vengeance, that, at last, she sinks unconscious in an agony of terror upon the pavement. The solemn peals of the organ continue after the sacred chant has ceased; and as they slowly die away, Margaret revives, and free for a moment, from her demoniac tormentors, rushes into the church.

Margaret has need of the spiritual strength which she is imploring to bear up against the fresh sorrows that await her. Valentine, her brother, has returned from the wars, though without his companion, Wagner, who, in fulfilment of the fiend's prediction, has perished in his first action. The soldier is welcomed by his friend Siebel, whose confusion at the anticipated disclosure of Margaret's fault arouses Valentine's suspicion, and he hastily inquires for his sister. Siebel implores her brother to be merciful to her; and Valentine, shocked at so ominous a speech, but refusing to believe his sister guilty, rushes into their house, while Siebel turns towards the church, to prevent the meeting of Margaret with her brother. At this critical moment, Faust and Mephistopheles appear, the latter carrying a guitar beneath his mantle. After a short parley with Faust, who, under the influence of a gloomy presentiment, hesitates to enter Margaret's dwelling, lest he should draw down some calamity upon her, Mephistopheles proposes that he shall announce Faust's return by a serenade, to the accompaniment of his guitar. The song he forthwith trolls forth is from beginning to end, a gross and taunting insult to Margaret in her wretched plight. Faust vainly endeavors to check him, when Valentine rushes from the house, furious, and, drawing his sword, strikes at Mephistopheles' guitar, and shivers it to pieces. A combat ensues between Faust and Valentine, who, previous to the encounter, has disdainfully thrown away a medallion which his sister had given him, and to which he had attributed his safety amidst the perils of war. Mephistopheles sees the action, and, rejoicing at the rejection of a talisman which would have baffled him, prepares to stand by Faust during the duel, telling him to think only of lunging, as he would do the parrying. Valentine's skill and determined courage are unavailing against such a combination, and in a few passes he falls wounded to death. Mephistopheles hurries Faust away, and the neighbors, roused at the brawl, rush in to find Valentine alone, his life fast ebbing. Margaret makes her way through the crowd, and throws herself on her knees by the side of her brother, who with the last remnant of strength, repels her; and then, while he is supported by the bystanders, pours forth with his dying breath a torrent of imprecations on the head of Margaret, predicting a career of shame and misery for her, and upbraiding her for still preserving the chain of gold about her neck, (which Margaret immediately tears off and throws away,) pronounces her accursed here below, and dies amidst the horror of the crowd, and the utter consternation and despair of Margaret, whom Siebel draws away from the dreadful scene

ACT V.

The Walpurgis night, or witches' Sabbath, to which Mephistopheles conducts Faust, with a view to sink him more deeply in the sensuous delights of a mere voluptuary, and to drown the last murmurs of conscience with a revival of the orgies which marked the most dissolute period of antiquity, fails of the desired effect. In the midst of the revelry to which he has yielded himself, and while, goblet in hand, Faust is singing an anacreontic effusion, a voice reaches his ear, the well known accents of which, though enfeebled by distance, causes a thrill to pervade his whole frame; the goblet is arrested on its way to his lips, and the name of Margaret escapes his trembling lips. At the same moment, a pale phantom, in whose livid features he recognizes those of the wretched Margaret, appears awhile, and then suddenly vanishes. Faust, a prey to the wildest horror and remorse, insists on being conducted to Margaret by Mephistopheles, whom he forcibly drags along with him, while he pierces his way, sword in hand, through the host of demons and infernal monsters that beset him, and seek to frustrate his purpose.

With this prelude we are introduced to the last scene of the tragic drama — a prison. Margaret, driven to frenzy by the excess of her sufferings, culminating in the murder of her brother by the man to whom she had sacrificed all, and by whom she has been to all appearance basely deserted, has destroyed her offspring, and awaits in a dungeon the doom of human justice. Mephistopheles has contrived to steal the prison keys from the sleeping jailor, and Faust enters the cell where his victim lies sleeping, during a brief respite from the restless activity of her distracted and phantom-haunted brain. Faust calls on her, and she awakens, appearing to recognize his voice, and to hail him as her deliverer, whom she is ready to clasp once more to her bosom with all the trusting love of former days. But as Faust presses her to fly with him at once, as the time is pressing he perceives that his words are unheeded, and that he is speaking to one whose distracted mind is entirely absorbed with the phantoms that haunt its ruins. Mephistopheles now appears, and urges them to haste, as the day is dawning, and it will soon be too late to effect the escape of the prisoner. Margaret's excitement increases at the aspect of the hated fiend, to whom she has ever attributed all her misfortunes, and, kneeling in an ecstacy of pious abandonment, calls upon heaven and its pure angels to protect, forgive, and receive her. A noise is heard as of some one approaching: Faust again presses her to escape; but a gleam of memory flashes upon her as she gazes in his face and recognizes the murderer of her brother. Shrinking wildly from his blood stained touch, she sinks upon the ground, and yields her spirit—not to the infernal powers, as Mephistopheles implies by his exclamation "Accursed!" but to the heavenly protection which, even in her madness, she had implored, as is announced by the celestial voices which proclaim her "Saved!"

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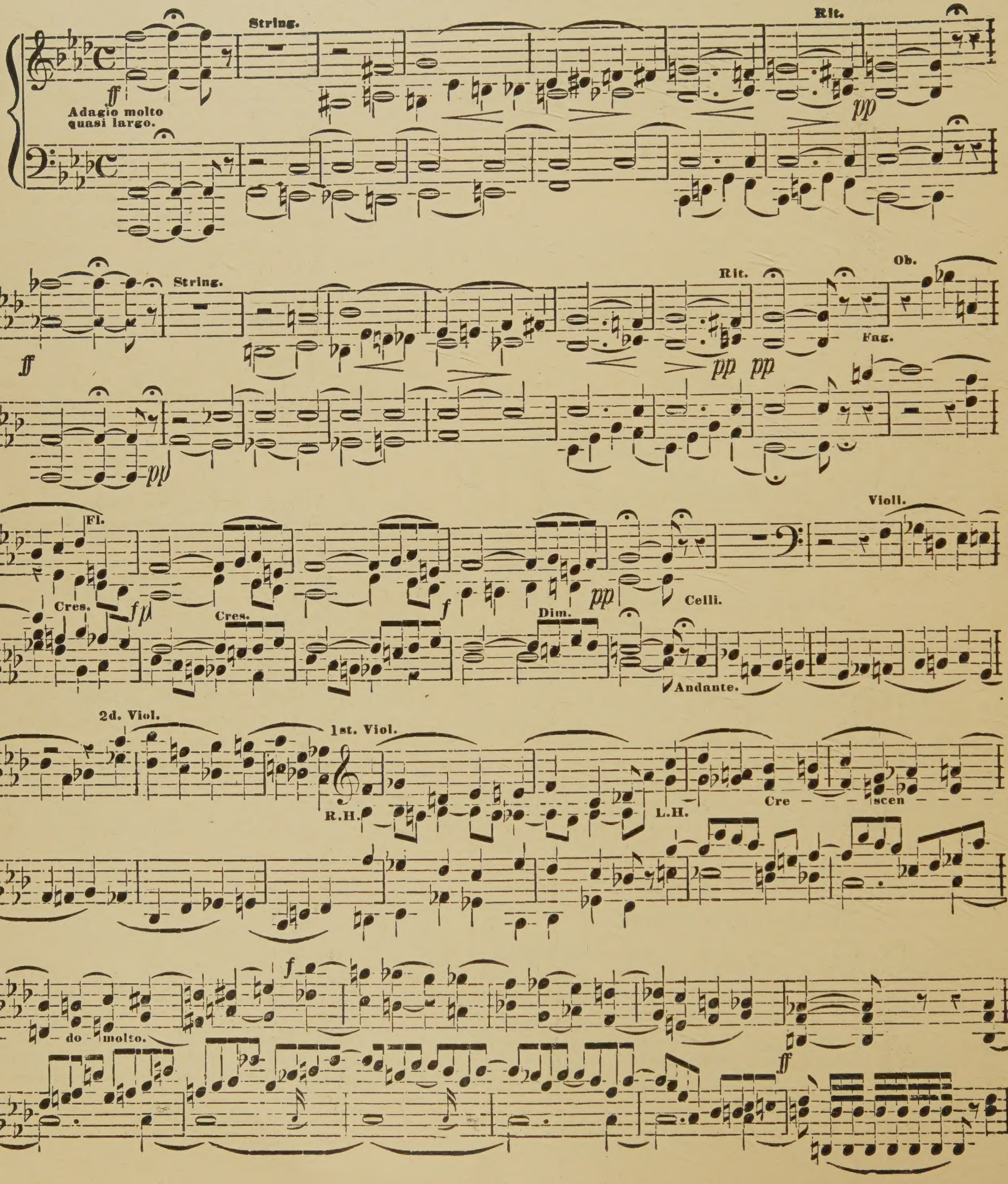
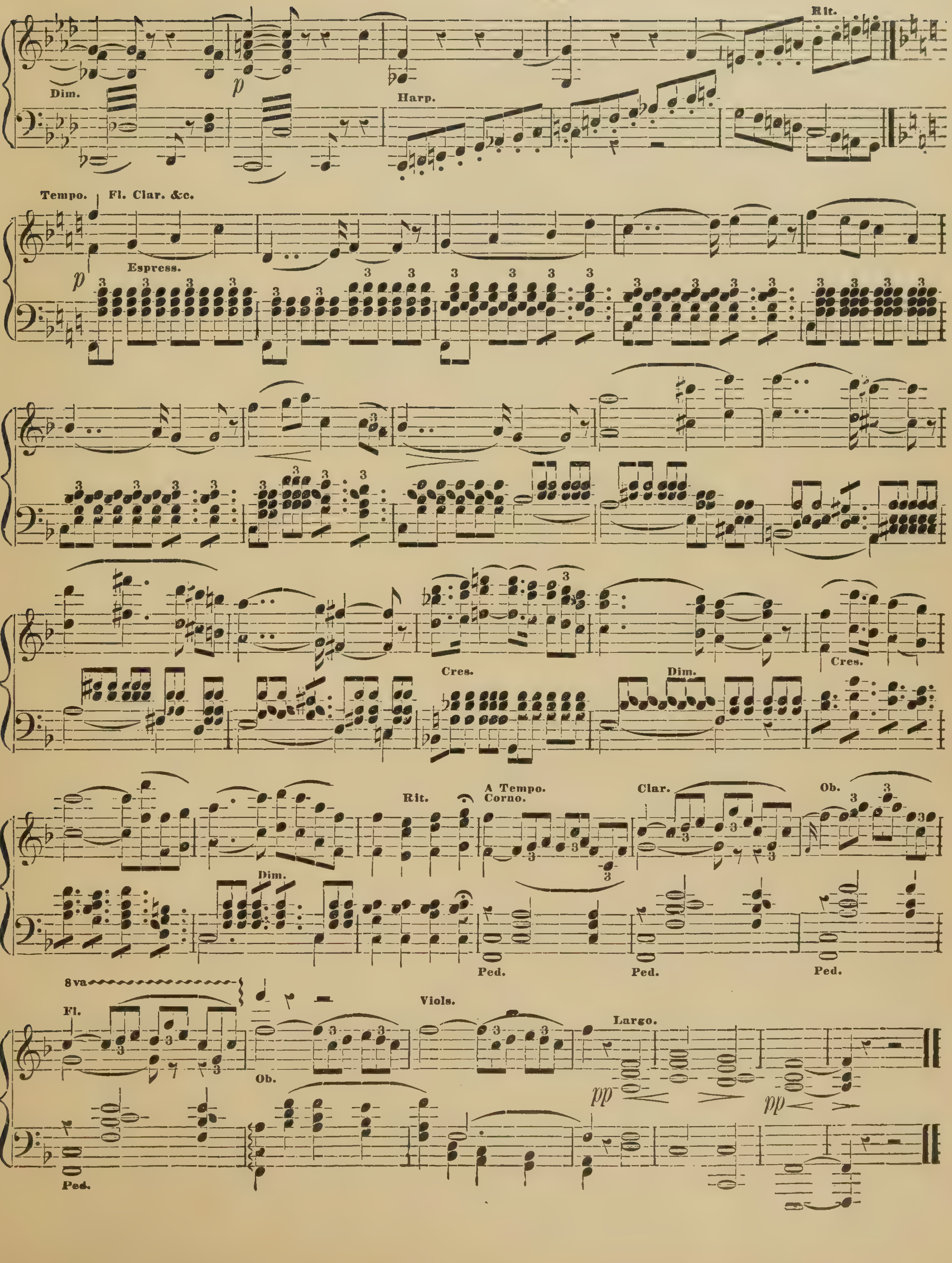
FAUST.

INTRODUCTION.

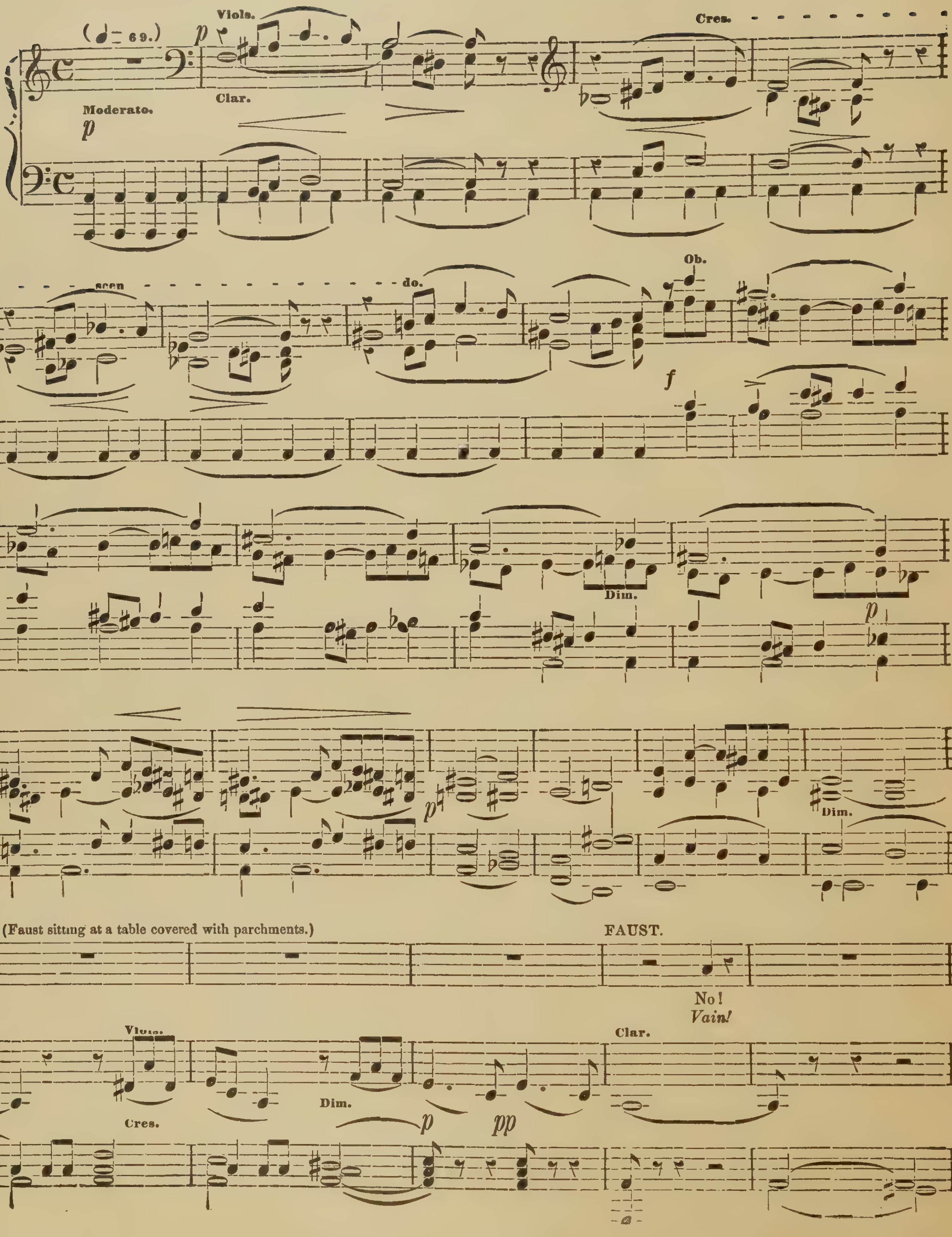


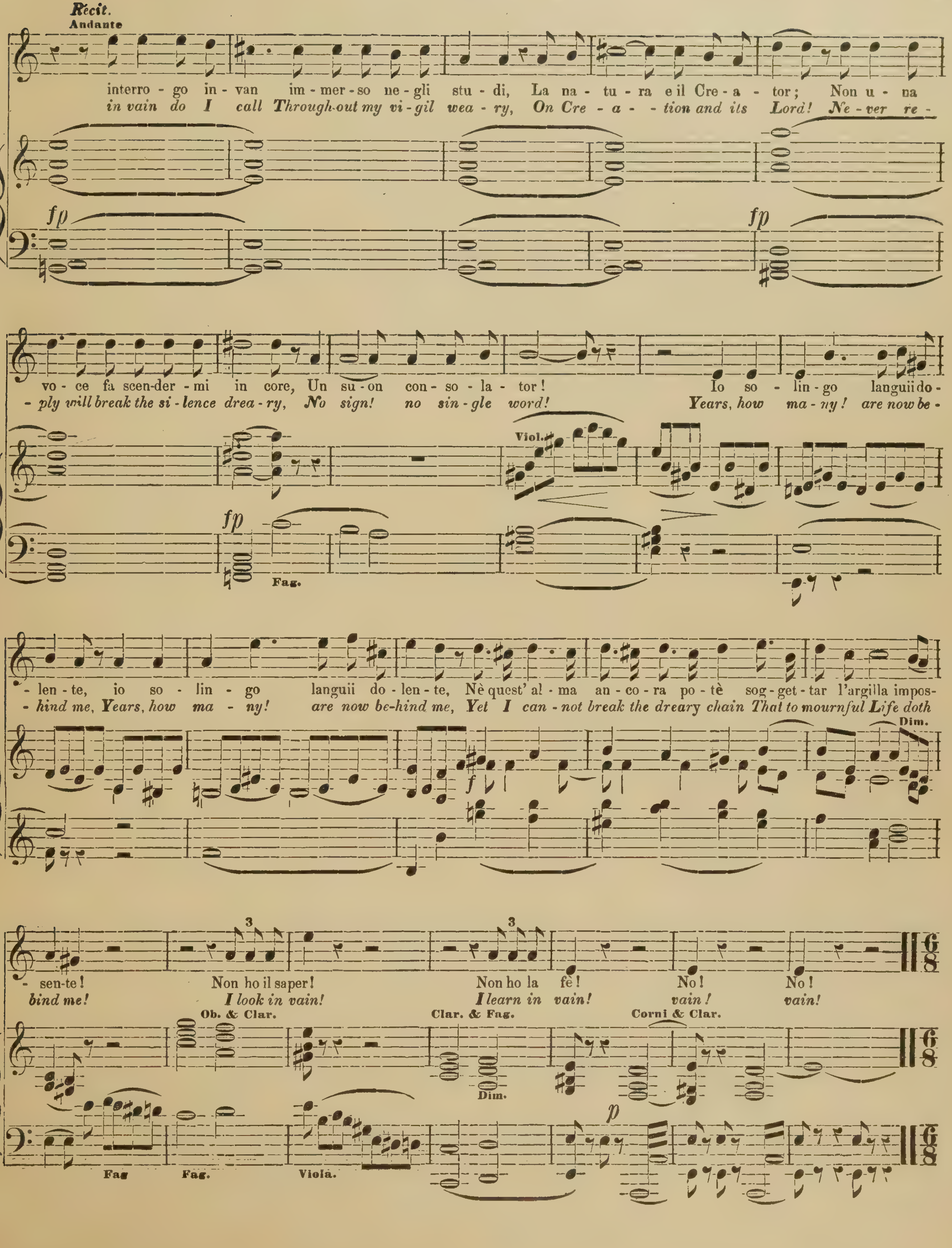

Rit.
Dim.
Harp.
Tempo. Fl. Clar. &c.
Espress.
Cres.
Dim.
Cres.
Rit.
A Tempo.
Corno.
Clar.
Ob.
Dim.
Ped.
Ped.
Ped.
8va
Fl.
Viols.
Largo.
Ob.
pp
pp
Ped.

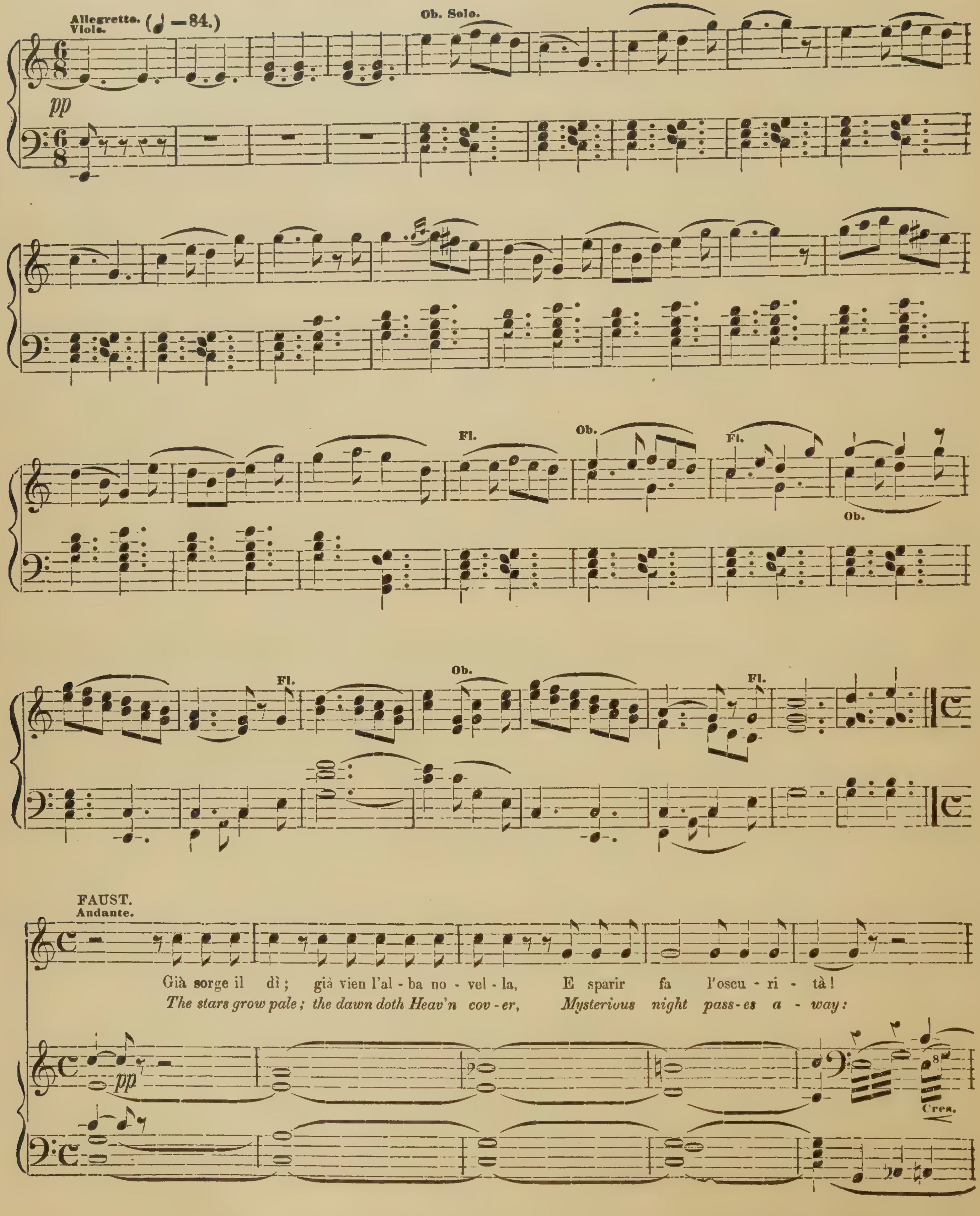
Faust.

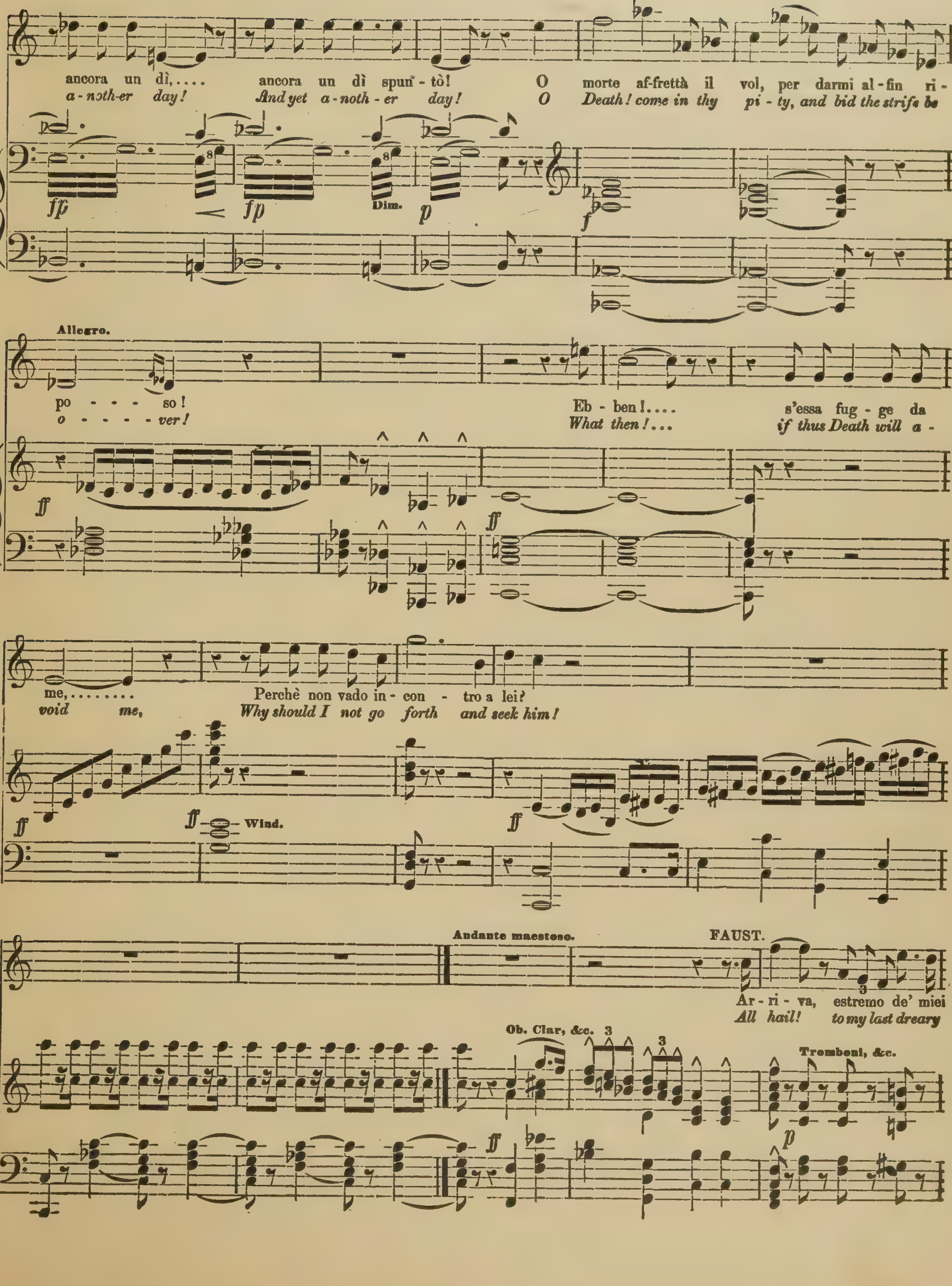
ACT I.

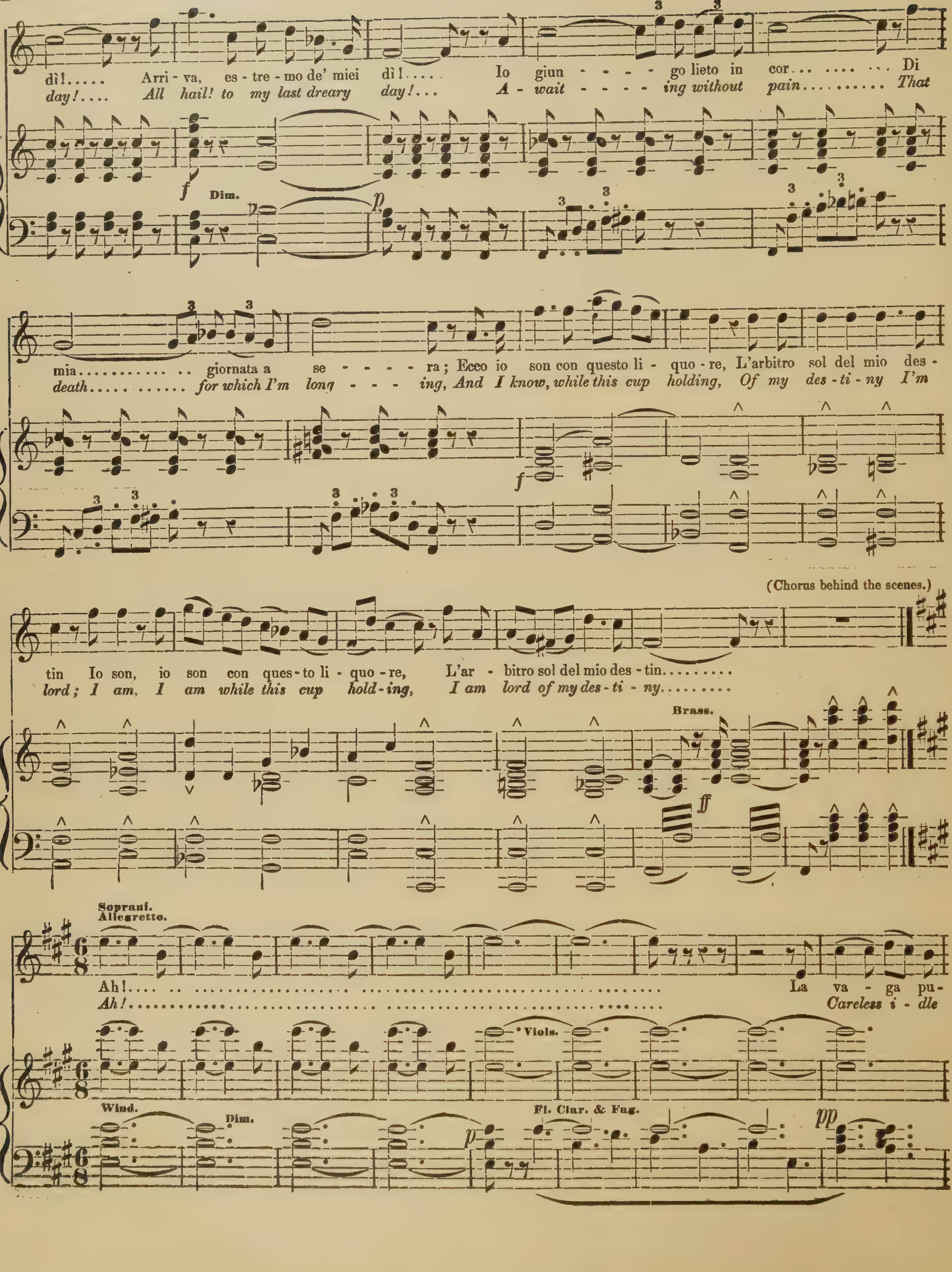
No. 1. Solo & Chorus.

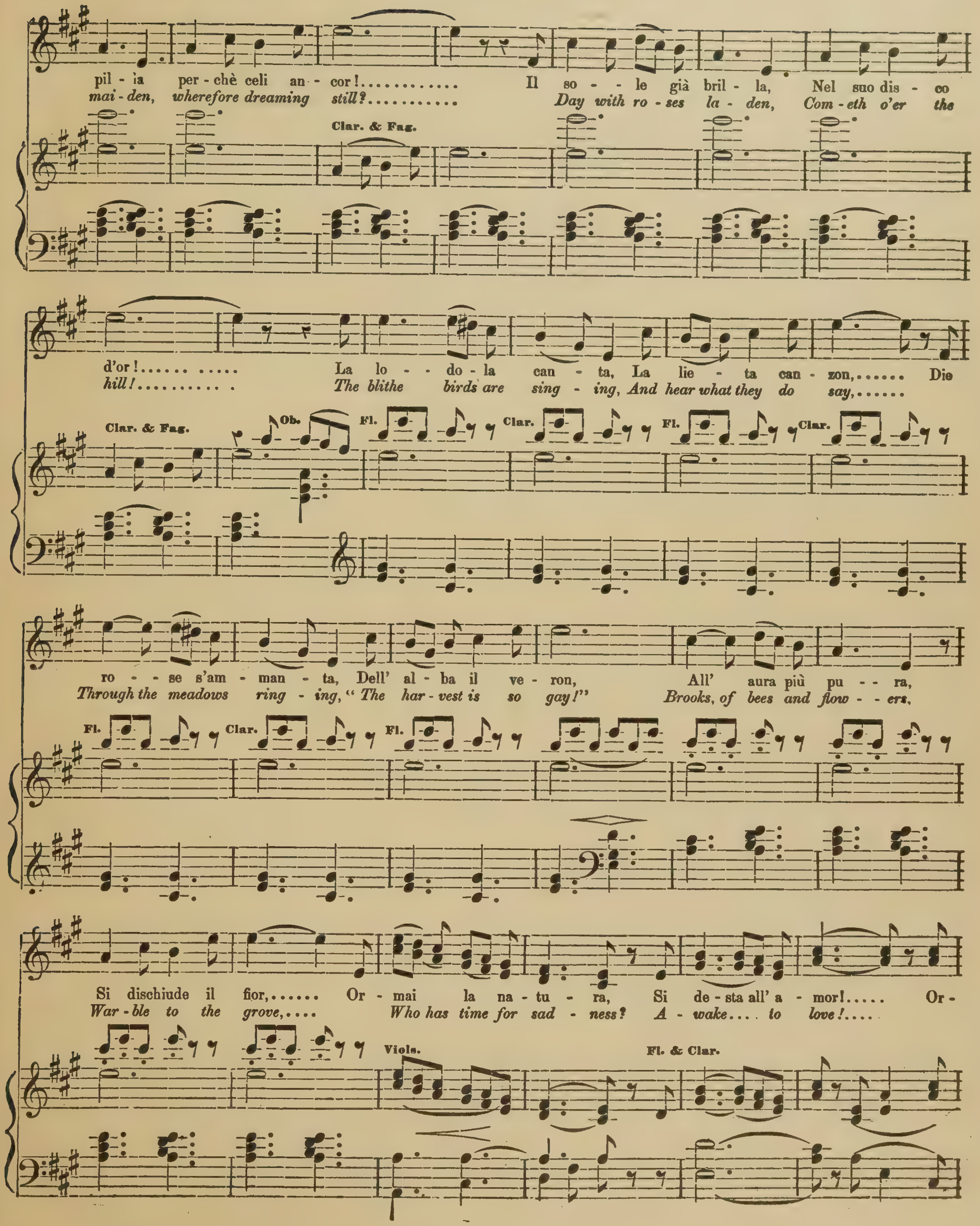


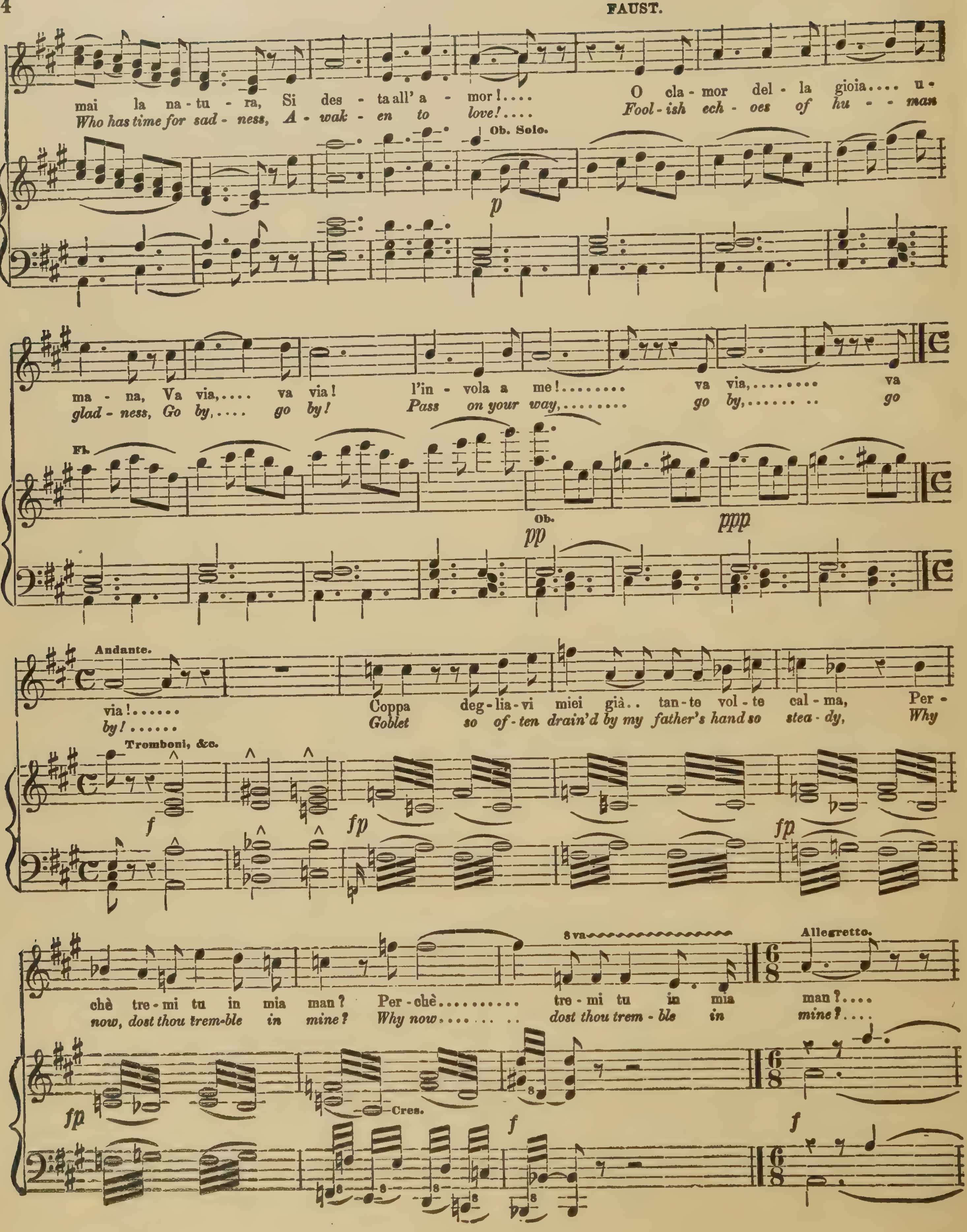

Récit.
Andante
interro - go in - van im - mer - so ne - gli stu - di, La na - tu - ra e il Cre - a - tor; Non u - na
in vain do I call Through-out my vi - gil wea - ry, On Cre - a - - tion and its Lord! Ne - ver re -
fp
fp
vo - ce fa scen - der - mi in core, Un su - on con - so - la - tor! Io so - lin - go languii do -
- ply will break the si - lence drea - ry, No sign! no sin - gle word! Years, how ma - ny! are now be -
Viol.
fp
Fag.
- len - te, io so - lin - go languii do - len - te, Nè quest' al - ma an - co - ra po - tè sog - get - tar l'argilla impos -
- hind me, Years, how ma - ny! are now be-hind me, Yet I can - not break the dreary chain That to mournful Life doth
Dim.
f
- sen - te! Non ho il saper! Non ho la fè! No! No!
bind me! I look in vain! I learn in vain! vain! vain!
3
3
Ob. & Clar.
Clar. & Fag.
Corni & Clar.
Dim.
p
Fag
Fag.
Viola.

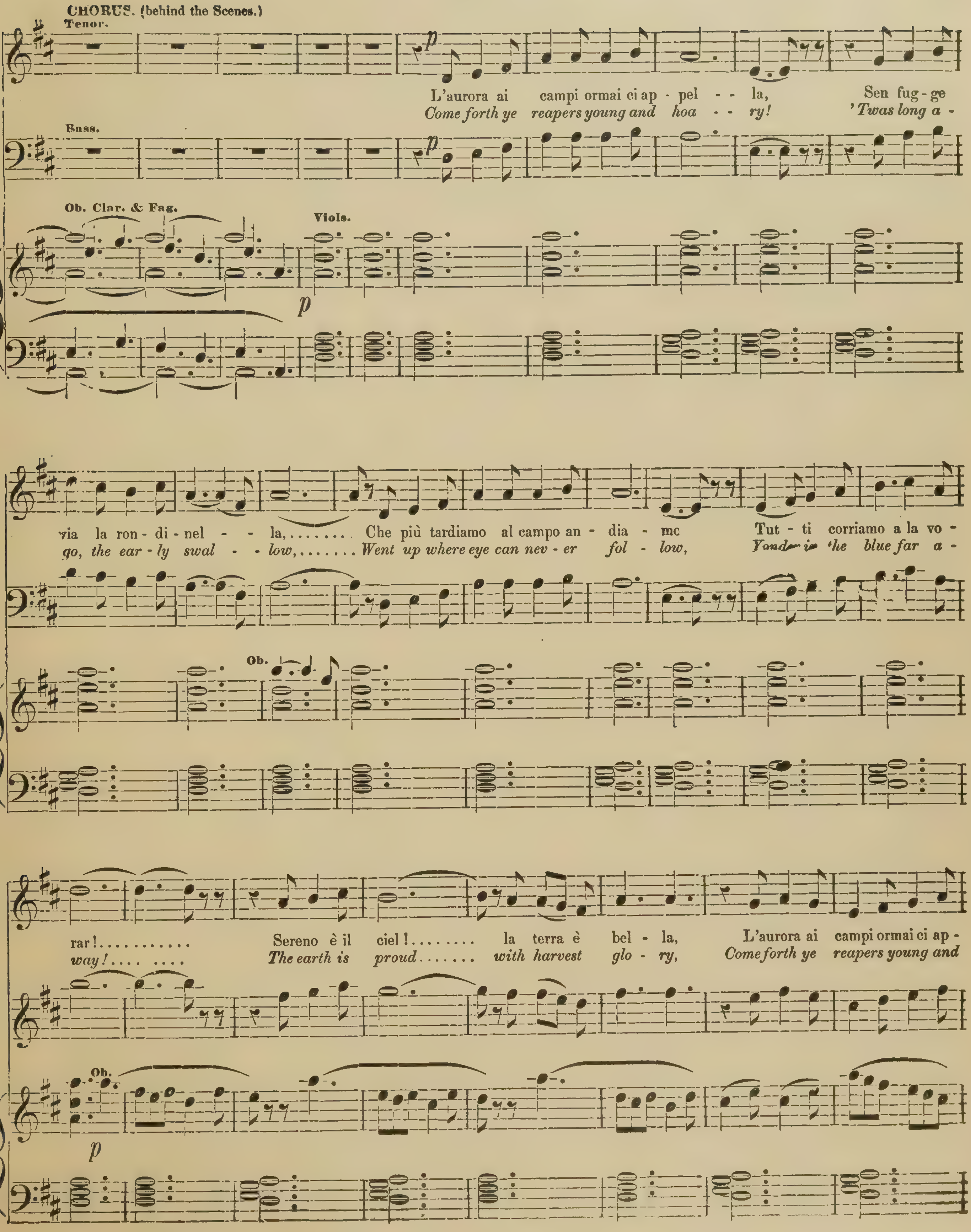

Allegretto. (♩ = 84.)
Viols.
pp
Ob. Solo.
Fl.
Ob.
Fl.
Ob.
Fl.
Ob.
Fl.
FAUST.
Andante.
Già sorge il dì; già vien l'al - ba no - vel - la, E sparir fa l'oscu - ri - tà!
The stars grow pale; the dawn doth Heav'n cov - er, Mysterious night pass - es a - way:
pp
Cres.

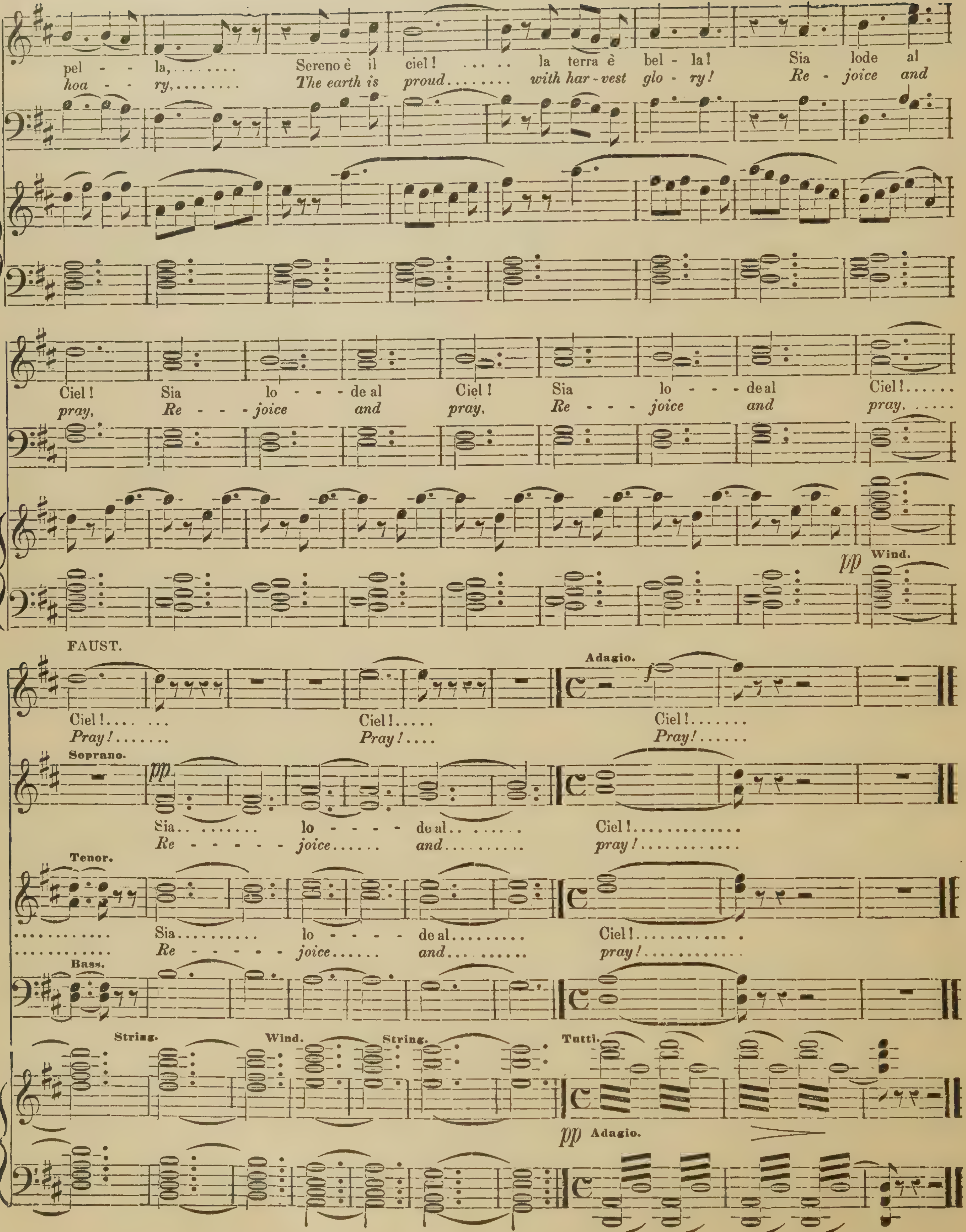

ancora un dì,.... ancora un dì spuntò! O morte af-frettà il vol, per darmi al-fin ri-
a-noth-er day! And yet a-noth-er day! O Death! come in thy pi-ty, and bid the strife be
fp
fp
Dim.
p
f
Allegro.
po - - - so!
o - - - - ver!
Eb-ben!.... s'essa fug-ge da
What then!... if thus Death will a-
ff
ff
me,........ Perchè non vado in-con - tro a lei?
void me, Why should I not go forth and seek him!
ff
ff
Wind.
ff
Andante maestoso.
FAUST.
Ar-ri-va, estremo de' miei
All hail! to my last dreary
Ob. Clar, &c.
Tromboni, &c.
ff
p


dì!..... Arri - va, es - tre - mo de' miei dì!.... Io giun - - - - go lieto in cor.. .... Di
day!.... All hail! to my last dreary day!... A - wait - - - - ing without pain.......... That
f Dim. p
mia............ .. giornata a se - - - - - ra; Ecco io son con questo li - quo - re, L'arbitro sol del mio des -
death........... for which I'm long - - - ing, And I know, while this cup holding, Of my des - ti - ny I'm
f
(Chorus behind the scenes.)
tin Io son, io son con ques - to li - quo - re, L'ar - bitro sol del mio des - tin.........
lord; I am, I am while this cup hold - ing, I am lord of my des - ti - ny.........
Brass.
ff
Soprani.
Allegretto.
Ah!.... .. .. La va - ga pu -
Ah!.. Careless i - dle
Viols.
Wind. Dim.
p
Fl. Clar. & Fag.
pp

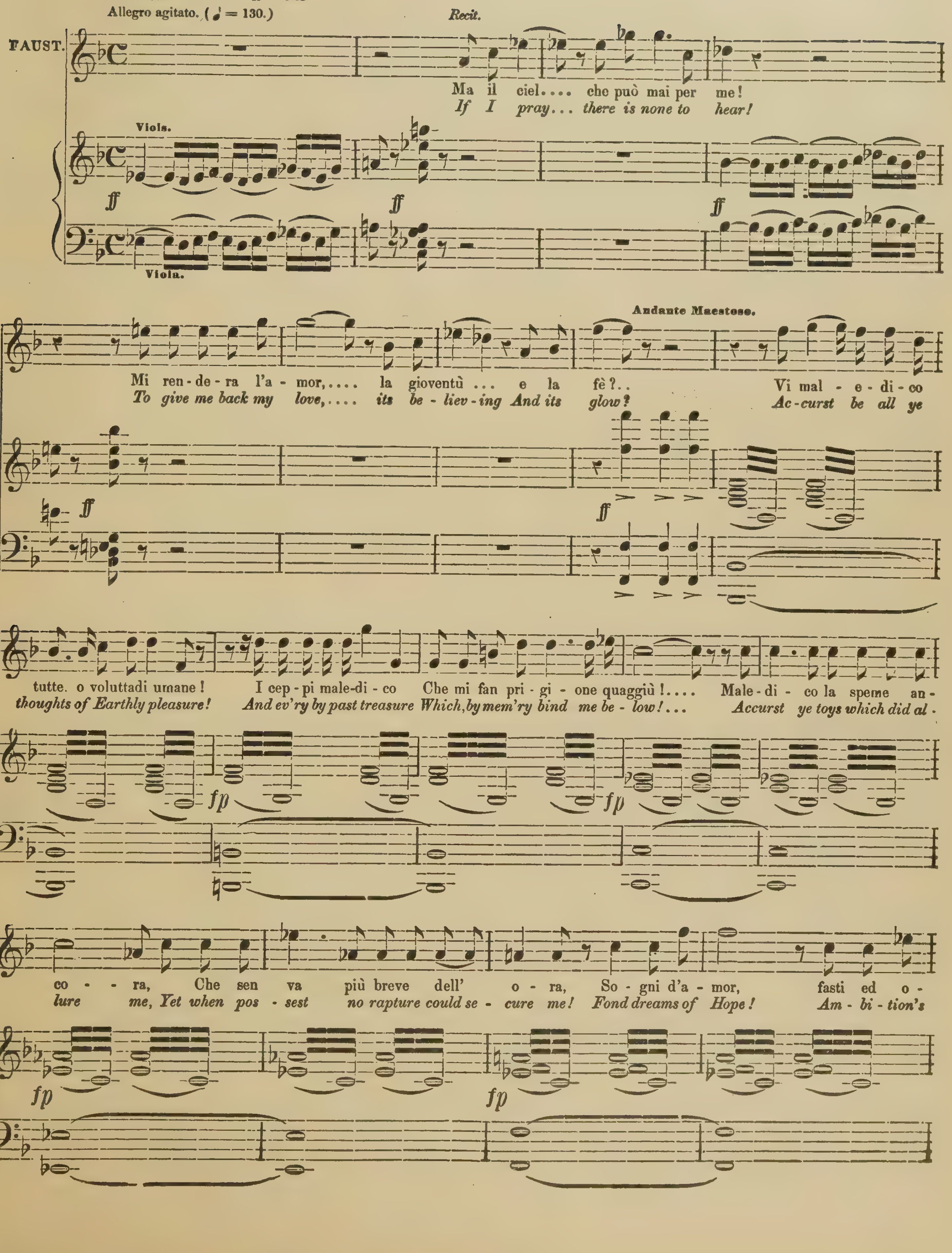

pil - ia per - chè celi an - cor! . . . . Il so - - le già bril - la, Nel suo dis - co
mai - den, wherefore dreaming still? . . . . Day with ro - ses la - den, Com - eth o'er the
Clar. & Fag.
d'or! . . . . La lo - - - do - la can - ta, La lie - ta can - zon, ... Die
hill! . . . . The blithe birds are sing - ing, And hear what they do say, ...
Clar. & Fag.
Ob.
Fl.
Clar.
ro - - se s'am - man - ta, Dell' al - ba il ve - ron, All' aura più pu - - ra,
Through the meadows ring - ing, "The har - vest is so gay!" Brooks, of bees and flow - - ers,
Si dischiude il fior, ... Or - mai la na - tu - ra, Si de - sta all' a - mor! . . . . . Or -
War - ble to the grove, ... Who has time for sad - ness? A - wake . . . . to love! . . . . .
Viols.
Fl. & Clar.

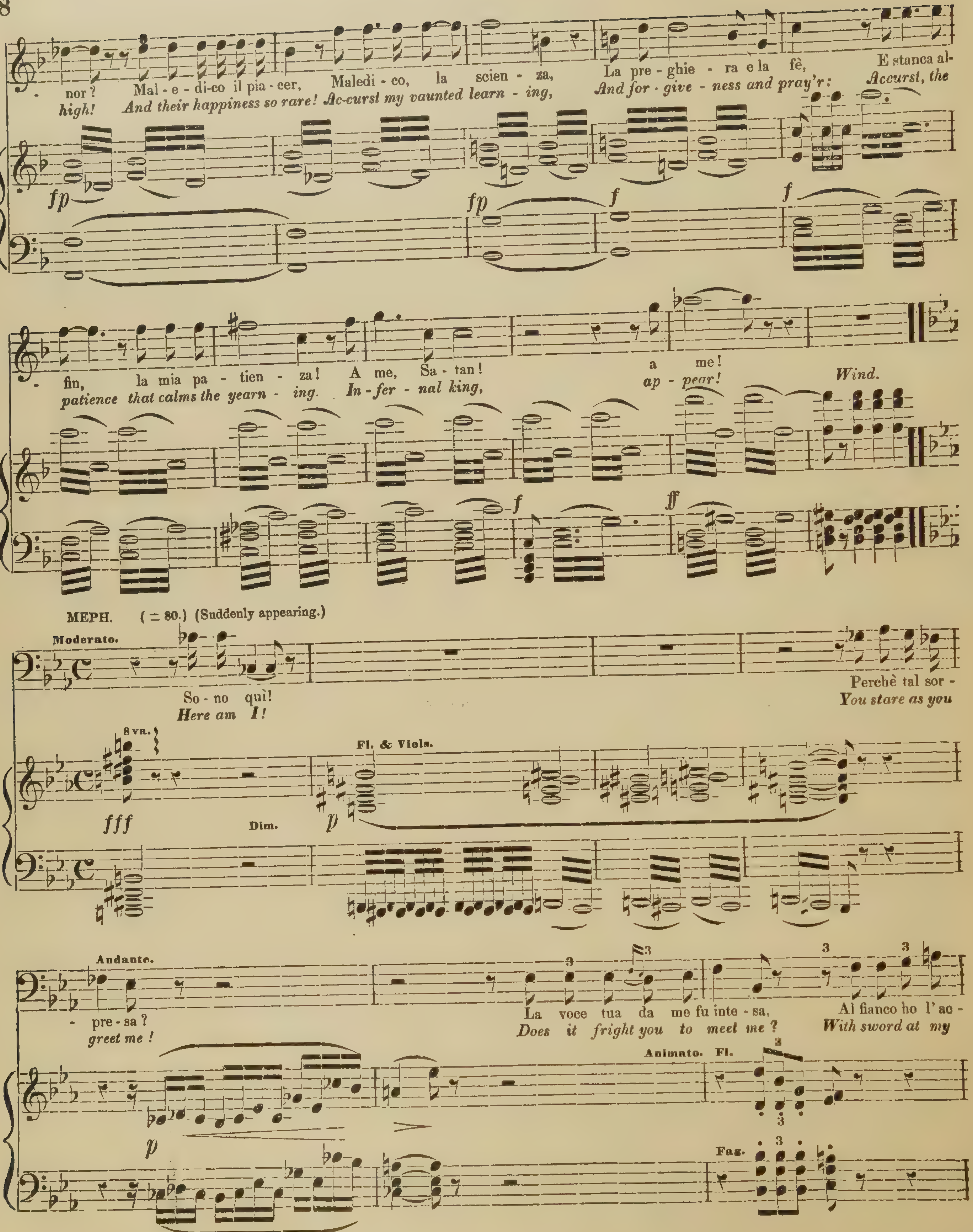

FAUST.
mai la na-tu-ra, Si des-ta all' a-mor!.... O cla-mor del-la gioia.... u-
Who has time for sad-ness, A-wak-en to love!.... Fool-ish ech-oes of hu--man
Ob. Solo.
p
ma-na, Va via,.... va via! l'in-vola a me!........ va via,........ va
glad-ness, Go by,.... go by! Pass on your way,........ go by,....... .. go
Fl.
Ob.
pp
ppp
Andante.
via!...... Coppa deg-lia-vi miei già.. tan-te vol-te cal-ma, Per-
by!...... Goblet so of-ten drain'd by my father's hand so stea-dy, Why
Tromboni, &c.
f
fp
chè tre-mi tu in mia man? Per-chè.......... tre-mi tu in mia man?....
now, dost thou trem-ble in mine? Why now....... .. dost thou trem-ble in mine?....
8va
Allegretto.
Cres.
f

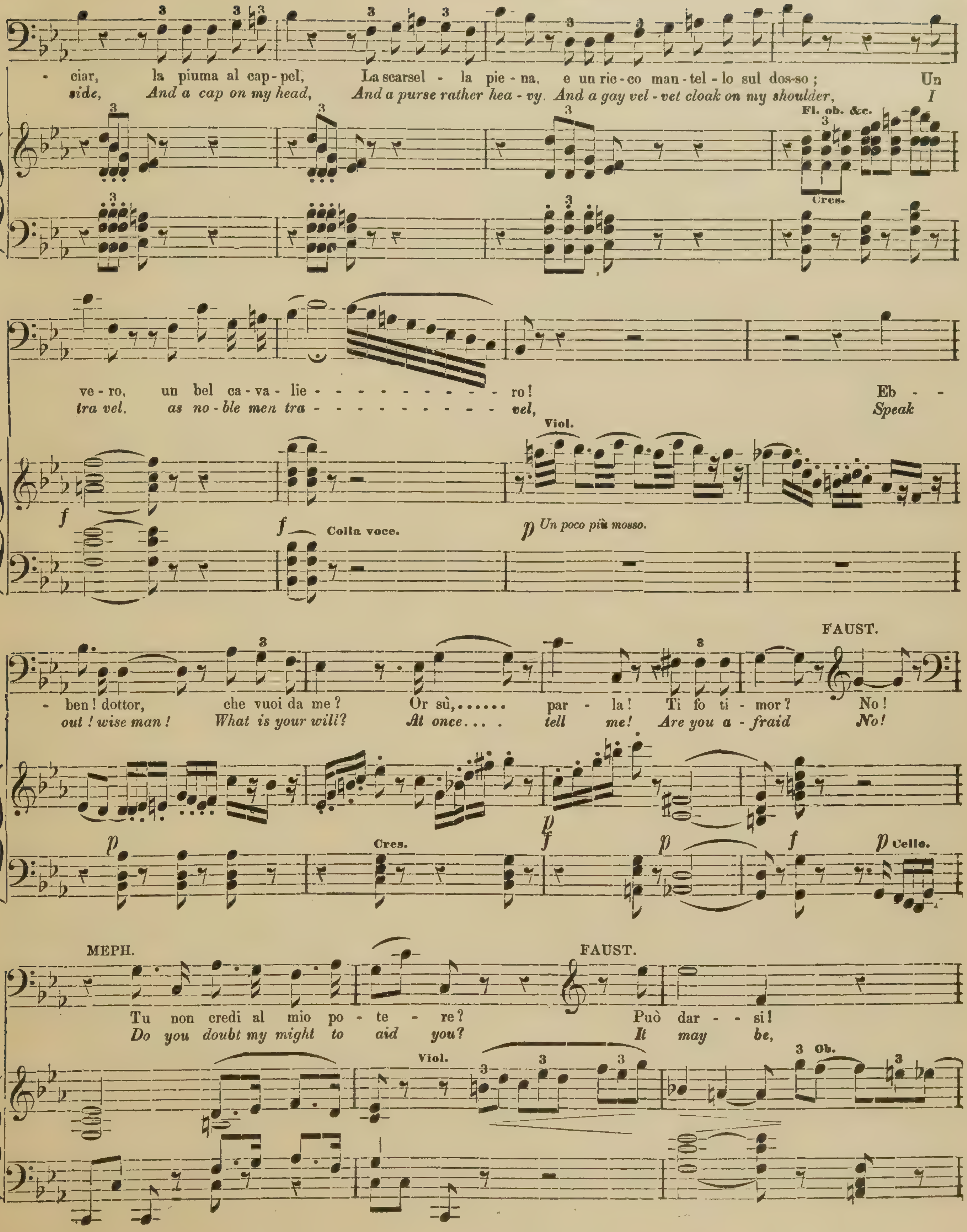

CHORUS. (behind the Scenes.)
Tenor.
Bass.
Ob. Clar. & Fag.
Viols.
p
L'aurora ai campi ormai ci ap - pel - - la, Sen fug - ge
Come forth ye reapers young and hoa - - ry! 'Twas long a -
via la ron - di - nel - - la, ... Che più tardiamo al campo an - dia - me Tut - ti corriamo a la vo -
go, the ear - ly swal - - low, ... Went up where eye can nev - er fol - low,
Ob.
rar! . . . . Sereno è il ciel! . . . . la terra è bel - la, L'aurora ai campi ormai ci ap -
way! . . . . The earth is proud . . . . with harvest glo - ry, Come forth ye reapers young and

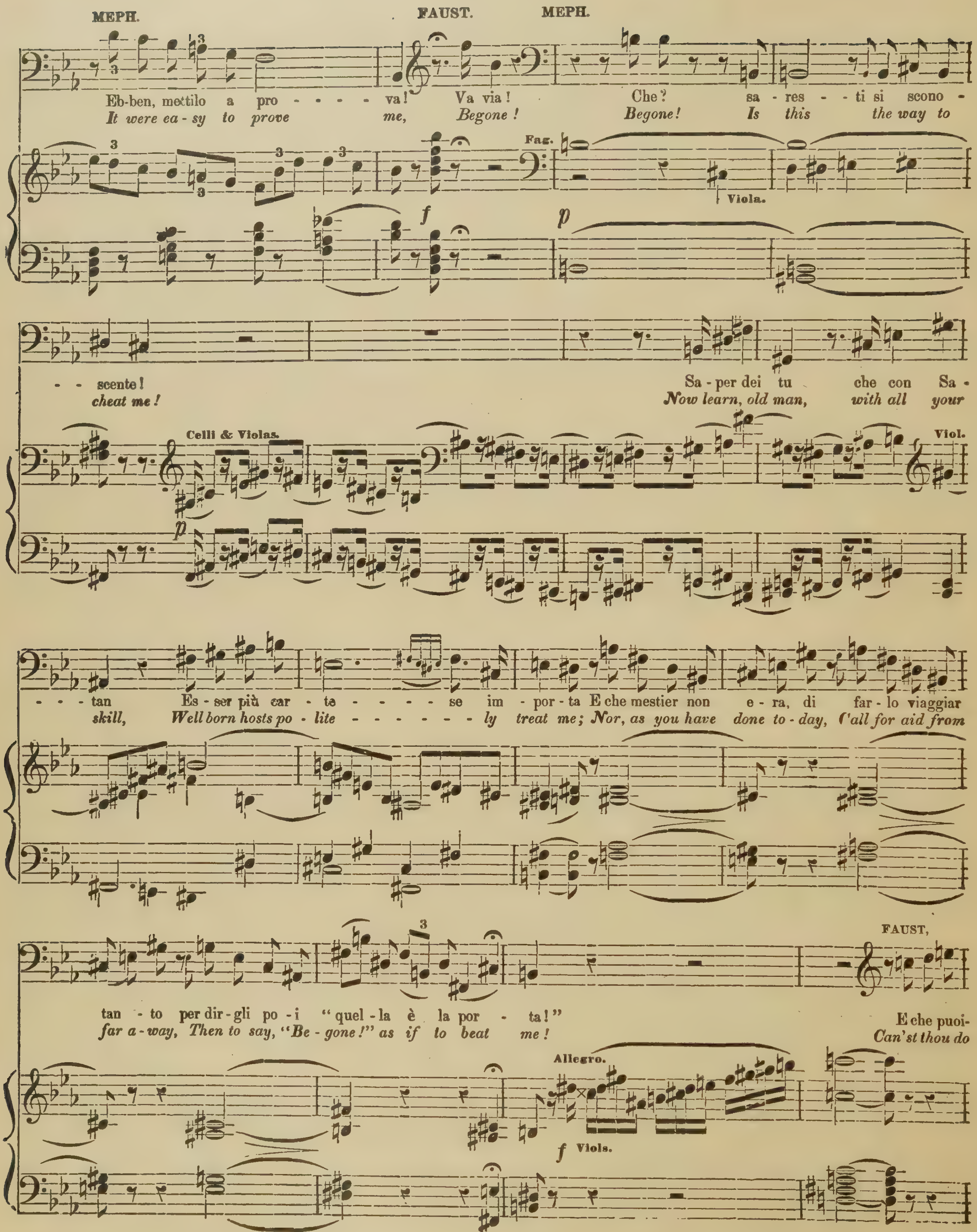

pel - - la, ... Sereno è il ciel! . . . . la terra è bel - la! Sia lode al
hoa - - ry, ... The earth is proud . . . . with har - vest glo - ry! Re - joice and
Ciel! Sia lo - - - de al Ciel! Sia lo - - - de al Ciel! . . . . . .
pray, Re - - - joice and pray, Re - - - joice and pray, ...
pp
Wind.
FAUST.
Ciel! . . . . . .
Pray! . . . .
Ciel! . . . . .
Pray! . . . .
Adagio.
f
Ciel! . . . .
Pray! . . . . . .
Soprano.
pp
Sia . . . . lo - - - - de al . . . . Ciel! . . . .
Re - - - - - joice . . . . . . and . . . . pray! . . . .
Tenor.
Sia . . . . lo - - - - de al . . . . Ciel! . . . .
Re - - - - - joice . . . . . . and . . . . pray! . . . .
Bass.
String.
Wind.
String.
Tutti.
pp
Adagio.

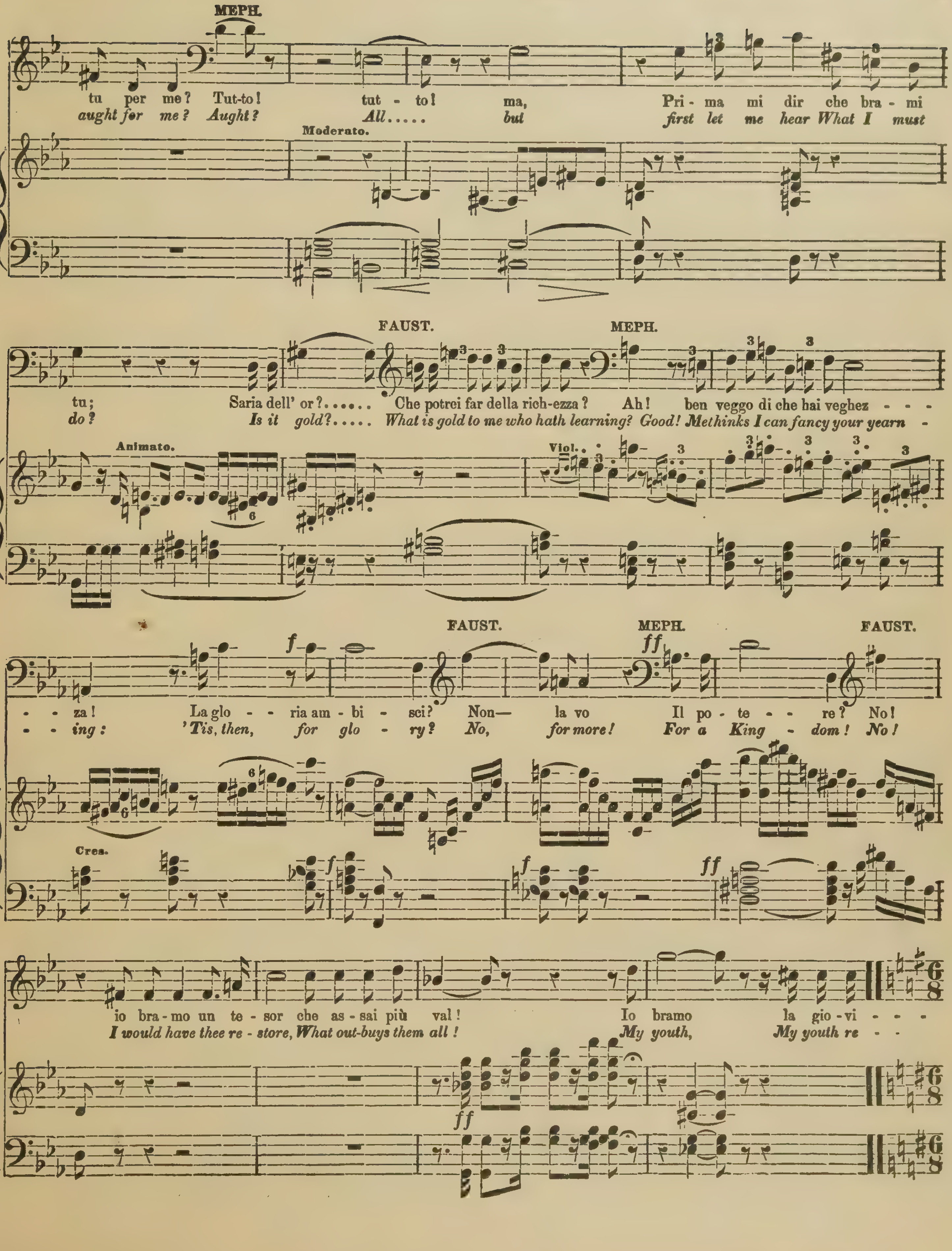
No. 2. Scena & Duet.

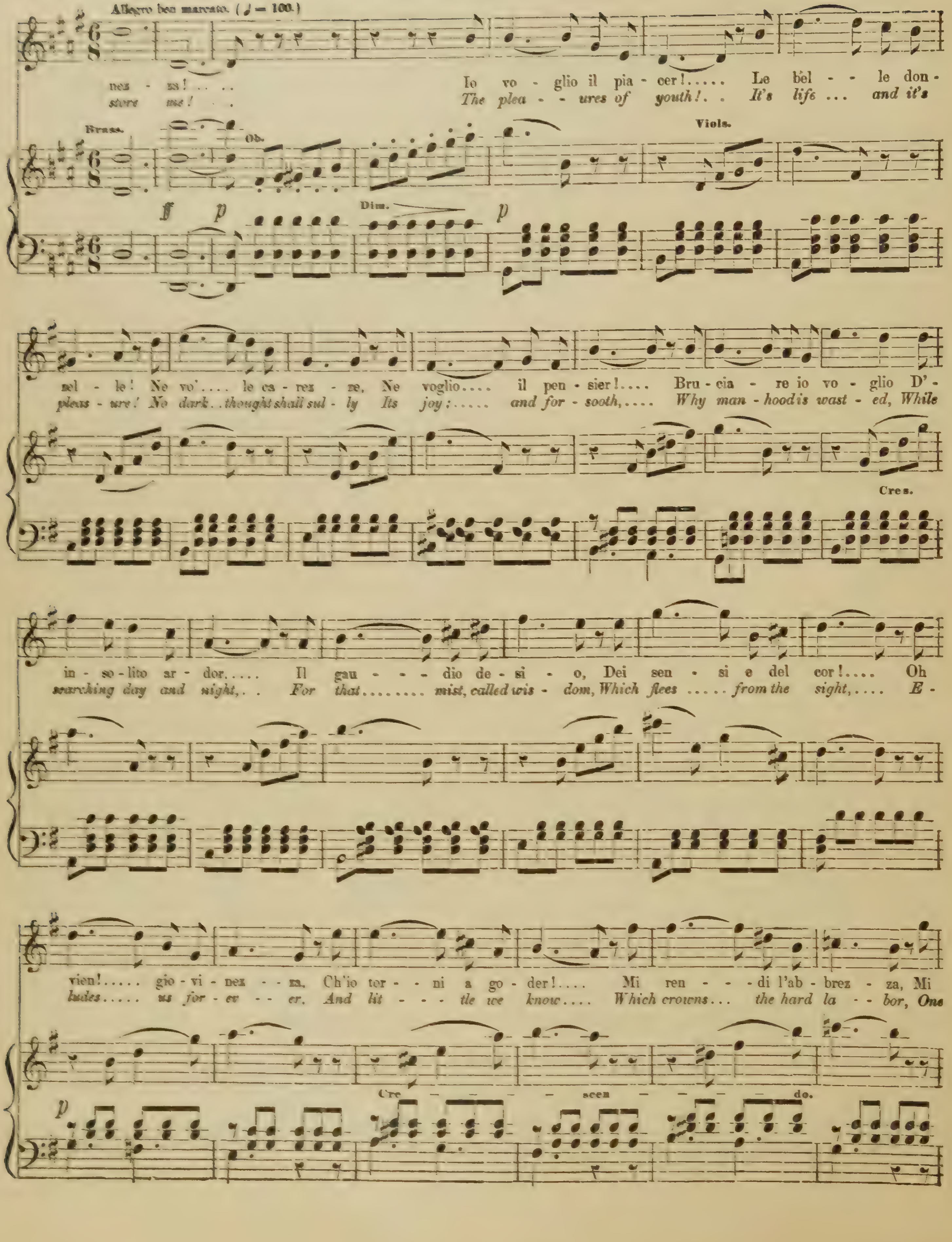


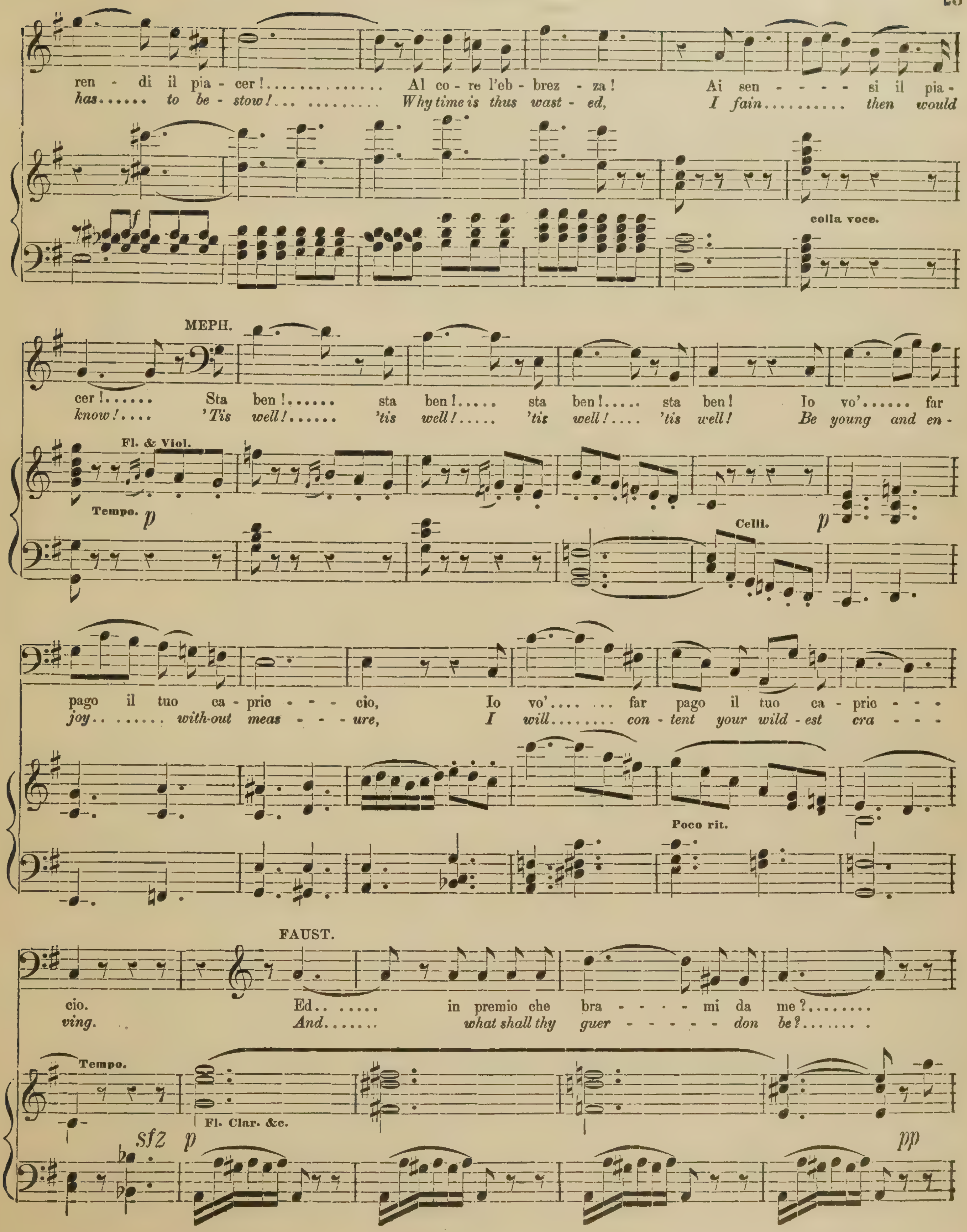

nor? Mal - e - di-co il pia - cer, Maledi - co, la scien - za, La pre - ghie - ra e la fè, E stanca al-
high! And their happiness so rare! Ac-curst my vaunted learn - ing, And for - give - ness and pray'r: Accurst, the
fp
fp
f
f
fin, la mia pa - tien - za! A me, Sa - tan! a me!
patience that calms the yearn - ing. In - fer - nal king, ap - pear!
Wind.
f
ff
MEPH.
(= 80.) (Suddenly appearing.)
Moderato.
So - no quì!
Here am I!
Perchè tal sor -
You stare as you
8va.
Fl. & Viols.
fff
Dim.
p
Andante.
pre - sa?
greet me!
La voce tua da me fu inte - sa,
Does it fright you to meet me?
Al fianco ho l' ac -
With sword at my
Animato. Fl.
p
Fag.

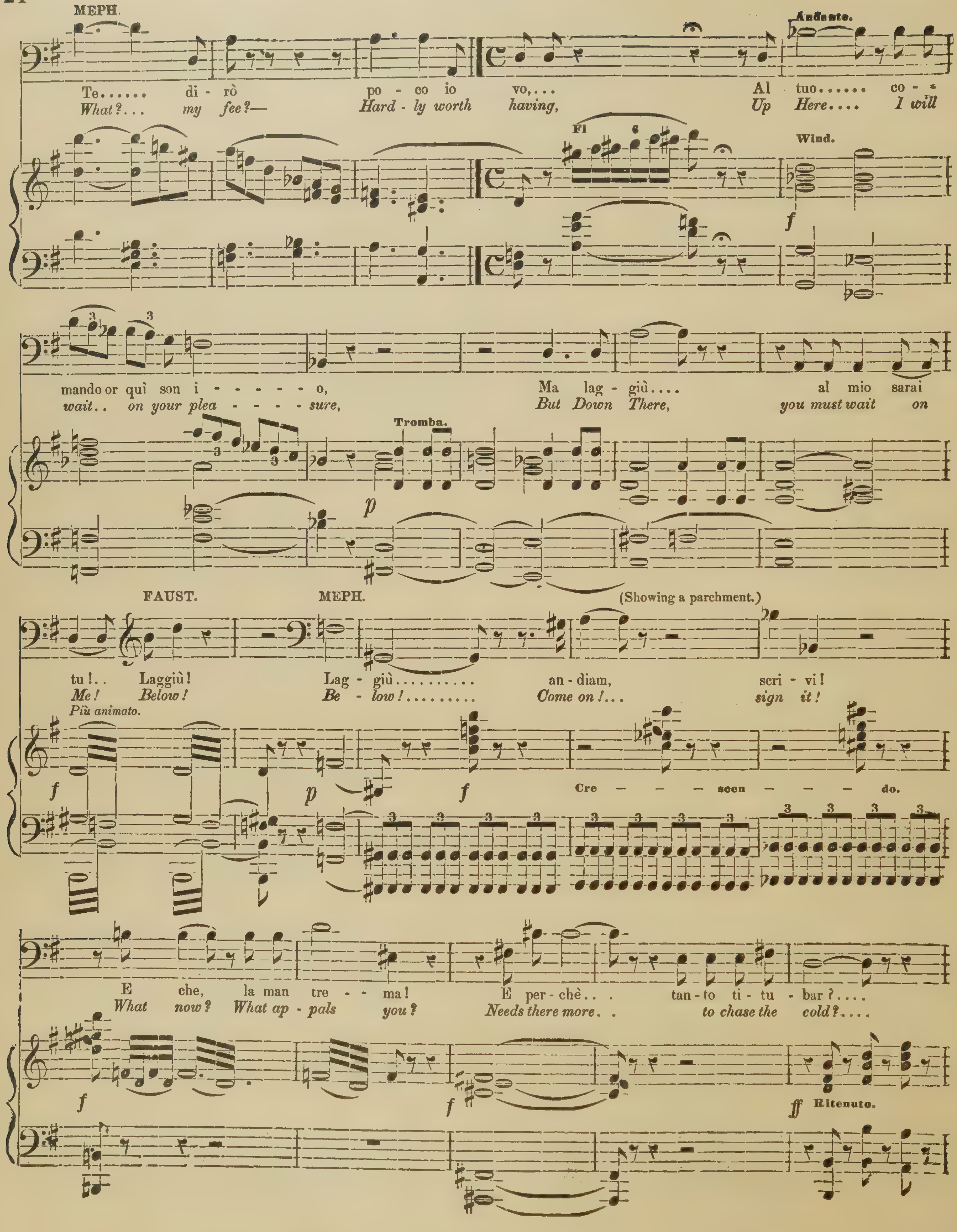

- ciar, la piuma al cap-pel, La scarsel - la pie - na, e un ric-co man-tel-lo sul dos-so; Un
side, And a cap on my head, And a purse rather hea - vy. And a gay vel - vet cloak on my shoulder, I
Fl. ob. &c.
Cres.
ve-ro, un bel ca-va-lie - - - - - - - - - - - - ro! Eb - -
tra vel, as no-ble men tra - - - - - - - - - - - vel, Speak
Viol.
f
f Colla voce.
p Un poco più mosso.
FAUST.
- ben! dottor, che vuoi da me? Or sù,...... par - la! Ti fo ti - mor? No!
out! wise man! What is your will? At once.... tell me! Are you a - fraid No!
p
Cres.
p
f
p
f
p Cello.
MEPH.
FAUST.
Tu non credi al mio po - te - re? Può dar - - si!
Do you doubt my might to aid you? It may be,
Viol.
Ob.


MEPH.
FAUST.
MEPH.
Eb-ben, mettilo a pro - - - - - va! Va via! Che? sa - res - - ti si scono -
It were ea - sy to prove me, Begone! Begone! Is this the way to
Fag.
f
p
Viola.
- - scente! Sa - per dei tu che con Sa -
cheat me! Now learn, old man, with all your
Celli & Violas.
Viol.
p
- - - tan Es - ser più car - te - - - - - - se im - por - ta E che mestier non e - ra, di far - lo viaggiar
skill, Well born hosts po - lite - - - - - - - ly treat me; Nor, as you have done to - day, Call for aid from
tan - to per dir - gli po - i "quel - la è la por - ta!"
far a - way, Then to say, "Be - gone!" as if to beat me!
FAUST,
E che puoi-
Can't thou do
Allegro.
f Viols.

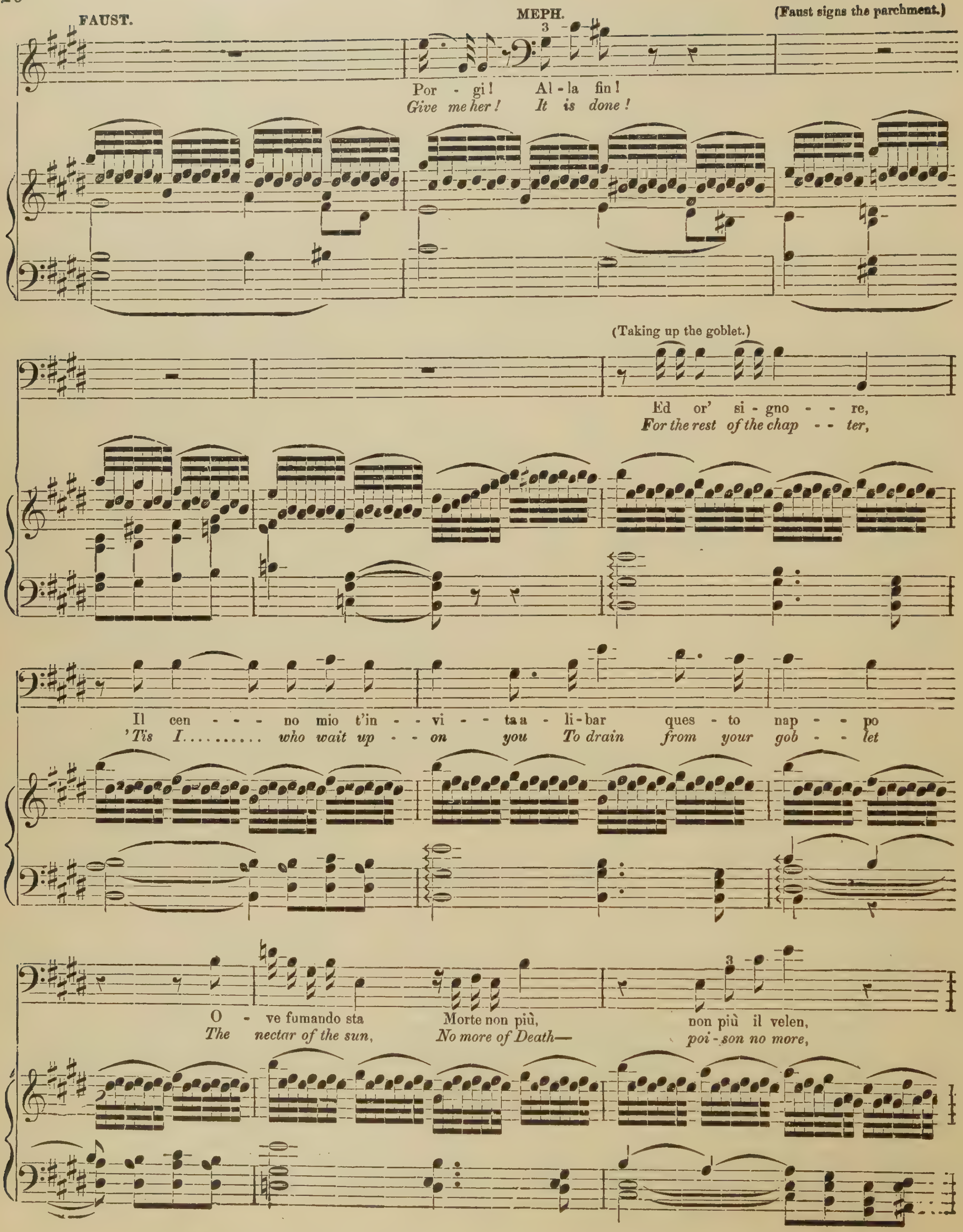

MEPH.
tu per me? Tut-to! tut - to! ma, Pri - ma mi dir che bra - mi
aught for me? Aught? All..... but first let me hear What I must
Moderato.
FAUST. MEPH.
tu; Saria dell' or?...... Che potrei far della rich-ezza? Ah! ben veggo di che hai veghez - - -
do? Is it gold?..... What is gold to me who hath learning? Good! Methinks I can fancy your yearn -
Animato.
Viol.
FAUST. MEPH. FAUST.
- - za! La glo - - ria am - bi - sci? Non— la vo Il po - te - - re? No!
- - ing: 'Tis, then, for glo - ry? No, for more! For a King - dom! No!
Cres.
io bra - mo un te - sor che as - sai più val! Io bramo la gio - vi - - -
I would have thee re - store, What out-buys them all! My youth, My youth re - -

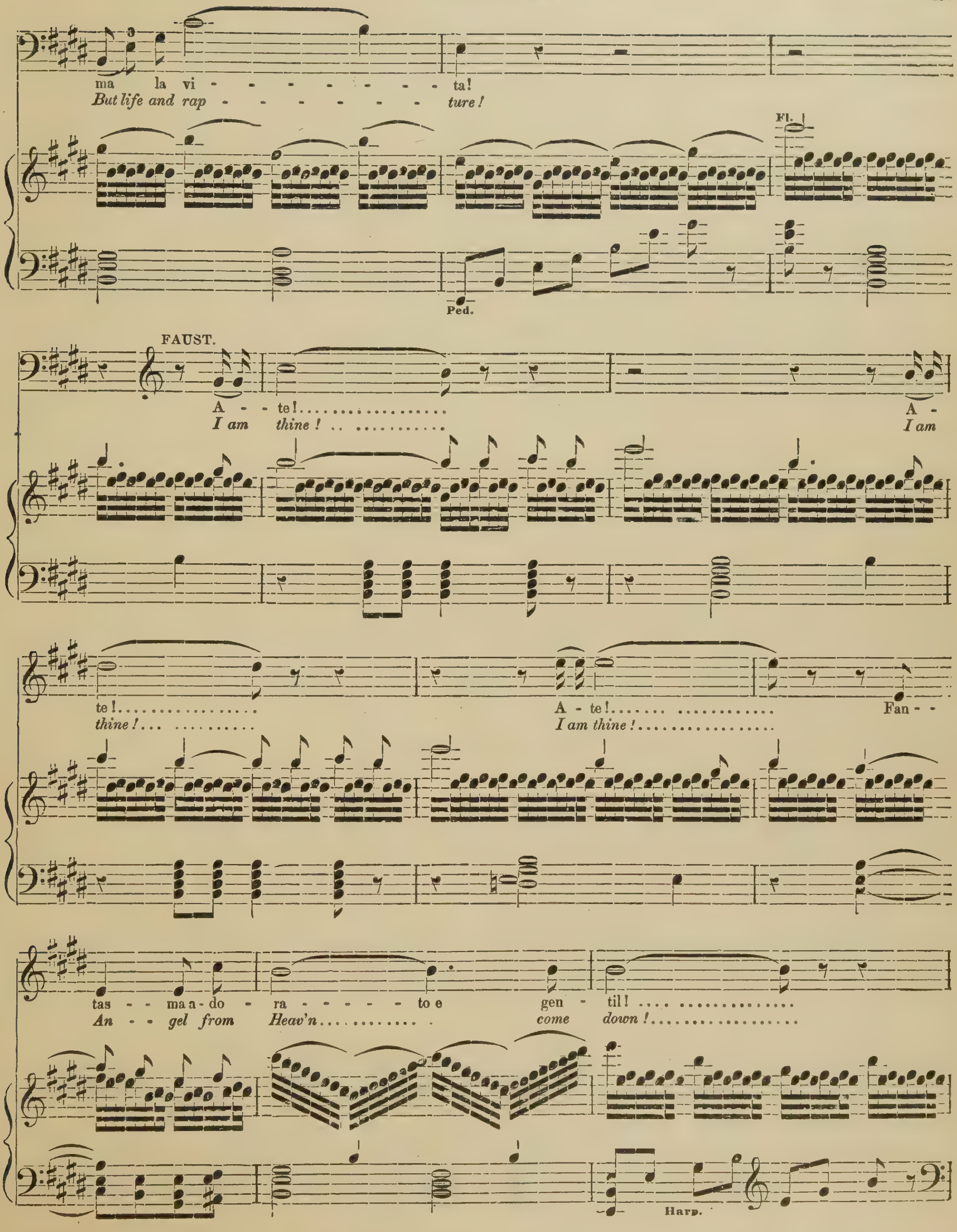

Allegro ben marcato. (♩ = 100.)
nez - za! . . . . Io vo - glio il pia - cer! . . . . . Le bel - - le don -
store me! . . . The plea - - ures of youth! . . It's life . . . and it's
Brass.
Ob.
Viols.
Dim.
sel - le! Ne vo'. . . . le ca - rez - ze, Ne voglio. . . . il pen - sier! . . . . Bru - cia - re io vo - glio D' -
pleas - ure! No dark . . thought shall sul - ly Its joy; . . . . . and for - sooth, ... Why man - hood is wast - ed, While
Cres.
in - so - lito ar - dor, ... Il gau - - - dio de - si - o, Dei sen - si e del cor! . . . . Oh
searching day and night, . . For that . . . . mist, called wis - dom, Which flees . . . . . from the sight, ... E -
vien! . . . . . gio - vi - nez - - za, Ch'io tor - - ni a go - der! . . . . Mi ren - - - di l'ab - brez - za, Mi
ludes . . . . . us for - ev - - er, And lit - - - tle we know . . . . Which crowns . . . the hard la - - bor, One
Cre - - - - scen - - - - do.

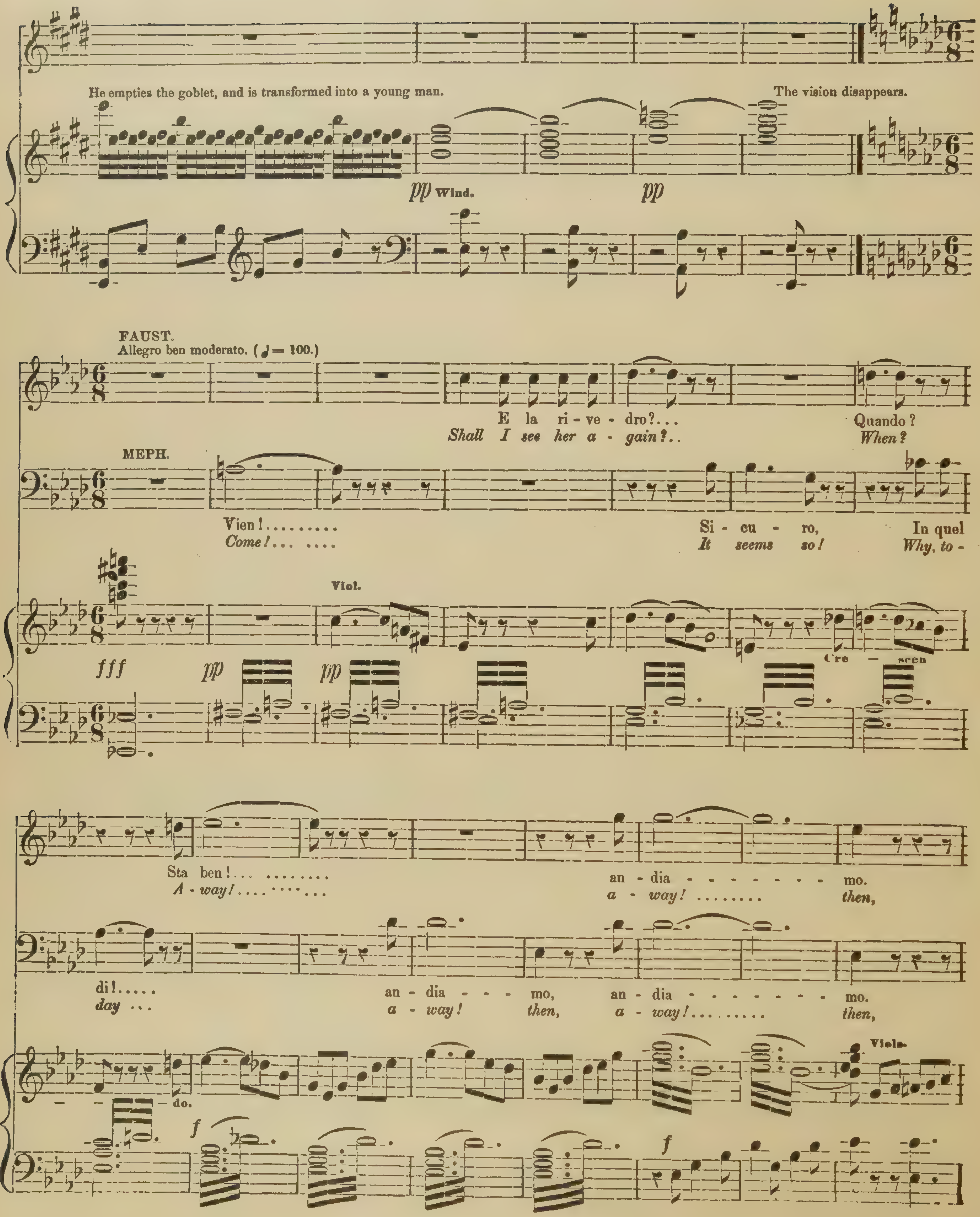

ren - di il pia - cer! . . . . Al co - re l'eb - brez - za! Ai sen - - - - si il pia -
has . . . . . . to be - stow! . . . . Why time is thus wast - ed, I fain . . . . then would
colla voce.
MEPH.
cer! . . . . . . Sta ben! . . . . . . sta ben! . . . . . sta ben! . . . . sta ben! Io vo' . . . . . . far
know! . . . . 'Tis well! . . . . . . 'tis well! . . . . . 'tis well! . . . . 'tis well! Be young and en -
Fl. & Viol.
Tempo.
Celli.
pago il tuo ca - pric - - - cio, Io vo' . . . . . . far pago il tuo ca - pric - - -
joy . . . . with-out meas - - - ure, I will . . . . con - tent your wild - est cra - - -
Poco rit.
FAUST.
cio. Ed . . . . . . in premio che bra - - - - mi da me? . . . .
ving. And . . . . what shall thy guer - - - - - - don be? . . . .
Tempo.
Fl. Clar. &c.


MEPH.
Andante.
Te...... di - rò po - co io vo,... Al tuo...... co -
What?... my fee?— Hard - ly worth having, Up Here.... I will
Fl
Wind.
f
mando or quì son i - - - - - - o, Ma lag - giù.... al mio sarai
wait.. on your plea - - - - sure, But Down There, you must wait on
Tromba.
p
FAUST.
MEPH.
(Showing a parchment.)
tu!.. Laggiù! Lag - giù.......... an - diam, scri - vi!
Me! Below! Be - low!......... Come on!... sign it!
Più animato.
f
p
f
Cre — — — scen — — — do.
E che, la man tre - - ma! E per - chè.. tan - to ti - tu - bar?....
What now? What ap - pals you? Needs there more.. to chase the cold?....
f
f
ff Ritenuto.

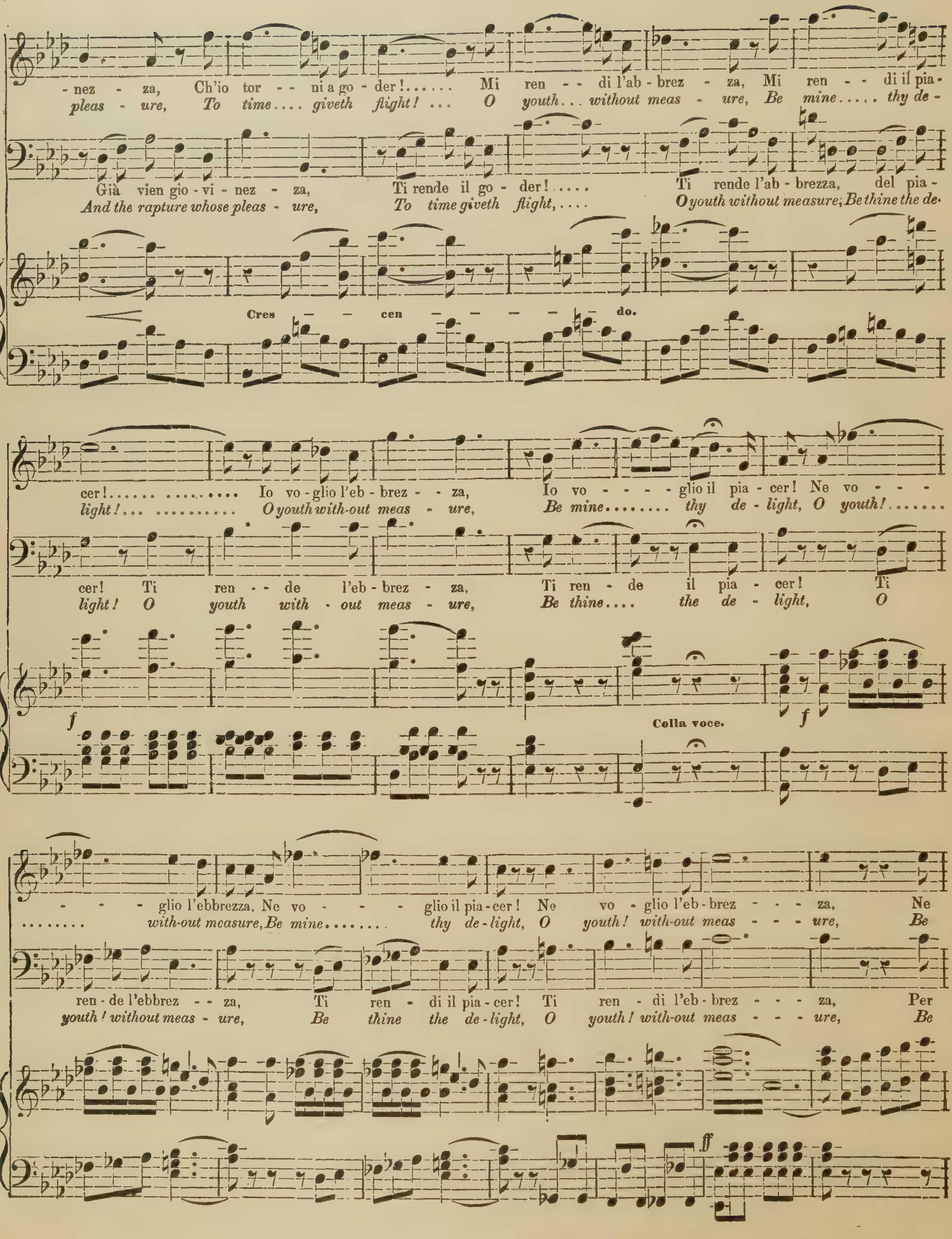
Moderato.
La gioven - tù t'in - vi - - - - - - - ta;
Is it Woman that calls you?
O - - - sa la contem -
Doubt not, but turn you, and be -
ff
Andante. (♩ = 54.) The vision. Margaret is seen sitting at her wheel.
plar! .. ..
hold! .....
Viol.
Dim.
pp
Ped.
FAUST.
O stu - po - re!
Heav'nly vis - ion!
MEPH.
Eb - -
Shall she
Viol & Harp.
Corni.
Marcato il canto.
Celli & Viols.
ben?........
love thee?
che ti pa - - - - re?
shall she love thee?

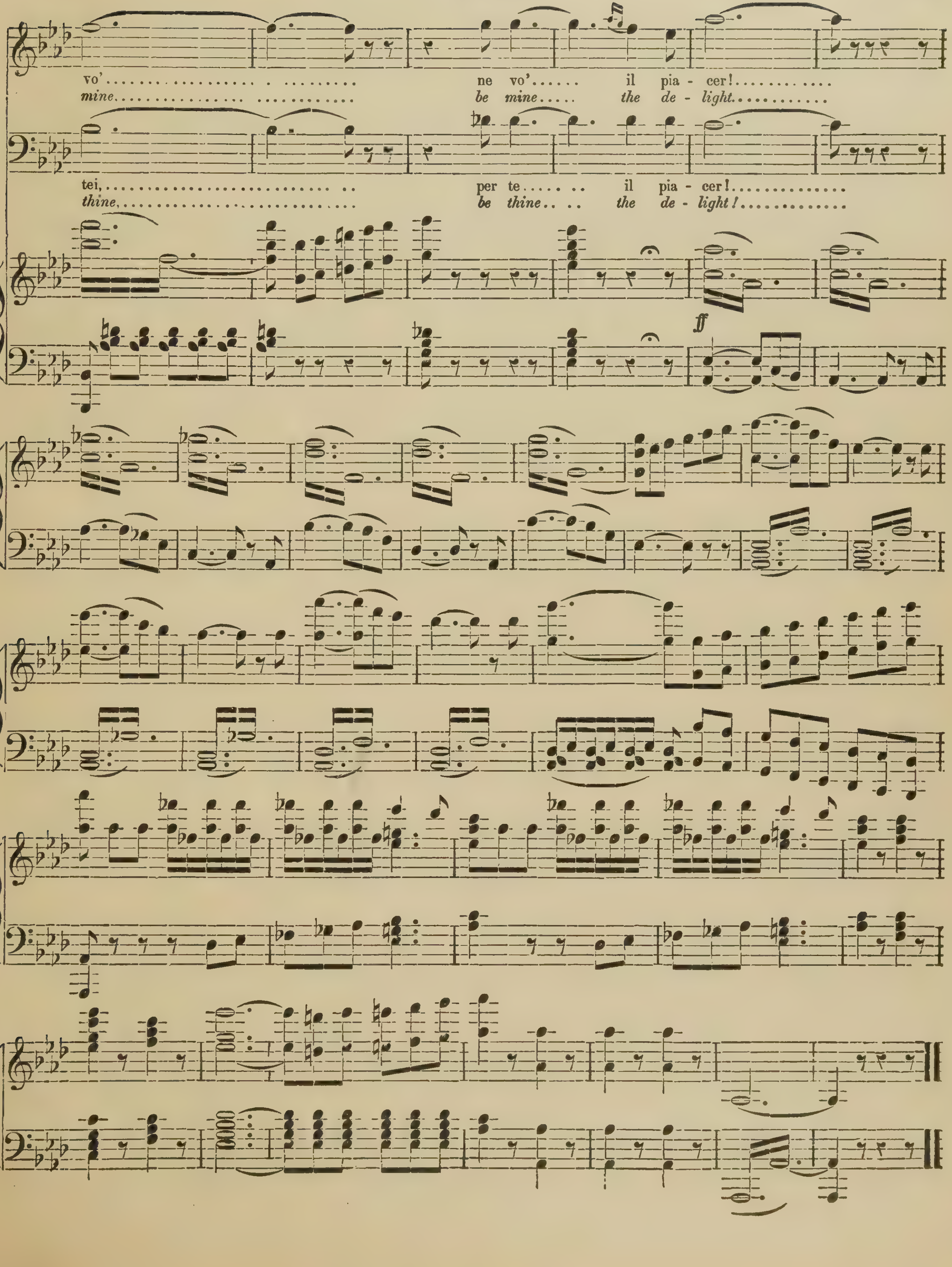

FAUST.
MEPH.
(Faust signs the parchment.)
Por - gi! Al - la fin!
Give me her! It is done!
(Taking up the goblet.)
Ed or' si - gno - - re,
For the rest of the chap - - ter,
Il cen - - - no mio t'in - - vi - - ta a - li - bar ques - to nap - - po
'Tis I.......... who wait up - - on you To drain from your gob - - let
O - ve fumando sta Morte non più, non più il velen,
The nectar of the sun, No more of Death— poi - son no more,


ma la vi - - - - - - - - ta!
But life and rap - - - - - - - ture!
Fl.
Ped.
FAUST.
A - - te!
I am thine!
A -
I am
te!
thine!
A - te!
I am thine!
Fan - -
tas - - ma a - do - ra - - - - - to e gen - til!
An - - gel from Heav'n come down!
Harp.


He empties the goblet, and is transformed into a young man.
The vision disappears.
pp Wind.
pp
FAUST.
Allegro ben moderato. (♩= 100.)
E la ri - ve - dro?...
Shall I see her a - gain?..
Quando?
When?
MEPH.
Vien!.........
Come!... ....
Si - cu - ro,
It seems so!
In quel
Why, to -
Viol.
fff
pp
pp
Cre - scen
Sta ben!... ....
A - way!.... ....
an - dia - - - - - - - - mo.
a - way! .... then,
di!.....
day ...
an - dia - - - mo,
a - way! then,
an - dia - - - - - - - - mo.
a - way!......... then,
Viola.
- do.
f
f

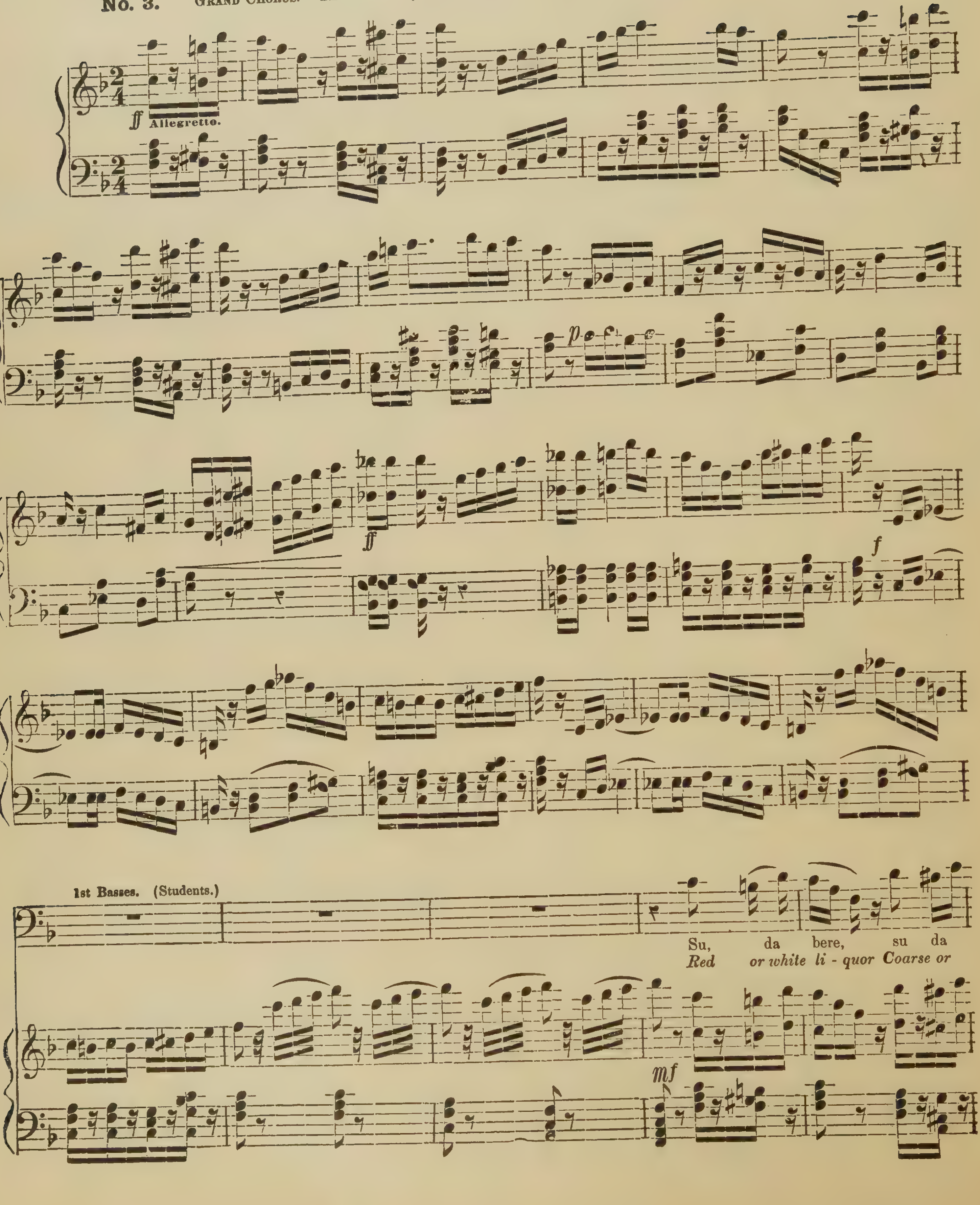
Io vo - glio il pia - cer! .... Le bel - - le don - zel - le! Ne vo' ...... le ca
Be mine .... the de - light ... Of Beau - ty's ca - ress - es, Her soft ...... wa - vy
Tu bra - - mi il pia - cer! .... Le bel - - le don - zel - le! ....
Be thine .... the de - light .... Of Beau - ty's ca - ress - es, ...
rez - ze, Ne vo - glio il pen - sier! .... Bru - cia .... re io vo - glio D'in - so - lito ar -
tress - es, Her eye ..... beaming bright, ... Be mine .. the warm cur - rent, Fill - ing ev - 'ry
..... Ne vuoi le ca - rez - ze, Ne brami e pen - sier! ...... Bru - cia - - re tu rusi D'in -
..... Her soft wavy tress - es, Her eye beaming bright, ... Be thine .... the warm cur - rent
f
dor ..... Il gau - - dio de - si - o, Dei sen - - si e del cor! .... Oh, vien! ... gio - vi -
vein .... Pas - sion in tor - rent, Which no - thing can rein! .... The rap - - ture whose
so - lito ar - dor, ... Il gau - - dio aver puo - i, Dei sensi e del cor! ....
Fill - ing ev - 'ry vein, ... Share passion in tor - rent, Which no thing can rein, ...
Dim.
p

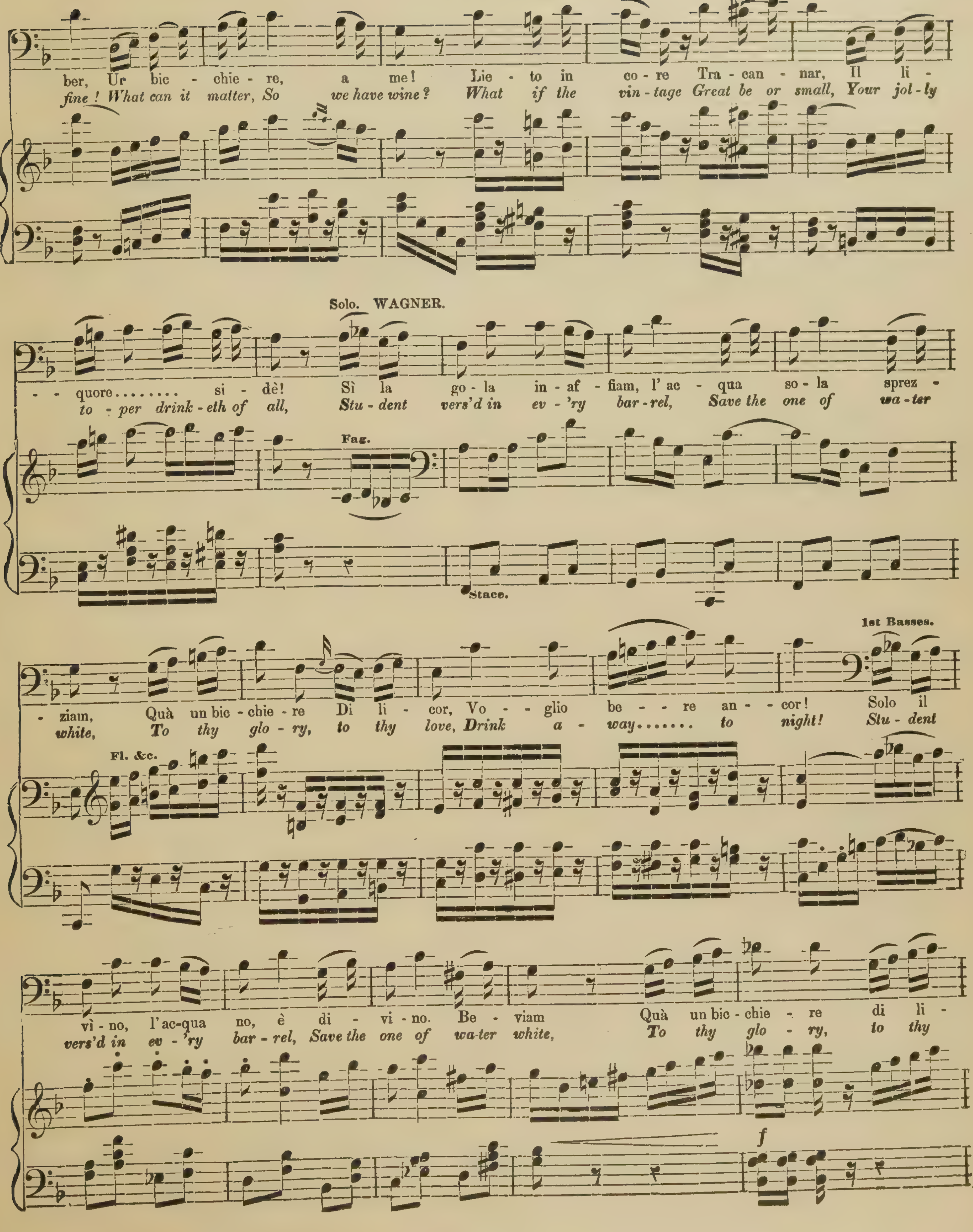

- nez - za, Ch'io tor - - ni a go - der! ...... Mi ren - - di l'ab - brez - za, Mi ren - - di il pia -
pleas - ure, To time .... giveth flight! ... O youth... without meas - ure, Be mine..... thy de -
Già vien gio - vi - nez - za, Ti rende il go - der! ..... Ti rende l'ab - brezza, del pia -
And the rapture whose pleas - ure, To time giveth flight, ... O youth without measure, Be thine the de-
Cres - - cen - - - - - do.
cer! .... Io vo - glio l'eb - brez - za, Io vo - - - - glio il pia - cer! Ne vo - - -
light! ... . O youth with-out meas - ure, Be mine........ thy de - light, O youth! ....
cer! Ti ren - - de l'eb - brez - za, Ti ren - de il pia - cer! Ti
light! O youth with - out meas - ure, Be thine.... the de - light, O
f
Colla voce.
f
- - glio l'ebbrezza, Ne vo - - - glio il pia - cer! Ne vo - glio l'eb - brez - - - za, Ne
.... with-out measure, Be mine .... thy de - light, O youth! with-out meas - - - ure, Be
ren - de l'ebbrez - - za, Ti ren - di il pia - cer! Ti ren - di l'eb - brez - - - za, Per
youth! without meas - ure, Be thine the de - light, O youth! with-out meas - - - ure, Be
ff

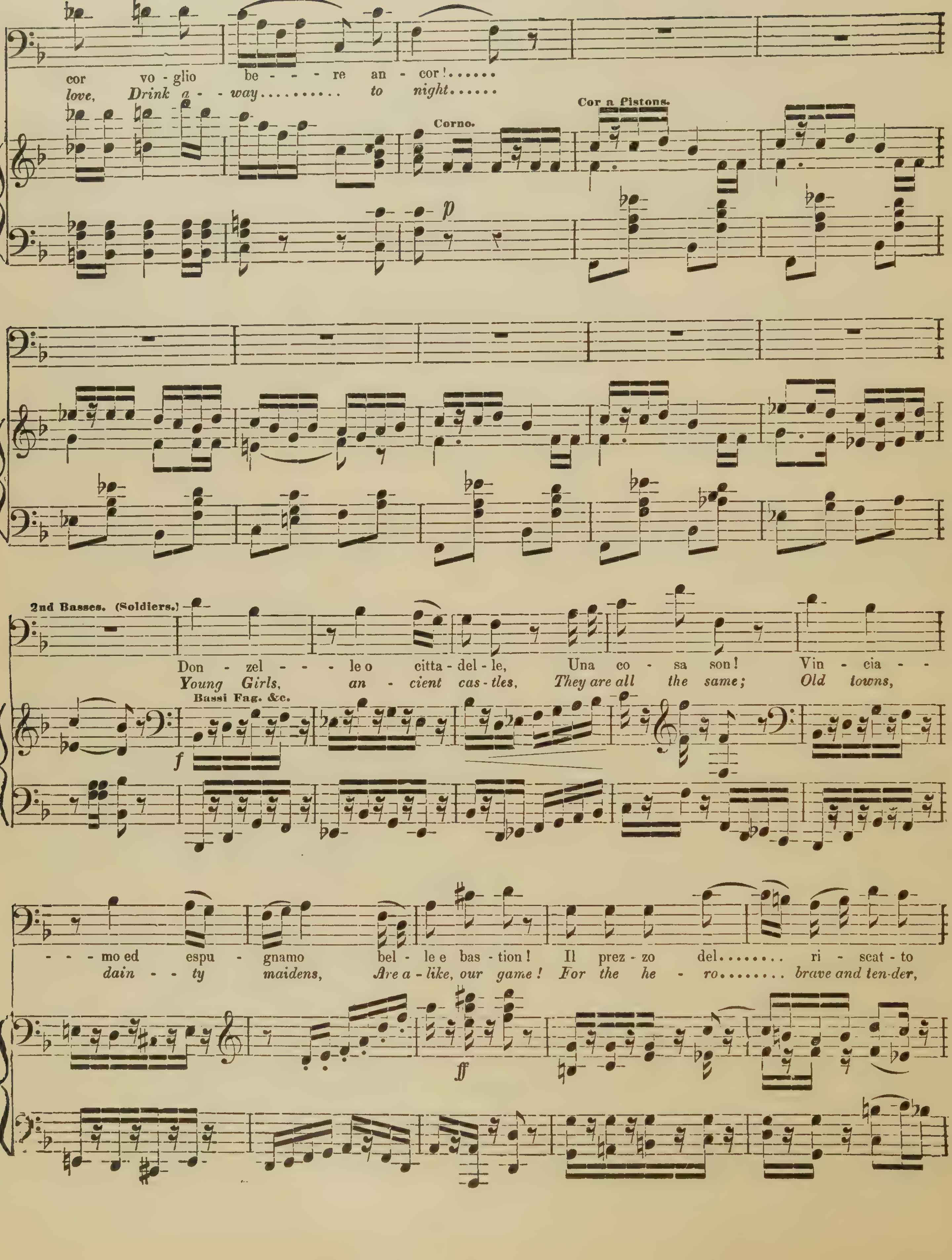

vo'.......... ne vo'..... il pia - cer!..........
mine.......... be mine..... the de - light..........
tei,.......... per te...... il pia - cer!..........
thine,.......... be thine.... the de - light!..........
ff

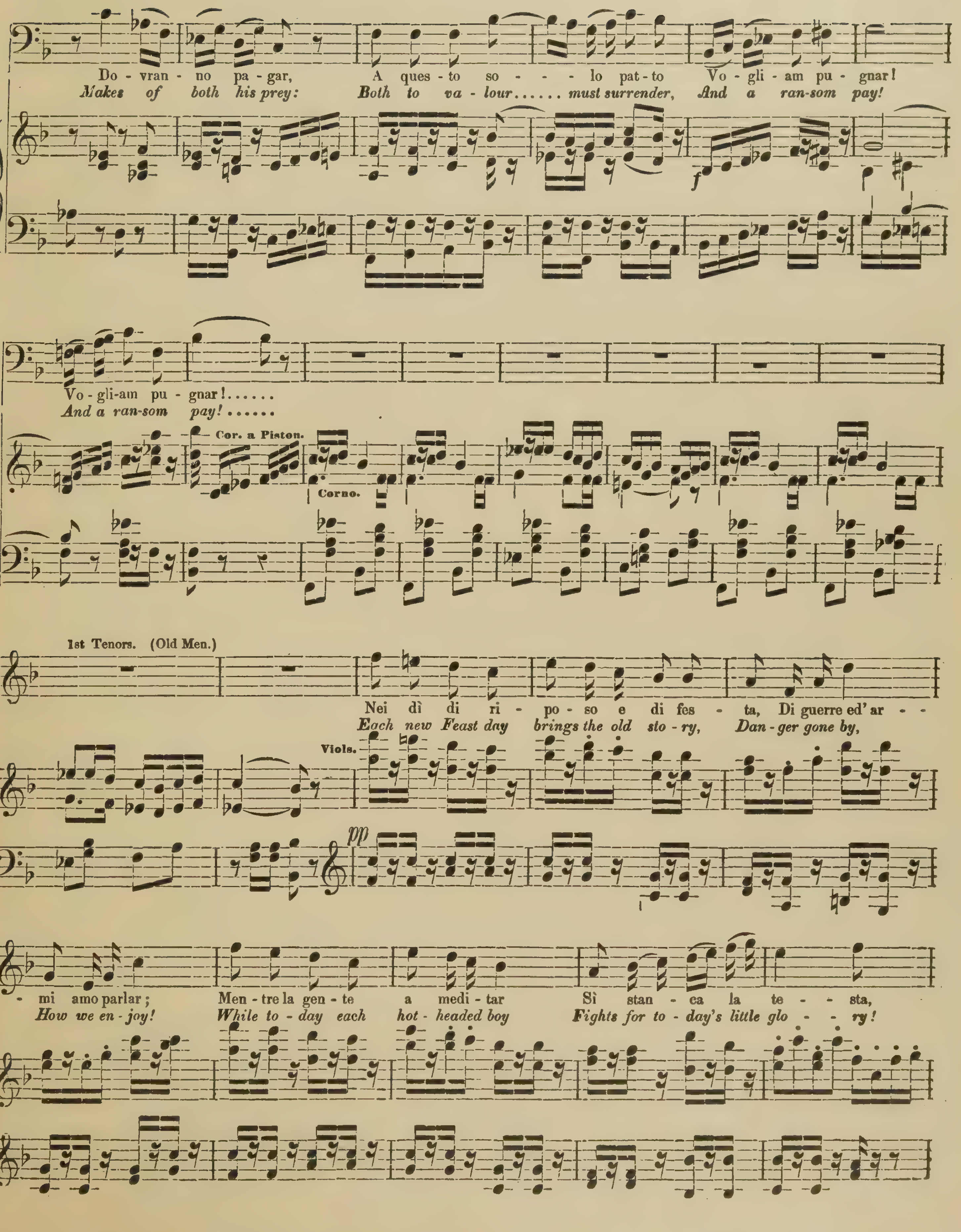
ACT II.

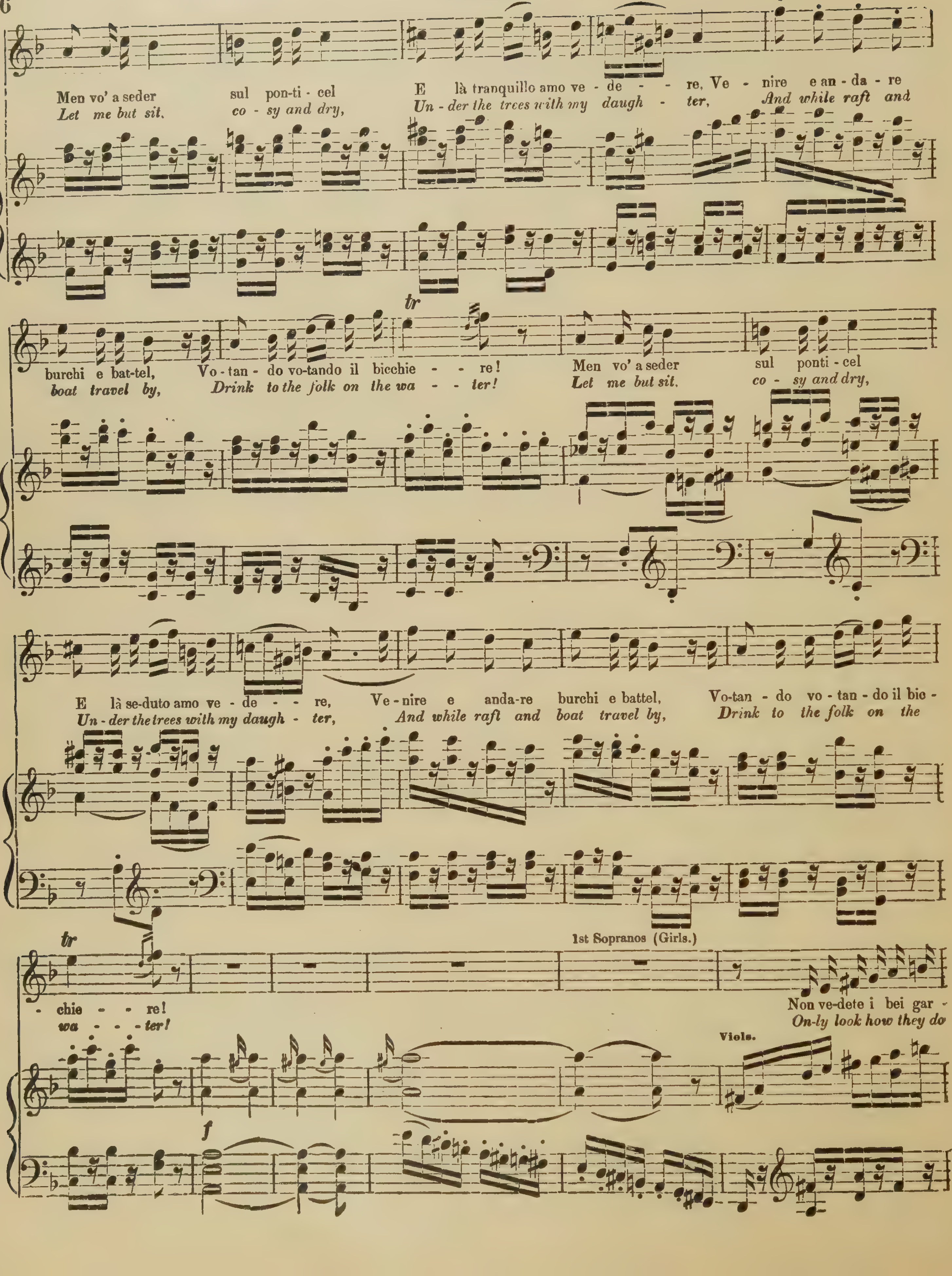
No. 3. Grand Chorus.—The Fair. (Kermesse.)

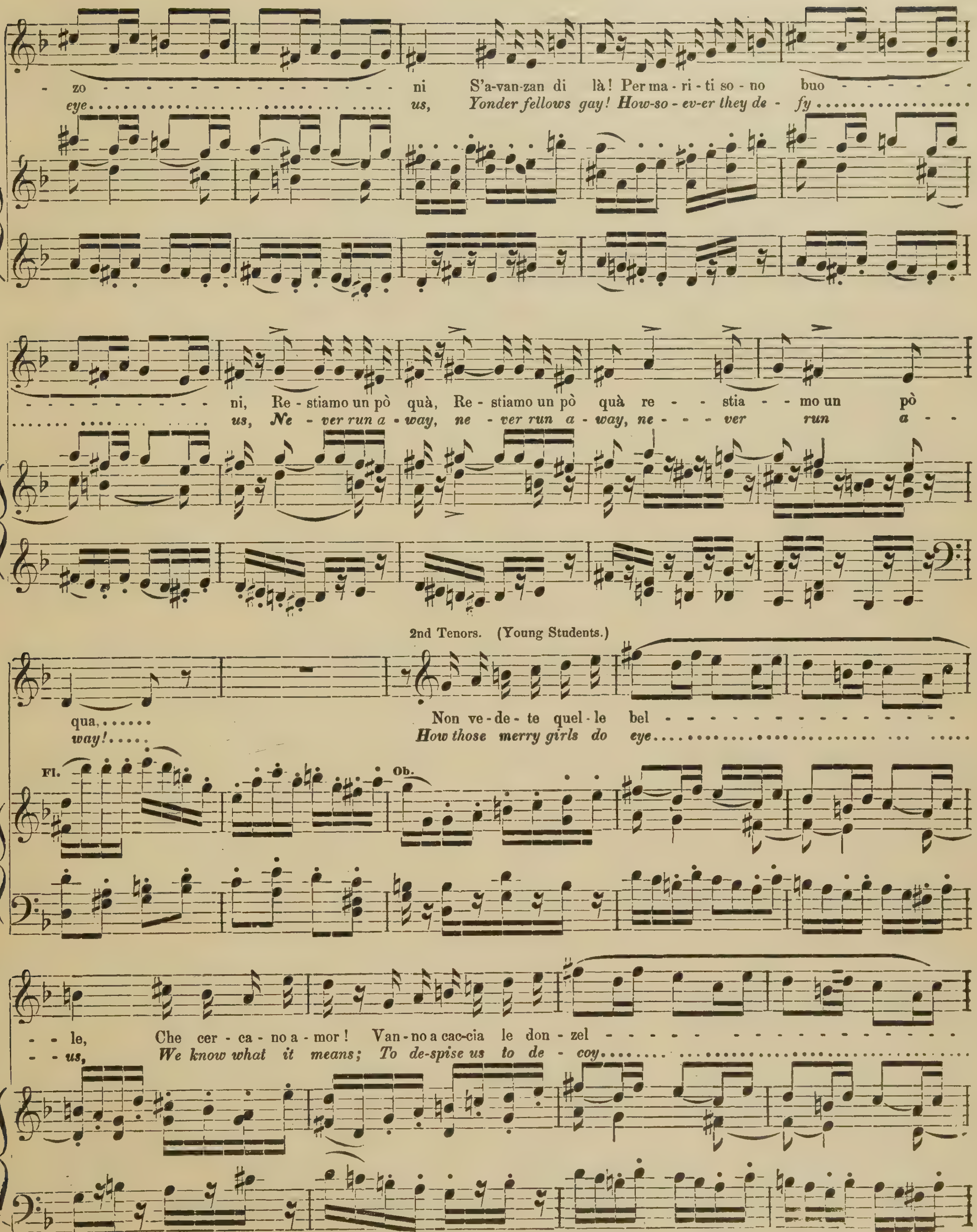


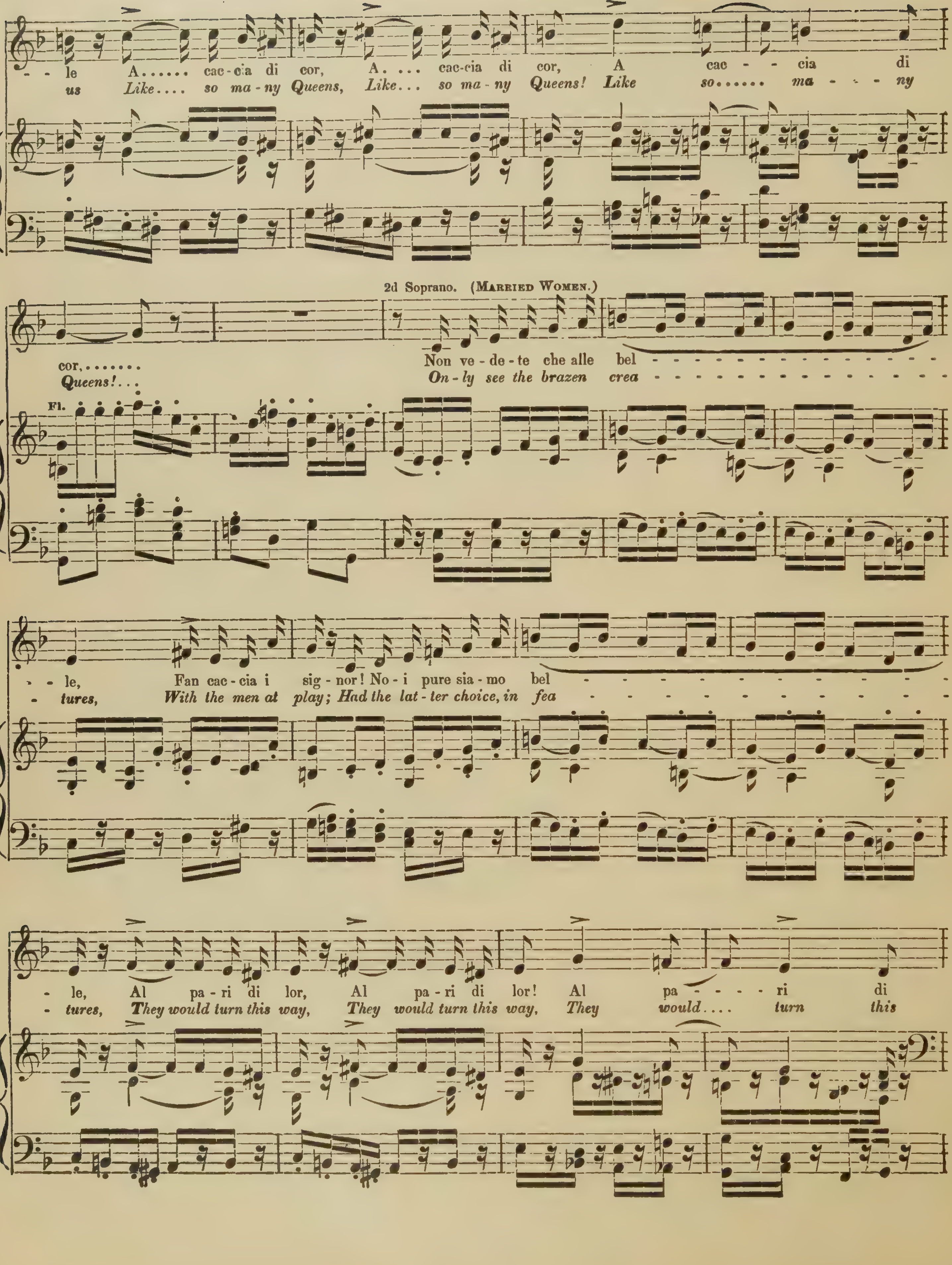

ber, Ur bic - chie - re, a me! Lie - to in co - re Tra - can - nar, Il li -
fine! What can it matter, So we have wine? What if the vin - tage Great be or small, Your jol - ly
Solo. WAGNER.
- - quore........ si - dè! Sì la go - la in - af - fiam, l' ac - qua so - la sprez -
to - per drink - eth of all, Stu - dent vers'd in ev - 'ry bar - rel, Save the one of wa - ter
Fag.
Stacc.
1st Basses.
- ziam, Quà un bic - chie - re Di li - cor, Vo - glio be - re an - cor! Solo il
white, To thy glo - ry, to thy love, Drink a - way....... to night! Stu - dent
Fl. &c.
vì - no, l' ac - qua no, è di - vi - no. Be - viam Quà un bic - chie - re di li -
vers'd in ev - 'ry bar - rel, Save the one of wa - ter white, To thy glo - ry, to thy
f

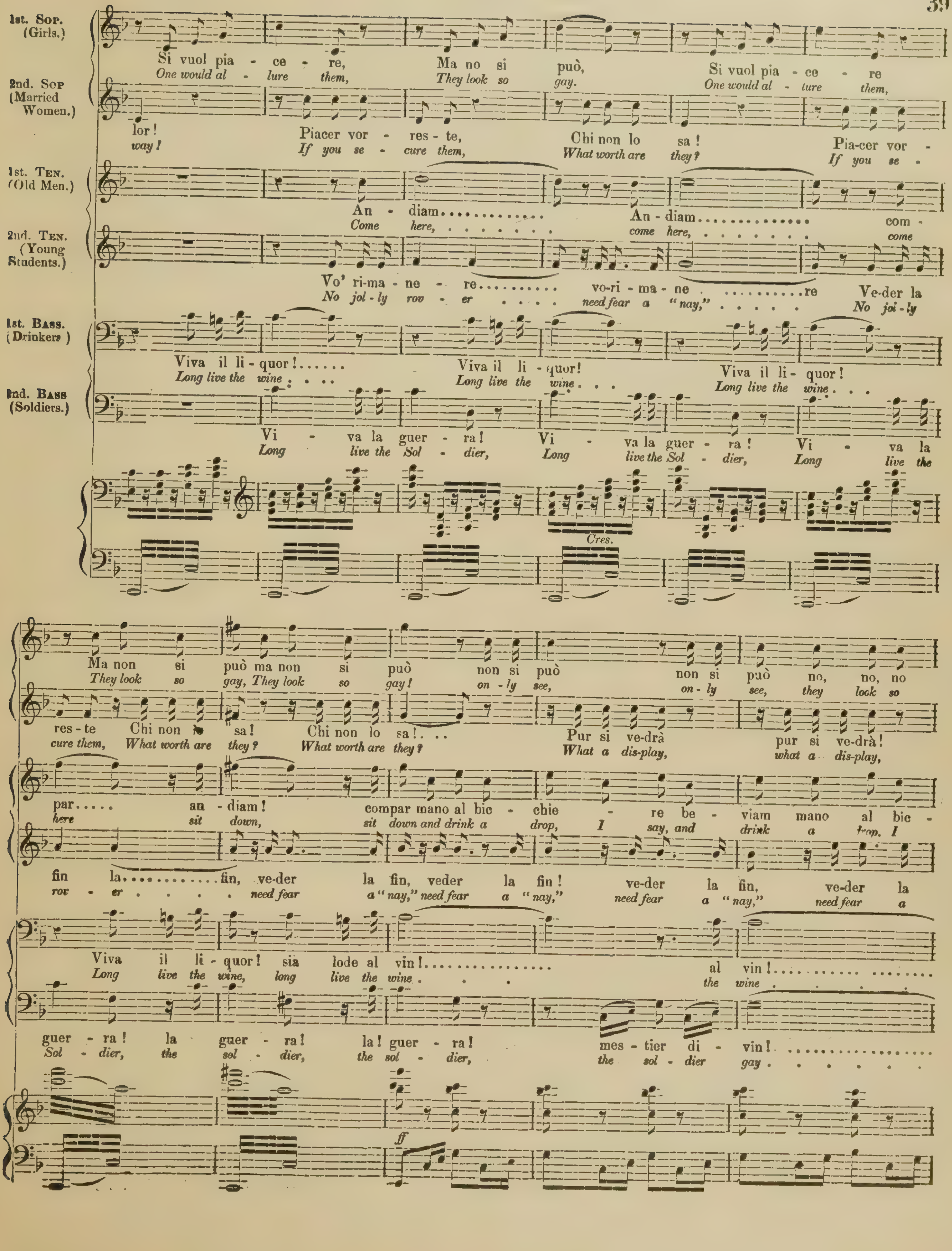

cor vo - glio be - - - re an - cor! ......
love, Drink a - way .... to night ......
Cor a Pistons.
Corno.
p
2nd Basses. (Soldiers.)
Don - zel - - - le o citta - del - le, Una co - sa son! Vin - cia - -
Young Girls, an - cient cas - tles, They are all the same; Old towns,
Bassi Fag. &c.
f
- - - mo ed espu - gnamo bel - le e bas - tion! Il prez - zo del .... ri - scat - to
dain - - ty maidens, Are a - like, our game! For the he - ro .... brave and ten - der,
ff

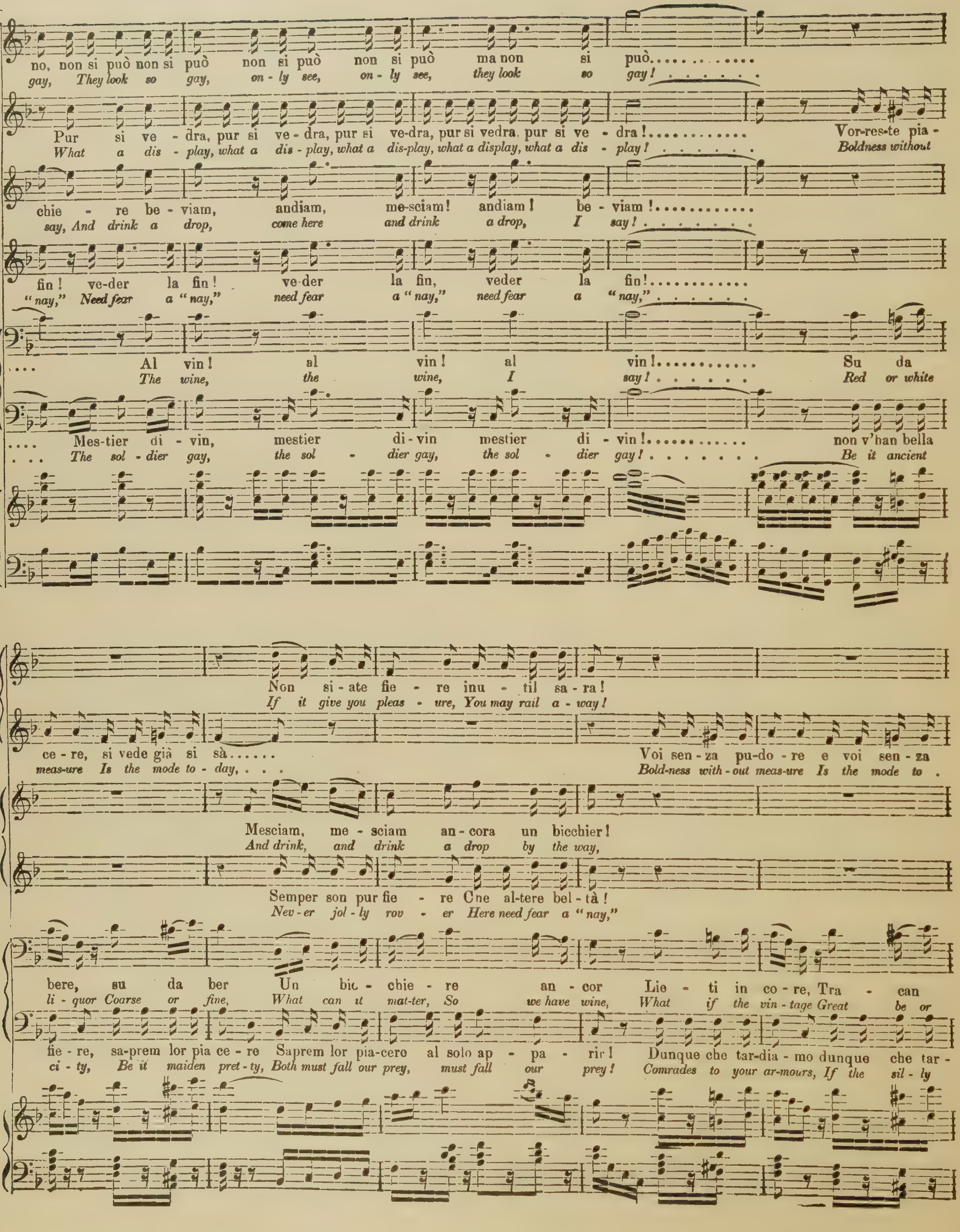

Do - vran - no pa - gar, A ques - to so - - - lo pat - to Vo - gli - am pu - gnar!
Makes of both his prey: Both to va - lour...... must surrender, And a ran-som pay!
f
Vo - gli-am pu - gnar!......
And a ran-som pay!......
Cor. a Piston.
Corno.
1st Tenors. (Old Men.)
Nei dì di ri - po - so e di fes - ta, Di guerre ed' ar - -
Each new Feast day brings the old sto - ry, Dan - ger gone by,
Viols.
pp
- mi amo parlar; Men - tre la gen - te a medi - tar Sì stan - ca la te - - sta,
How we en - joy! While to - day each hot - headed boy Fights for to - day's little glo - - ry!

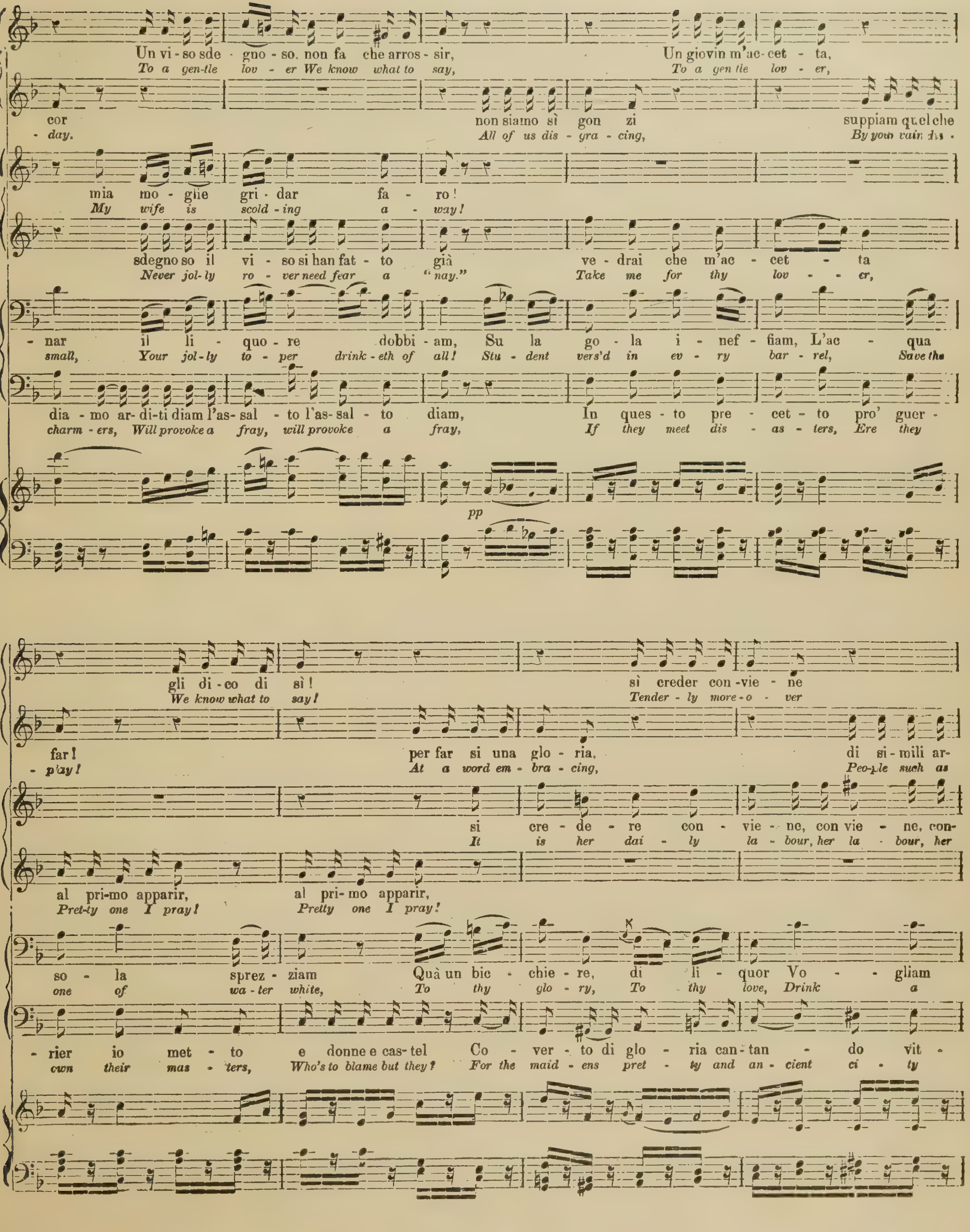

Men vo' a seder sul pon-ti-cel E là tranquillo amo ve - de - - re, Ve - nire e an - da - re
Let me but sit, co - sy and dry, Un - der the trees with my daugh - ter, And while raft and
burchi e bat-tel, Vo-tan - do vo-tando il bicchie - - re!
boat travel by, Drink to the folk on the wa - - ter!
Men vo' a seder sul ponti - cel
Let me but sit, co - sy and dry,
E là se-duto amo ve - de - - re, Ve - nire e anda-re burchi e battel, Vo-tan - do vo - tan - do il bic -
Un - der the trees with my daugh - ter, And while raft and boat travel by, Drink to the folk on the
- chie - - re!
wa - - - ter!
1st Sopranos (Girls.)
Non ve-dete i bei gar -
On-ly look how they do
Viols.
tr
f

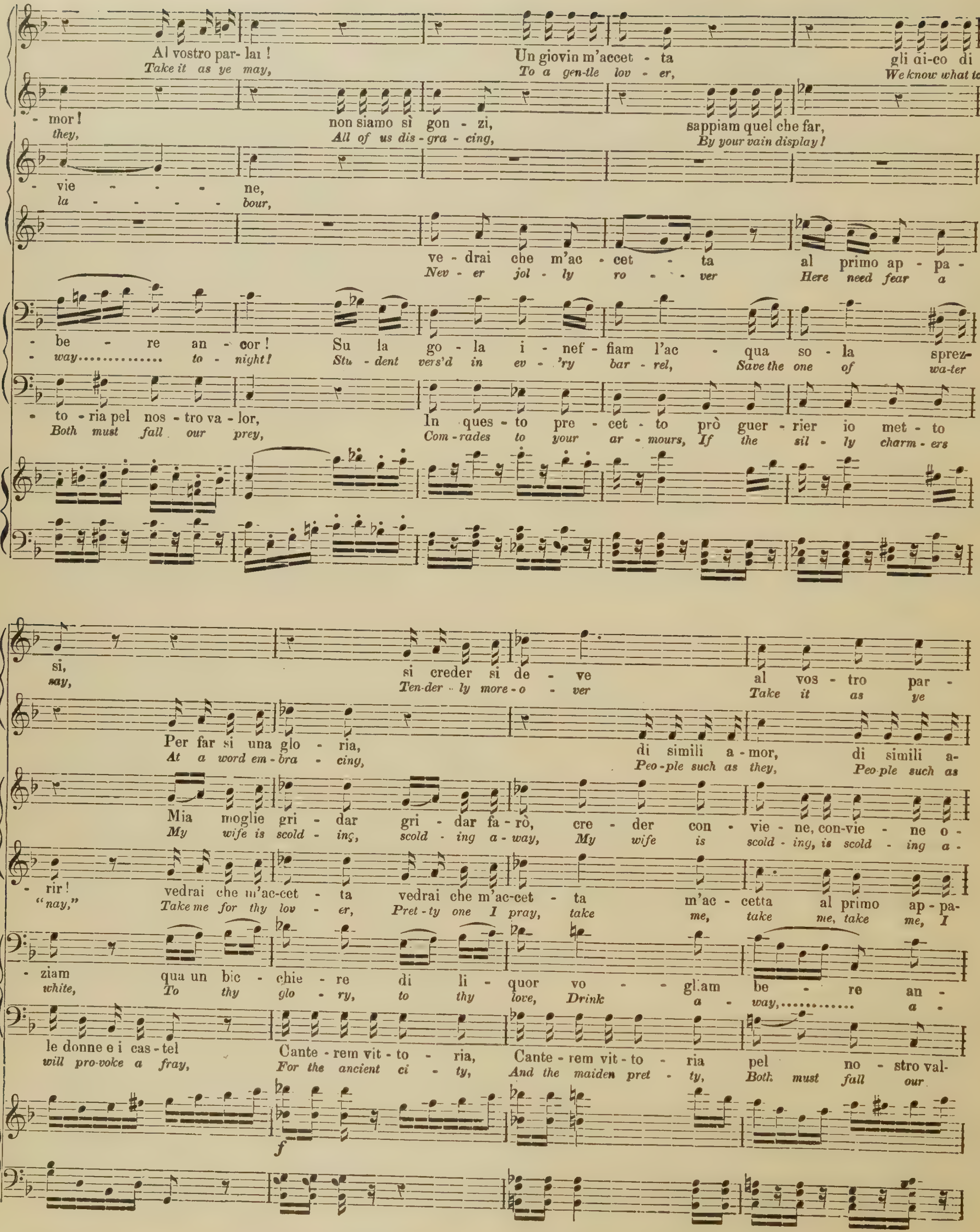

zo ni S'a-van-zan di là! Per ma-ri-ti so-no buo
eye us, Yonder fellows gay! How-so-ev-er they de-fy
ni, Re-stiamo un pò quà, Re-stiamo un pò quà re-stia-mo un pò
us, Ne-ver run a-way, ne-ver run a-way, ne-ver run a-
qua,
way!
2nd Tenors. (Young Students.)
Non ve-de-te quel-le bel
How those merry girls do eye
Fl.
Ob.
le, Che cer-ca-no a-mor! Van-no a cac-cia le don-zel
us, We know what it means; To de-spise us to de-coy

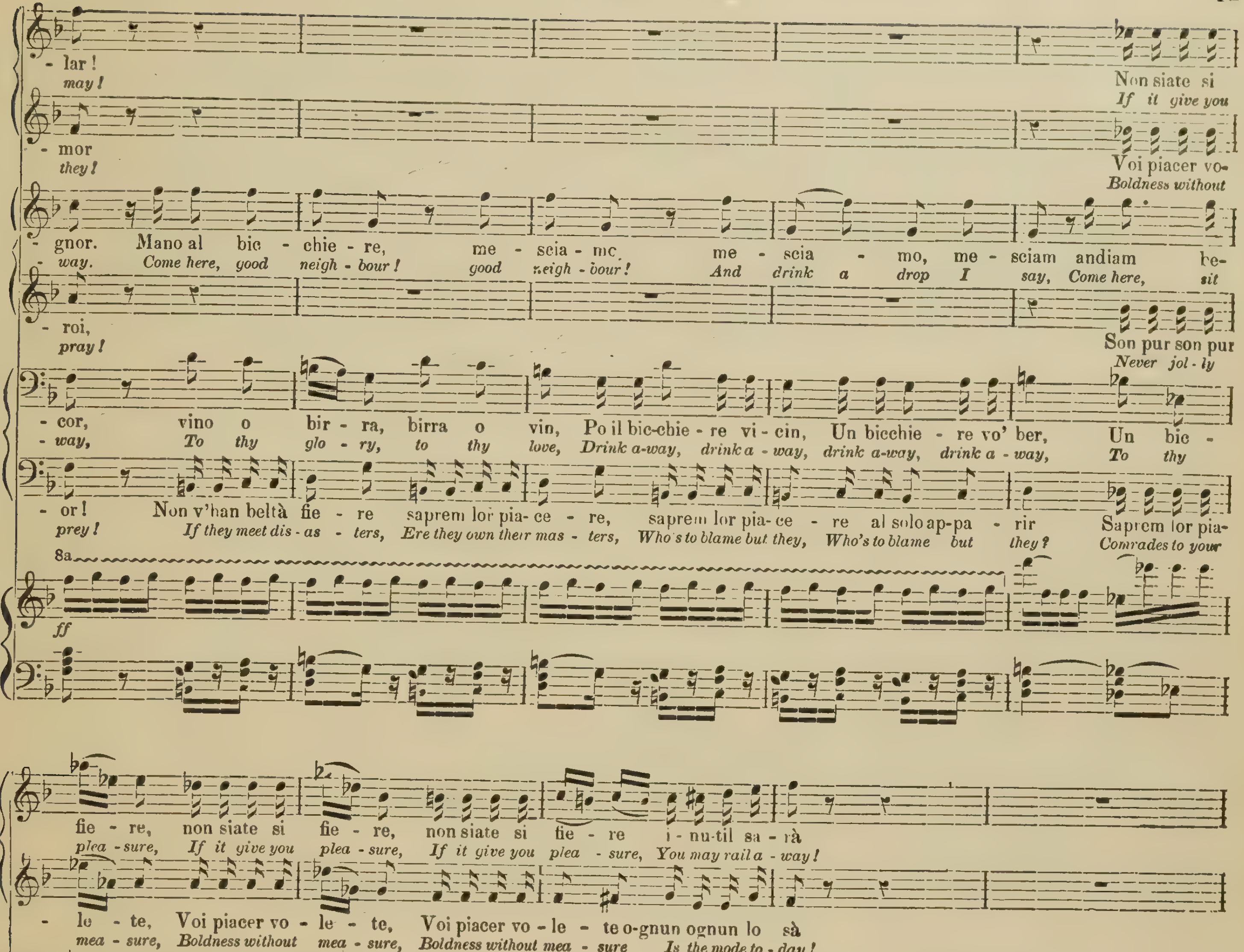

- - le A...... cac-cia di cor, A.... cac-cia di cor, A cac - - cia di
us Like.... so ma-ny Queens, Like... so ma-ny Queens! Like so....... ma - - - ny
cor,.......
Queens!...
2d Soprano. (Married Women.)
Fl.
Non ve-de-te che alle bel - - - - - - - - - - - -
On-ly see the brazen crea - - - - - - - - - - -
- - le, Fan cac-cia i sig-nor! No-i pure sia-mo bel - - - - - - - - - -
- tures, With the men at play; Had the lat-ter choice, in fea - - - - - - - - -
- le, Al pa-ri di lor, Al pa-ri di lor! Al pa - - - - ri di
- tures, They would turn this way, They would turn this way, They would.... turn this

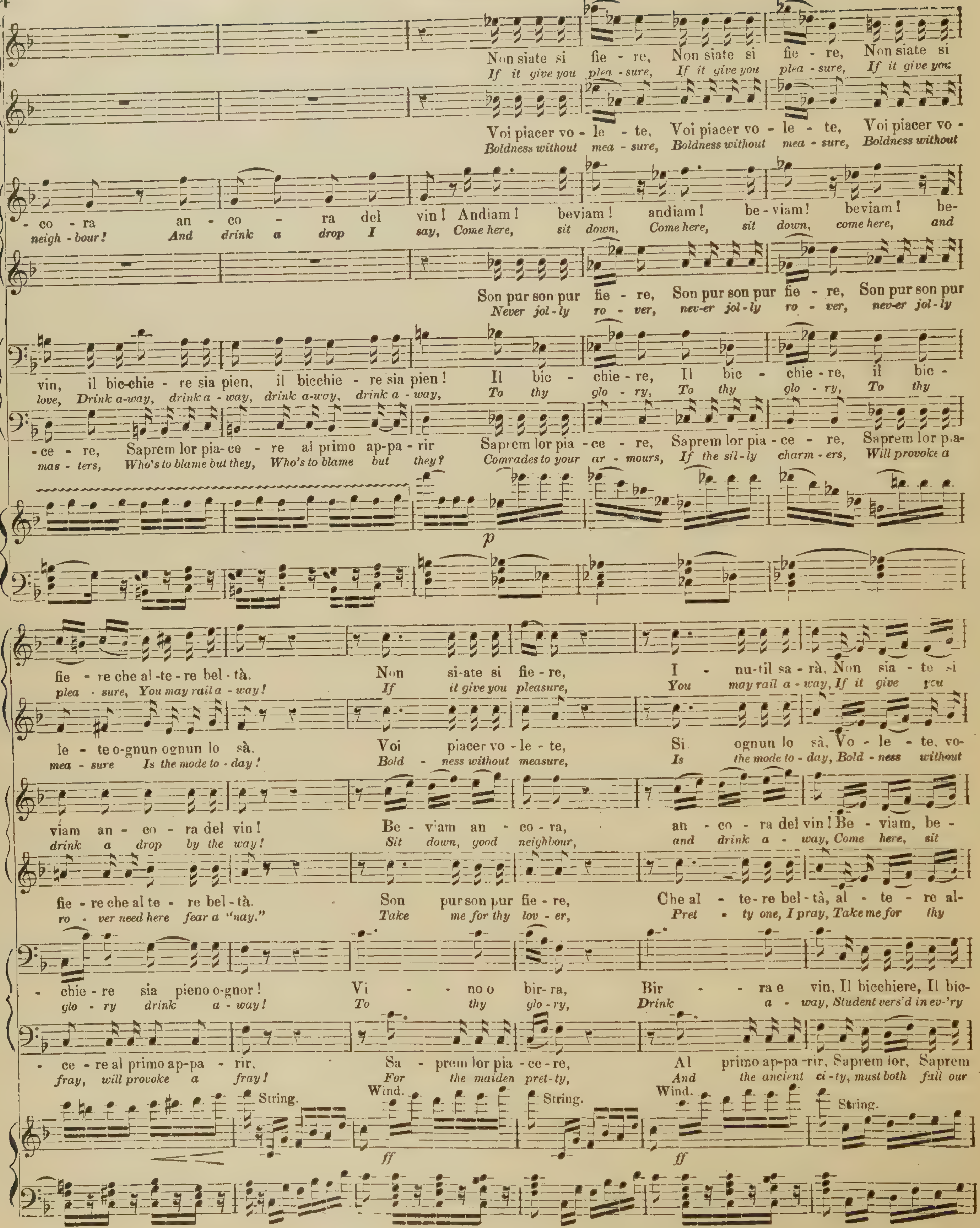

1st. Sop. (Girls.)
Si vuol pia - ce - re, Ma no si può, Si vuol pia - ce - re
One would al - lure them, They look so gay. One would al - lure them,
2nd. Sop (Married Women.)
lor! Piacer vor - res - te, Chi non lo sa! Pia-cer vor -
way! If you se - cure them, What worth are they? If you se -
1st. Ten. (Old Men.)
An - diam.......... An - diam.............. com -
Come here, ... come here, ... come
2nd. Ten. (Young Students.)
Vo' ri-ma - ne - re.......... vo-ri - ma - ne . ...re Ve-der la
No jol - ly rov - er . . . . need fear a "nay," . . . . . No jol - ly
1st. Bass. (Drinkers)
Viva il li - quor!...... Viva il li - quor! Viva il li - quor!
Long live the wine . . . Long live the wine . . . Long live the wine . . .
2nd. Bass (Soldiers.)
Vi - va la guer - ra! Vi - va la guer - ra! Vi - va la
Long live the Sol - dier, Long live the Sol - dier, Long live the
Cres.
Ma non si può ma non si può non si può non si può no, no, no
They look so gay, They look so gay! on - ly see, on - ly see, they look so
res - te Chi non lo sa! Chi non lo sa! . . Pur si ve-drà pur si ve-drà!
cure them, What worth are they? What worth are they? What a dis-play, what a dis-play,
par..... an - diam! compar mano al bic - chie - re be - viam mano al bic -
here sit down, sit down and drink a drop, I say, and drink a drop, I
fin la.............fin, ve-der la fin, veder la fin! ve-der la fin, ve-der la
rov - er . . . . need fear a "nay," need fear a "nay," need fear a "nay," need fear a
Viva il li - quor! sia lode al vin!.................. al vin!..........
Long live the wine, long live the wine . . . the wine . . . .
guer - ra! la guer - ra! la! guer - ra! mes - tier di - vin!.........
Sol - dier, the sol - dier, the sol - dier, the sol - dier gay . . . . . .
ff

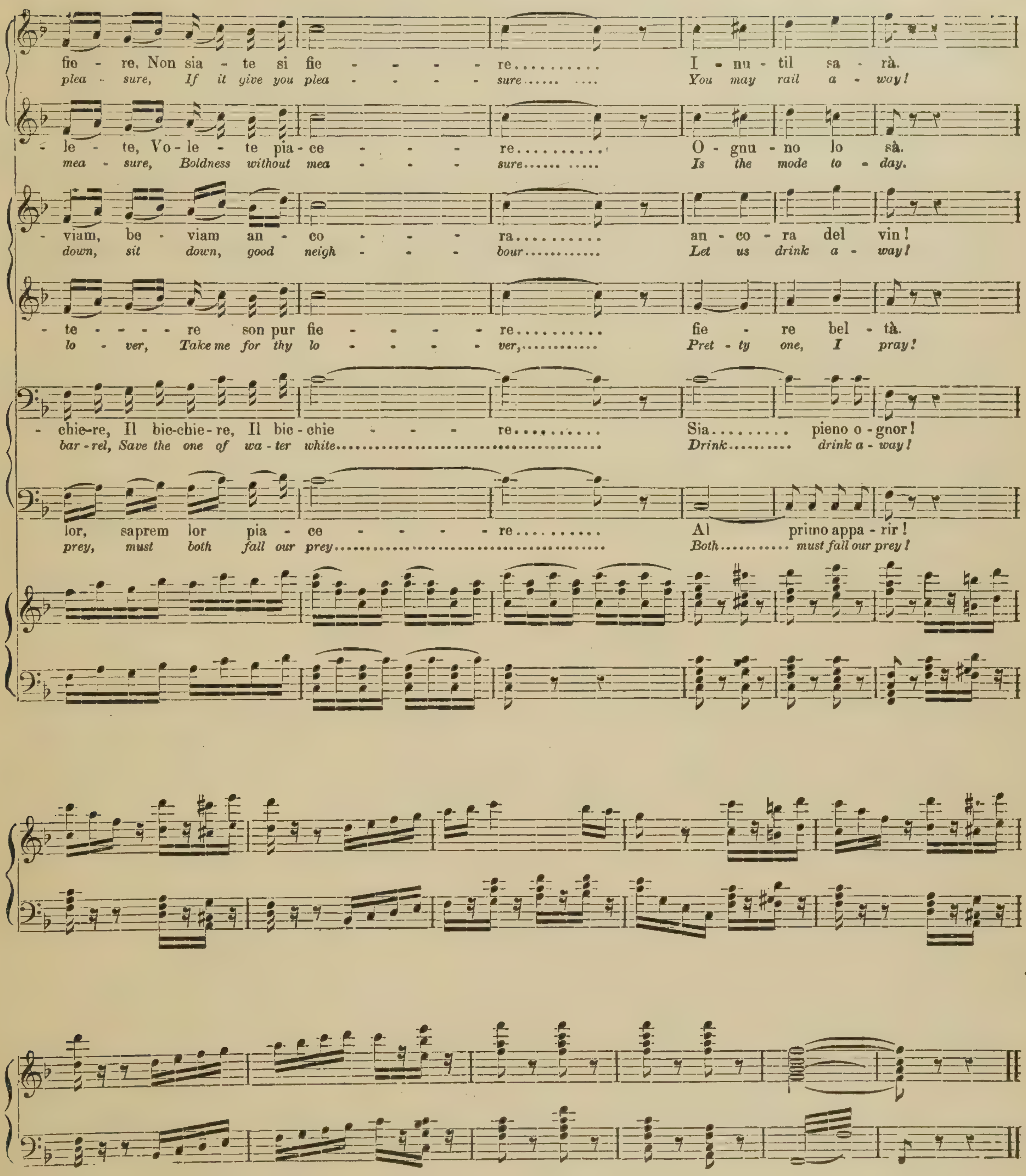

no, non si può non si può non si può non si può ma non si può........
gay, They look so gay, on - ly see, on - ly see, they look so gay! ....
Pur si ve - dra, pur si ve - dra, pur si ve-dra, pur si vedra, pur si ve - dra!........ Vor-res-te pia -
What a dis - play, what a dis - play, what a dis-play, what a display, what a dis - play! .... Boldness without
chie - re be - viam, andiam, me-sciam! andiam! be - viam!........
say, And drink a drop, come here and drink a drop, I say! ....
fin! ve-der la fin! ve-der la fin, veder la fin!........
"nay," Need fear a "nay," need fear a "nay," need fear a "nay,".......
Al vin! al vin! al vin!........ Su da
The wine, the wine, I say! .... Red or white
.... Mes-tier di - vin, mestier di - vin mestier di - vin!........ non v'han bella
... The sol - dier gay, the sol - dier gay, the sol - dier gay! .... Be it ancient
Non si-ate fie - re inu - til sa - ra!
If it give you pleas - ure, You may rail a - way!
ce - re, si vede già si sà...... Voi sen - za pu-do - re e voi sen - za
meas-ure Is the mode to - day, ... Bold-ness with - out meas-ure Is the mode to .
Mesciam, me - sciam an-cora un bicchier!
And drink, and drink a drop by the way,
Semper son pur fie - re Che al-tere bel - tà!
Nev - er jol - ly rov - er Here need fear a "nay,"
bere, su da ber Un bic - chie - re an - cor Lie - ti in co - re, Tra - can
li - quor Coarse or fine, What can it mat-ter, So we have wine, What if the vin - tage Great be or
fie - re, sa-prem lor pia ce - re Saprem lor pia-cere al solo ap - pa - rir! Dunque che tar-dia - mo dunque che tar -
ci - ty, Be it maiden pret - ty, Both must fall our prey, must fall our prey! Comrades to your ar-mours, If the sil - ly


Un vi - so sde - gno - so, non fa che arros - sir, Un giovin m'ac - cet - ta,
To a gen-tle lov - er We know what to say, To a gen-tle lov - er,
cor non siamo sì gon zi suppiam quel che
- day. All of us dis - gra - cing, By your vain dis -
mia mo - glie gri - dar fa - ro!
My wife is scold - ing a - way!
sdegno so il vi - so si han fat - to già ve - drai che m'ac - cet - ta
Never jol - ly ro - ver need fear a "nay." Take me for thy lov - er,
- nar il li - quo - re dobbi - am, Su la go - la i - nef - fiam, L'ac - qua
small, Your jol - ly to - per drink - eth of all! Stu - dent vers'd in ev - ry bar - rel, Save the
dia - mo ar - di - ti diam l'as - sal - to l'as - sal - to diam, In ques - to pre - cet - to pro' guer -
charm - ers, Will provoke a fray, will provoke a fray, If they meet dis - as - ters, Ere they
pp
gli di - co di sì! sì creder con - vie - ne
We know what to say! Tender - ly more - o - ver
far! per far si una glo - ria, di si - mili ar -
- p'ay! At a word em - bra - cing, Peo - ple such as
si cre - de - re con - vie - ne, con vie - ne, con -
It is her dai - ly la - bour, her la - bour, her
al pri - mo apparir, al pri - mo apparir,
Pret - ty one I pray! Pretty one I pray!
so - la sprez - ziam Quà un bic - chie - re, di li - quor Vo - gliam
one of wa - ter white, To thy glo - ry, To thy love, Drink a
- rier io met - to e donne e cas - tel Co - ver - to di glo - ria can - tan - do vit -
own their mas - ters, Who's to blame but they? For the maid - ens pret - ty and an - cient ci - ty

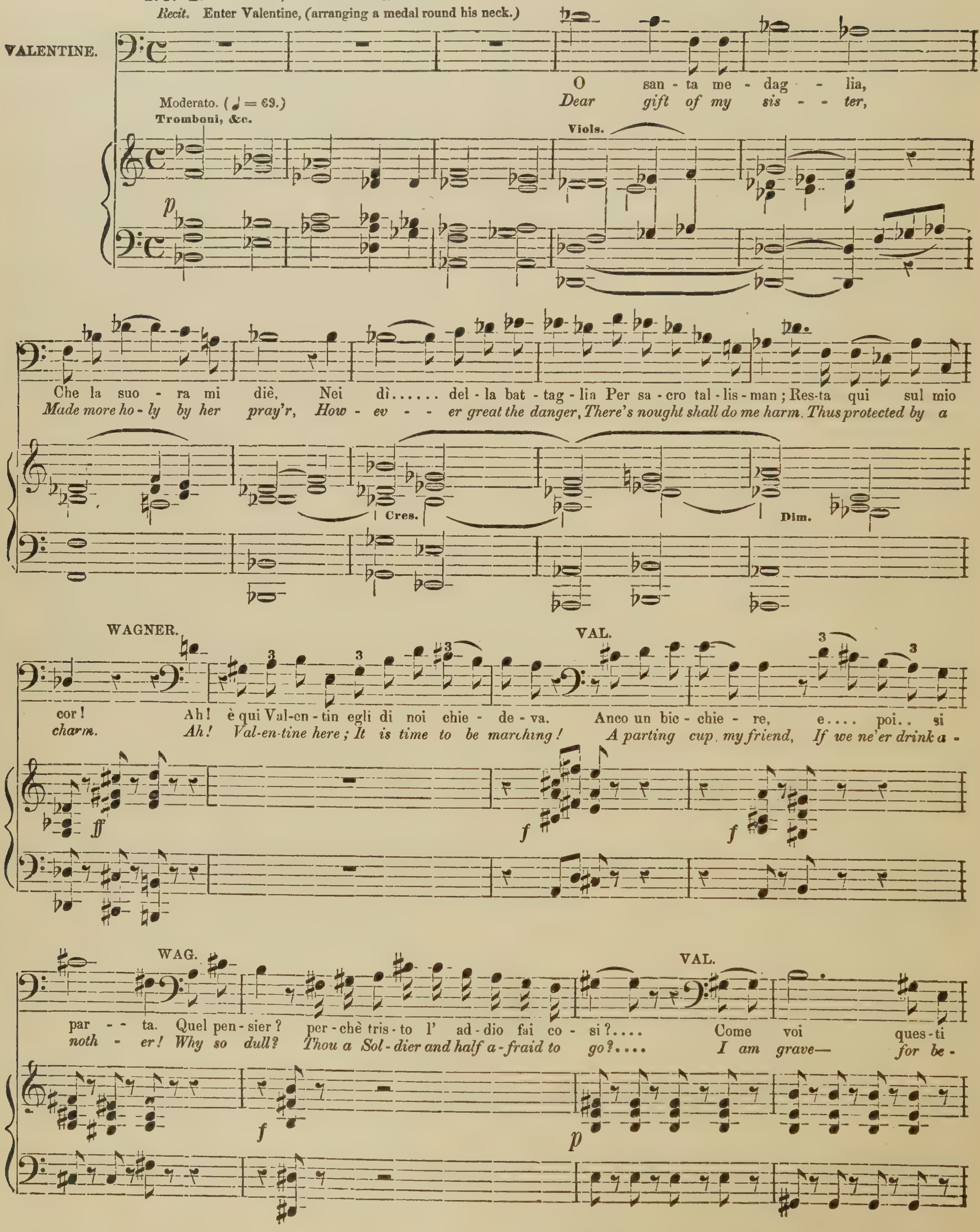

Al vostro par- lai ! Un giovin m'accet - ta gli ai-co di
Take it as ye may, To a gen-tle lov - er, We know what to
- mor ! non siamo sì gon - zi, sappiam quel che far,
they, All of us dis - gra - cing, By your vain display !
- vie - - - - ne,
la - - - - - bour,
ve - drai che m'ac - cet - - ta al primo ap - pa -
Nev - er jol - ly ro - - ver Here need fear a
- be - re an - cor ! Su la go - la i - nef - fiam l'ac - qua so - la sprez-
- way............... to - night ! Stu - dent vers'd in ev - 'ry bar - rel, Save the one of wa-ter
- to - ria pel nos - tro va - lor, In ques - to pre - cet - to prò guer - rier io met - to
Both must fall our prey, Com - rades to your ar - mours, If the sil - ly charm - ers
si, si creder si de - ve al vos - tro par -
say, Ten-der - ly more - o - ver Take it as ye
Per far si una glo - ria, di simili a - mor, di simili a-
At a word em - bra - cing, Peo-ple such as they, Peo-ple such as
Mia moglie gri - dar gri - dar fa - rò, cre - der con - vie - ne, con-vie - ne o -
My wife is scold - ing, scold - ing a - way, My wife is scold - ing, is scold - ing a -
- rir ! vedrai che m'ac-cet - ta vedrai che m'ac-cet - ta m'ac - cetta al primo ap - pa-
"nay," Take me for thy lov - er, Pret - ty one I pray, take me, take me, take me, I
- ziam qua un bic - chie - re di li - quor vo - - gliam be - re an -
white, To thy glo - ry, to thy love, Drink a - way,............ a -
le donne e i cas - tel Cante - rem vit - to - ria, Cante - rem vit - to - ria pel no - stro val-
will pro-voke a fray, For the ancient ci - ty, And the maiden pret - ty, Both must fall our
f

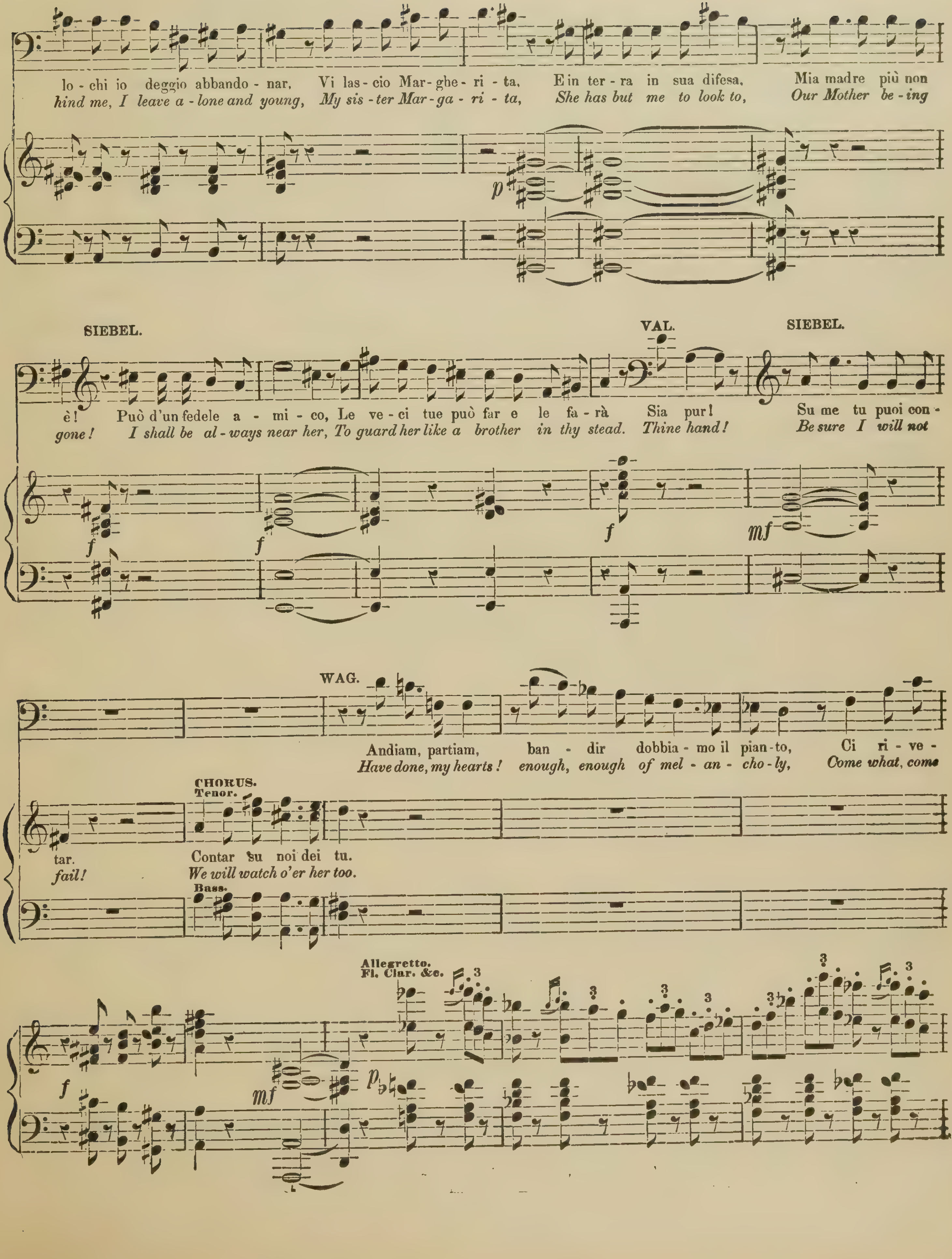

lar! may!
Non siate si If it give you
mor they!
Voi piacer vo- Boldness without
gnor. Mano al bic - chie - re, me - scia - mo me - scia - mo, me - sciam andiam be-
way. Come here, good neigh - bour! good neigh - bour! And drink a drop I say, Come here, sit
roi, pray!
Son pur son pur Never jol - ly
cor, vino o bir - ra, birra o vin, Po il bic-chie - re vi - cin, Un bicchie - re vo' ber, Un bic -
way, To thy glo - ry, to thy love, Drink a-way, drink a - way, drink a-way, drink a - way, To thy
or! Non v'han beltà fie - re saprem lor pia - ce - re, saprem lor pia - ce - re al solo ap - pa - rir Saprem lor pia-
prey! If they meet dis - as - ters, Ere they own their mas - ters, Who's to blame but they, Who's to blame but they? Comrades to your
8a
ff
fie - re, non siate si fie - re, non siate si fie - re i - nu - til sa - rà
plea - sure, If it give you plea - sure, If it give you plea - sure, You may rail a - way!
le - te, Voi piacer vo - le - te, Voi piacer vo - le - te o-gnun ognun lo sà
mea - sure, Boldness without mea - sure, Boldness without mea - sure Is the mode to - day!
viam, andiam be - viam mesciam beviamo un al - tre bic-chier, Beviam an - co - ra, an -
down, Come here, sit down, come here, and drink a drop by the way, Come here, good neigh - bour, good
fie - re, Son pur son pur fie - re, Son pur son pur fie - re che alte - re bel - tà.
ro - ver, nev-er jol - ly ro - ver, nev-er jol - ly ro - ver need here fear a "nay."
chie - re, Un bic - chie - re, Un bic - chie - re e che sia pien. Vi - no o bir - ra, bir - ra O
glo - ry, To thy glo - ry, To thy glo - ry drink a - way! To thy glo - ry, To thy
ce - re, Saprem lor pia - ce - re, Saprem lor pia - ce - re al solo ap - pa - rir. Non v'han beltà fie - re, Saprem lor pia-
ar - mours, If the sil - ly charm - ers, Will provoke a fray, will provoke a fray, If they meet dis - as - ters, Ere they own their
8a

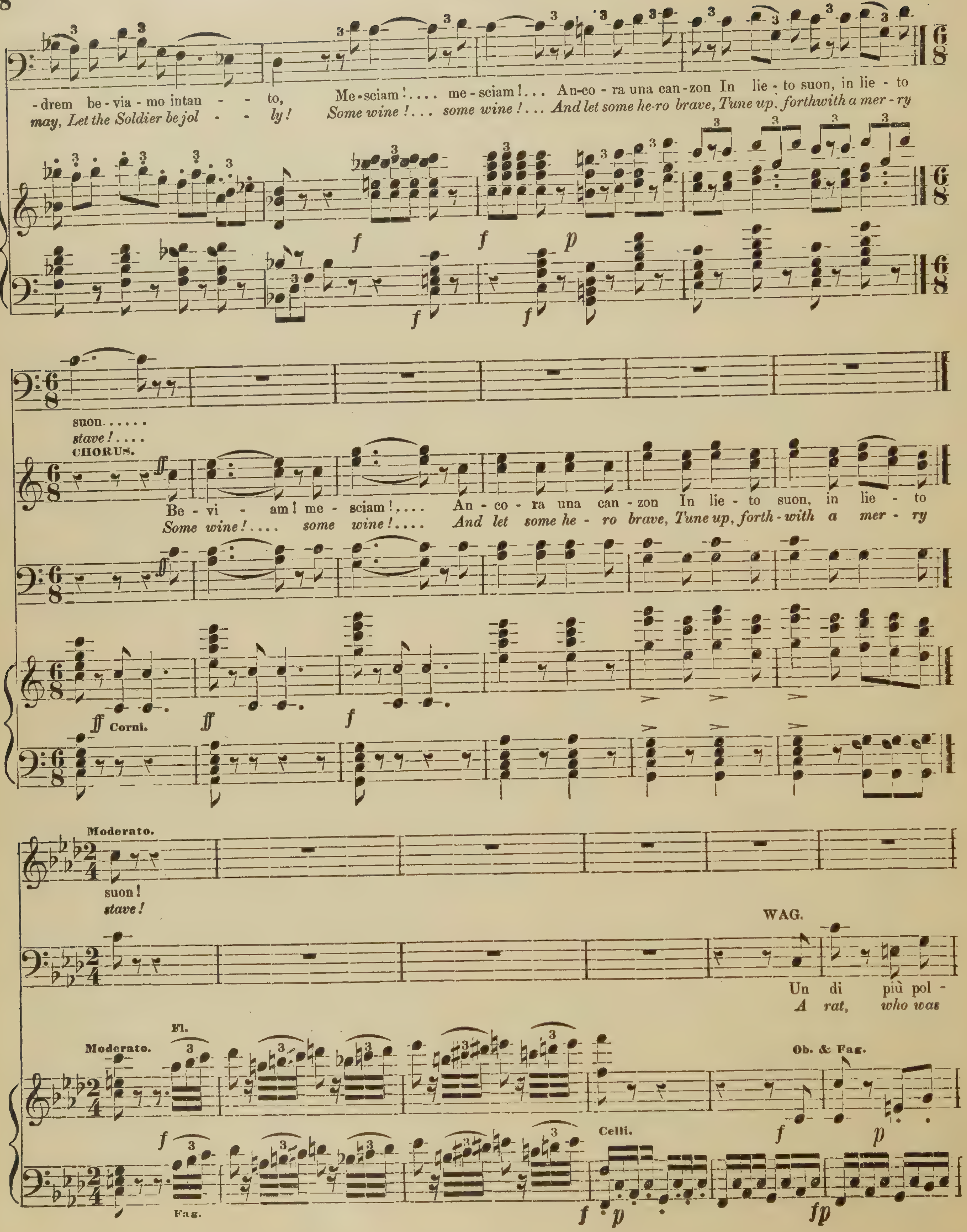

Non siate si fie - re, Non siate si fie - re, Non siate si
If it give you plea - sure, If it give you plea - sure, If it give you
Voi piacer vo - le - te, Voi piacer vo - le - te, Voi piacer vo -
Boldness without mea - sure, Boldness without mea - sure, Boldness without
- co - ra an - co - ra del vin! Andiam! beviam! andiam! be - viam! beviam! be-
neigh - bour! And drink a drop I say, Come here, sit down, Come here, sit down, come here, and
Son pur son pur fie - re, Son pur son pur fie - re, Son pur son pur
Never jol - ly ro - ver, nev-er jol - ly ro - ver, nev-er jol - ly
vin, il bicchie - re sia pien, il bicchie - re sia pien! Il bic - chie - re, Il bic - chie - re, il bic -
love, Drink a-way, drink a - way, drink a-way, drink a - way, To thy glo - ry, To thy glo - ry, To thy
- ce - re, Saprem lor pia - ce - re al primo ap - pa - rir Saprem lor pia - ce - re, Saprem lor pia - ce - re, Saprem lor pia-
mas - ters, Who's to blame but they, Who's to blame but they? Comrades to your ar - mours, If the sil - ly charm - ers, Will provoke a
p
fie - re che al - te - re bel - tà. Non si-ate si fie - re, I - nu-til sa - rà, Non sia - te si
plea - sure, You may rail a - way! If it give you pleasure, You may rail a - way, If it give you
le - te o-gnun ognun lo sà. Voi piacer vo - le - te, Si ognun lo sà, Vo - le - te, vo-
mea - sure Is the mode to - day! Bold - ness without measure, Is the mode to - day, Bold - ness without
viam an - co - ra del vin! Be - viam an - co - ra, an - co - ra del vin! Be - viam, be -
drink a drop by the way! Sit down, good neighbour, and drink a - way, Come here, sit
fie - re che al te - re bel - tà. Son pur son pur fie - re, Che al - te - re bel - tà, al - te - re al-
ro - ver need here fear a "nay." Take me for thy lov - er, Pret - ty one, I pray, Take me for thy
- chie - re sia pieno o-gnor! Vi - no o bir - ra, Bir - ra e vin, Il bicchiere, Il bic-
glo - ry drink a - way! To thy glo - ry, Drink a - way, Student vers'd in ev-'ry
- ce - re al primo ap - pa - rir, Sa - prem lor pia - ce - re, Al primo ap - pa - rir, Saprem lor, Saprem
fray, will provoke a fray! For the maiden pret - ty, And the ancient ci - ty, must both fall our
String.
Wind.
ff
String.
Wind.
ff
String.


fie - re, Non sia - te si fie - - - - re.......... I - nu - til sa - rà.
plea - sure, If it give you plea - - - - sure.......... You may rail a - way!
- le - te, Vo - le - te pia - ce - - - - re.......... O - gnu - no lo sà.
mea - sure, Boldness without mea - - - - sure.......... Is the mode to - day.
- viam, be - viam an - co - - - - ra.......... an - co - ra del vin!
down, sit down, good neigh - - - bour.......... Let us drink a - way!
- te - - - - re son pur fie - - - - re.......... fie - re bel - tà.
lo - ver, Take me for thy lo - - - - ver,.......... Pret - ty one, I pray!
- chie-re, Il bic-chie-re, Il bic-chie - - - re.......... Sia......... pieno o - gnor!
bar - rel, Save the one of wa - ter white.......... Drink.......... drink a - way!
lor, saprem lor pia - ce - - - - re.......... Al primo appa - rir!
prey, must both fall our prey.......... Both.......... must fall our prey!

No. 4. Scena, Recitative & Song.

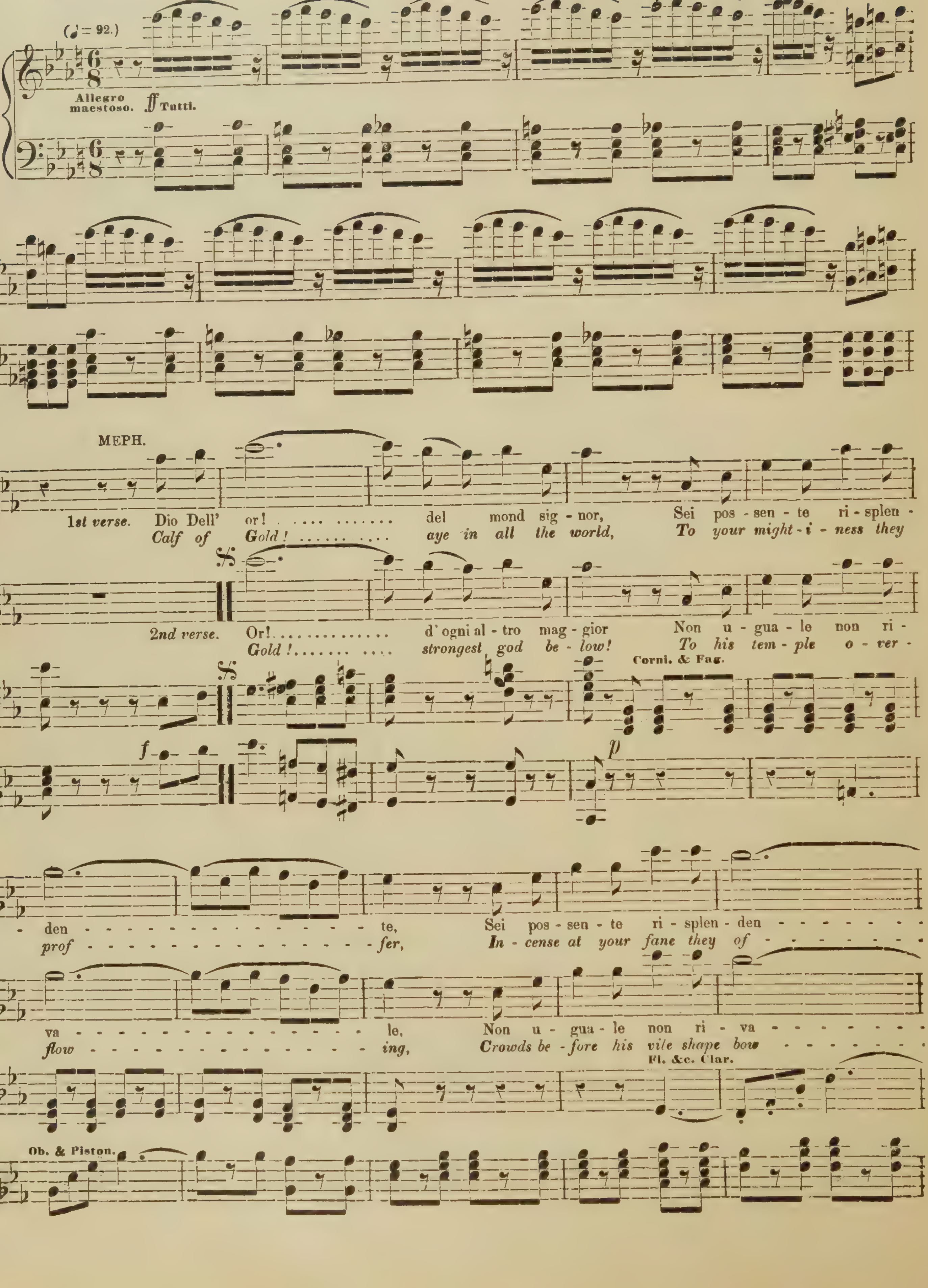


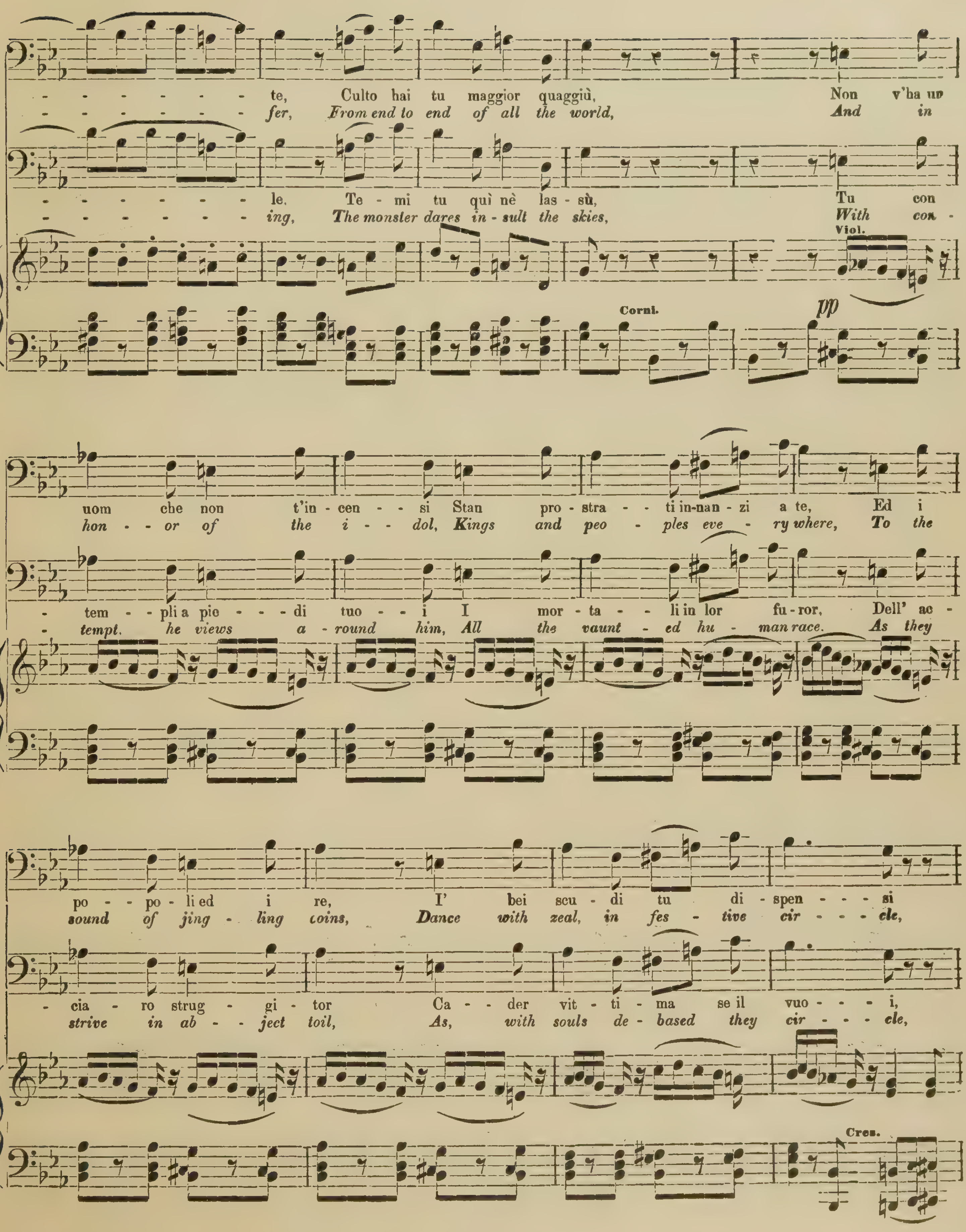

lo - chi io deggio abbando - nar, Vi las- cio Mar- ghe - ri - ta, E in ter - ra in sua difesa, Mia madre più non
hind me, I leave a - lone and young, My sis - ter Mar - ga - ri - ta, She has but me to look to, Our Mother be - ing
p
SIEBEL.
VAL.
SIEBEL.
è! Può d'un fedele a - mi - co, Le ve - ci tue può far e le fa - rà Sia pur! Su me tu puoi con -
gone! I shall be al - ways near her, To guard her like a brother in thy stead. Thine hand! Be sure I will not
f
f
f
mf
WAG.
Andiam, partiam, ban - dir dobbia - mo il pian - to, Ci ri - ve -
Have done, my hearts! enough, enough of mel - an - cho - ly, Come what, come
CHORUS.
Tenor.
tar. Contar su noi dei tu.
fail! We will watch o'er her too.
Bass.
Allegretto.
Fl. Clar. &c.
f
mf
p

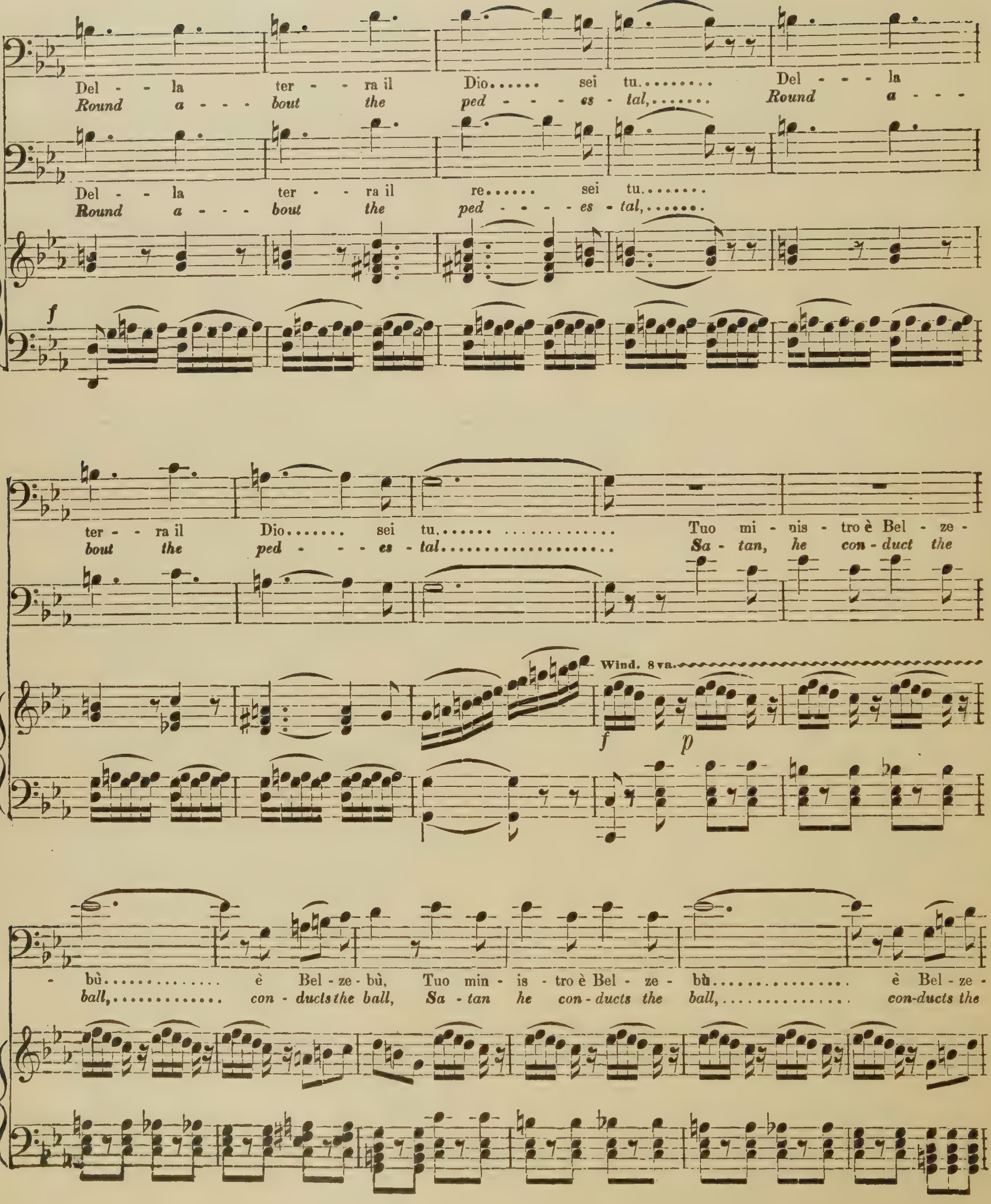

-drem be-via-mo intan - - to, Me-sciam!.... me-sciam!... An-co-ra una can-zon In lie-to suon, in lie-to
may, Let the Soldier be jol - - ly! Some wine!... some wine!... And let some he-ro brave, Tune up, forthwith a mer-ry
suon......
stave!....
CHORUS.
Be-vi - am! me-sciam!.... An-co-ra una can-zon In lie-to suon, in lie-to
Some wine!.... some wine!.... And let some he-ro brave, Tune up, forth-with a mer-ry
Corni.
Moderato.
suon!
stave!
WAG.
Un di più pol-
A rat, who was
Moderato.
Fl.
Ob. & Fag.
Celli.
Fag.

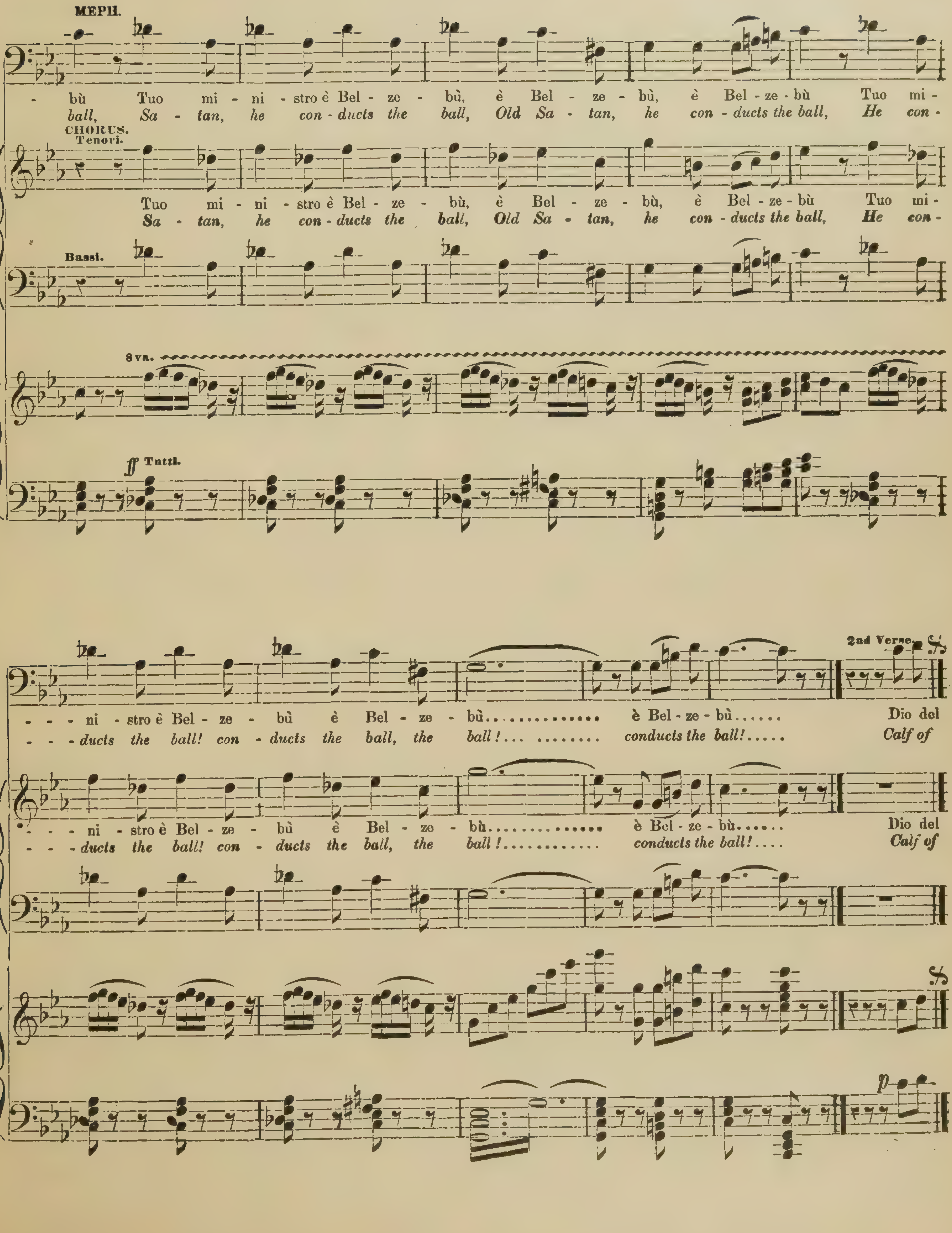
-tron che co-rag-gioso un sor-cio fù, As-co-so nel-la can-ti-na E di-cea co-sì. Per-
born a coward, And was ug-ly too, Once sat in the Abbot's cel-lar, 'Neath a bar-rel new! a
f
p
Cres.
Allegro.
MEPH.
WAG.
MEPH.
Moderato.
-chè— Sig - nor! Chè! Se v'ag-gra - - da bra-mo, Se-der un poco in mezzo a
cat, Excuse me! Eh! May not I tho' a stranger, Make one of such a jo-vial
Viols.
fp
ff
pp
To WAGNER.
WAG.
vo-i, Che il vostro amico pria fin-is-ca la can-zon, Io poi ve ne di-rò che de sprezza non son. U-na ci baste-
par-ty? Pray sir conclude the canticle so well begun; And I will sing when you have ended a better one! Let us have it at
MEMPH.
-rà ma bel-la ve-ra-mente. Farò quel che po-trò per non sec-car la gen-te.
once, Or we shall call you boaster. If you must sirs you shall, I look to you for cho-rus.
p
pp

Song of the Golden Calf.

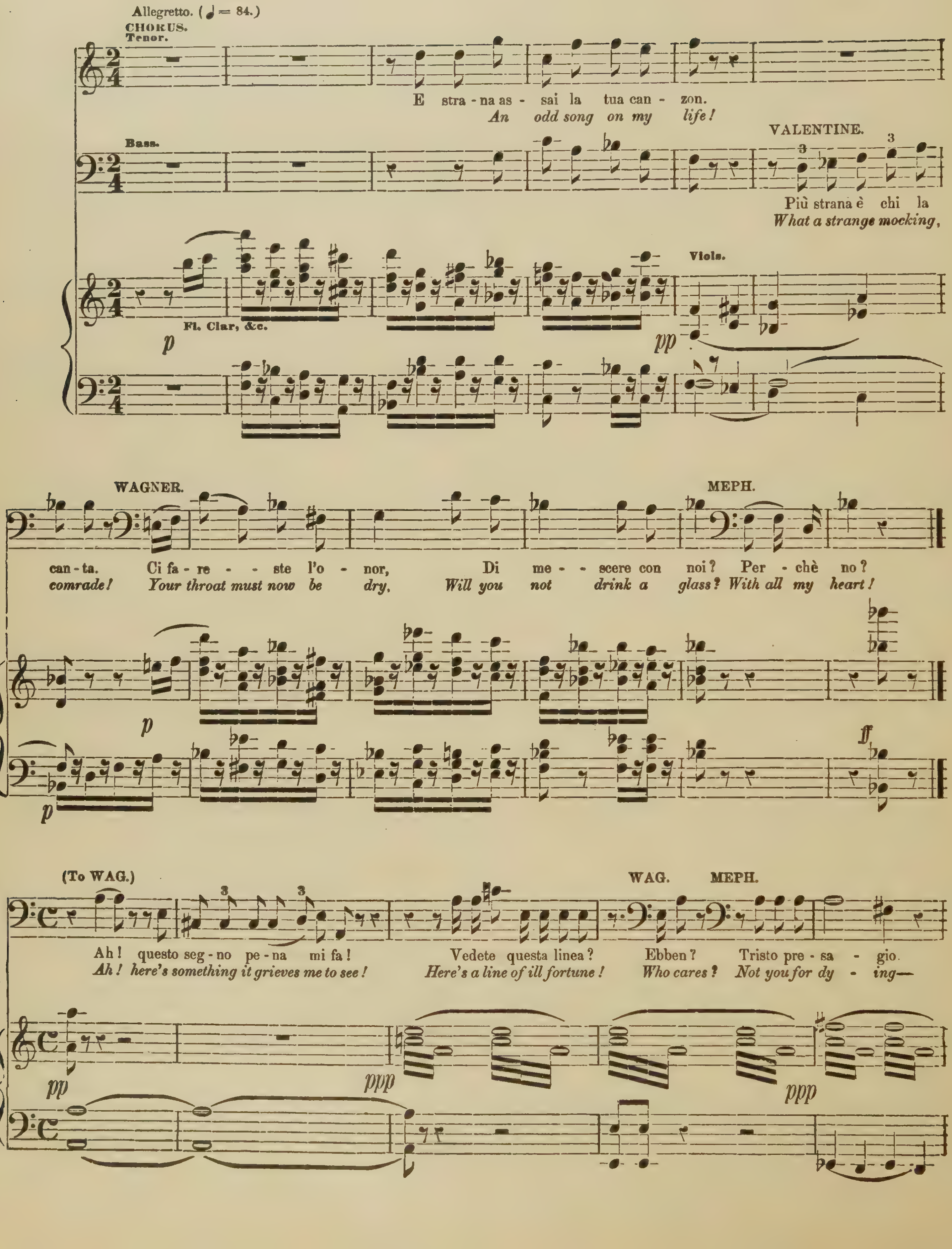


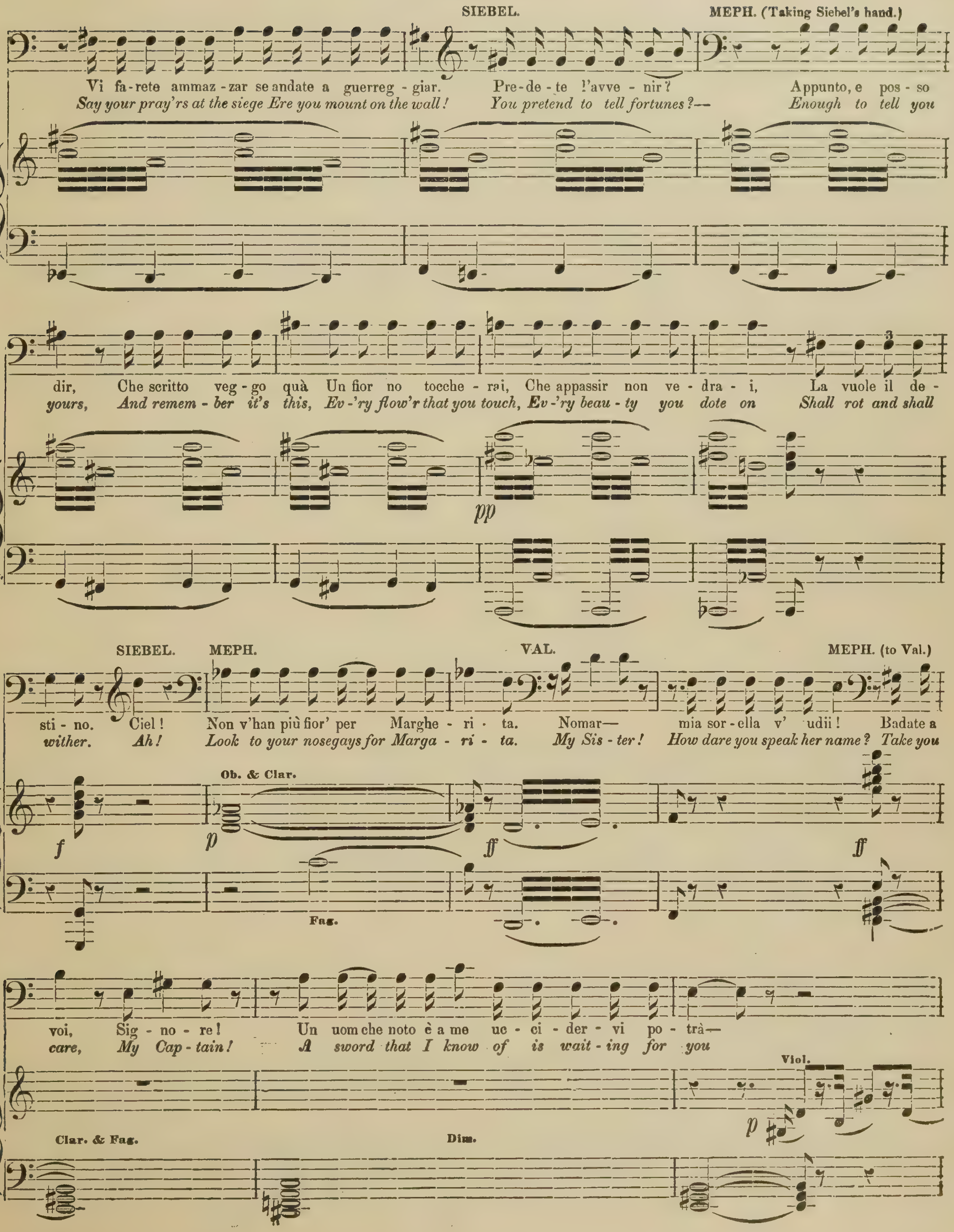

te, Culto hai tu maggior quaggiù, Non v'ha un
fer, From end to end of all the world, And in
le. Te - mi tu quì nè las - sù, Tu con
ing, The monster dares in - sult the skies, With con -
Viol.
Corni.
pp
uom che non t'in - cen - - - si Stan pro - stra - - - ti in-nan - zi a te, Ed i
hon - - or of the i - - dol, Kings and peo - ples eve - ry where, To the
tem - pli a pie - - - di tuo - - - i I mor - ta - - li in lor fu - ror, Dell' ac -
tempt, he views a - round him, All the vaunt - ed hu - man race. As they
po - - po - li ed i re, I' bei scu - di tu di - spen - - - si
sound of jing - ling coins, Dance with zeal, in fes - tive cir - - - cle,
cia - ro strug - gi - tor Ca - der vit - ti - ma se il vuo - - - i,
strive in ab - ject toil, As, with souls de - based they cir - - - cle,
Cres.

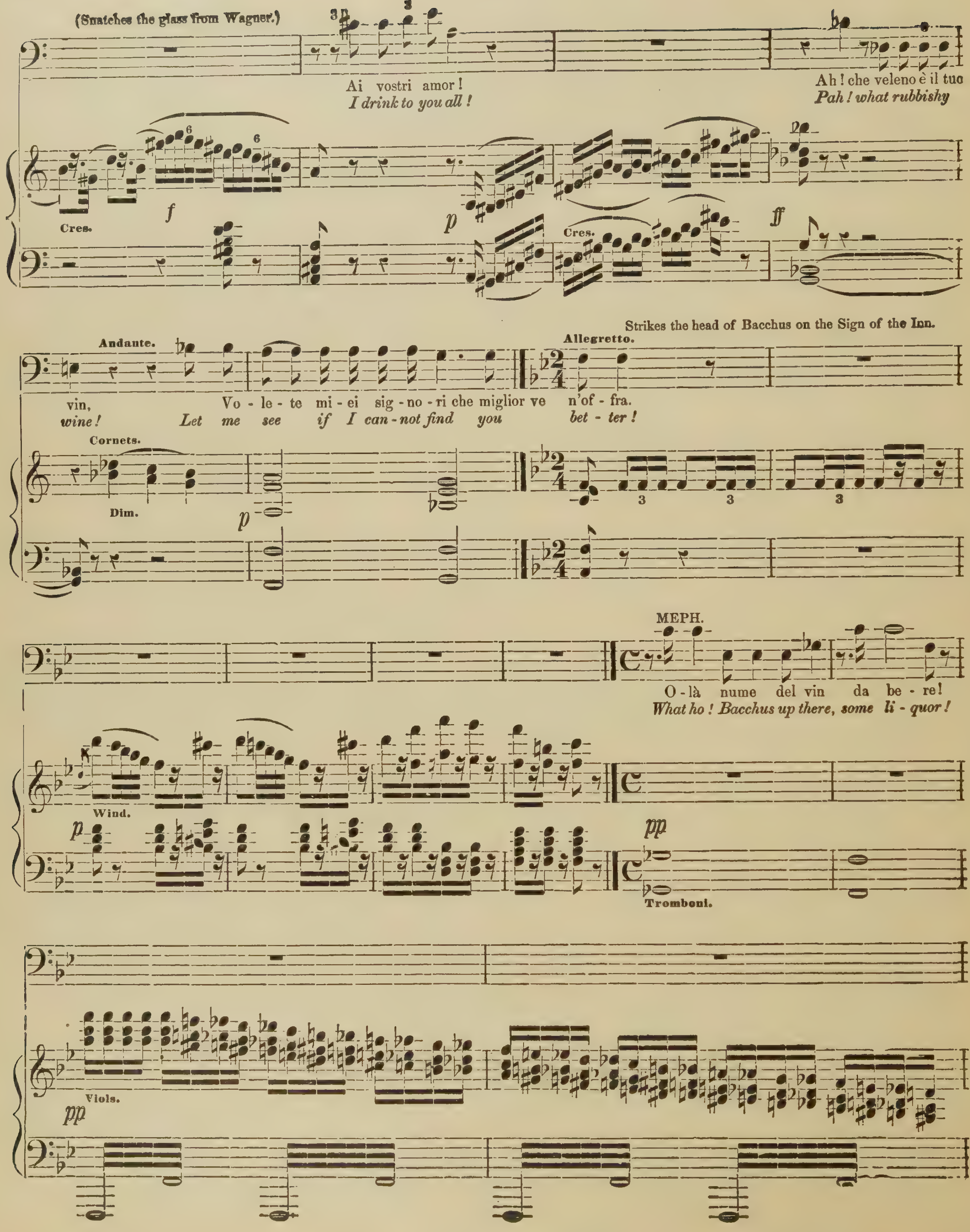

Del - - la ter - - ra il Dio....... sei tu.........Del - - - la
Round a - - - bout the ped - - - es - tal,....... Round a - - -
Del - - la ter - - ra il re....... sei tu........
Round a - - - bout the ped - - - - es - tal,.......
f
ter - - ra il Dio....... sei tu....... .... Tuo mi - nis - tro è Bel - ze -
bout the ped - - - es - tal..................... Sa - tan, he con - duct the
Wind. 8va.
f p
- bù............. è Bel - ze - bù, Tuo min - is - tro è Bel - ze - bù............... è Bel - ze -
ball,............. con - ducts the ball, Sa - tan he con - ducts the ball,............. con-ducts the

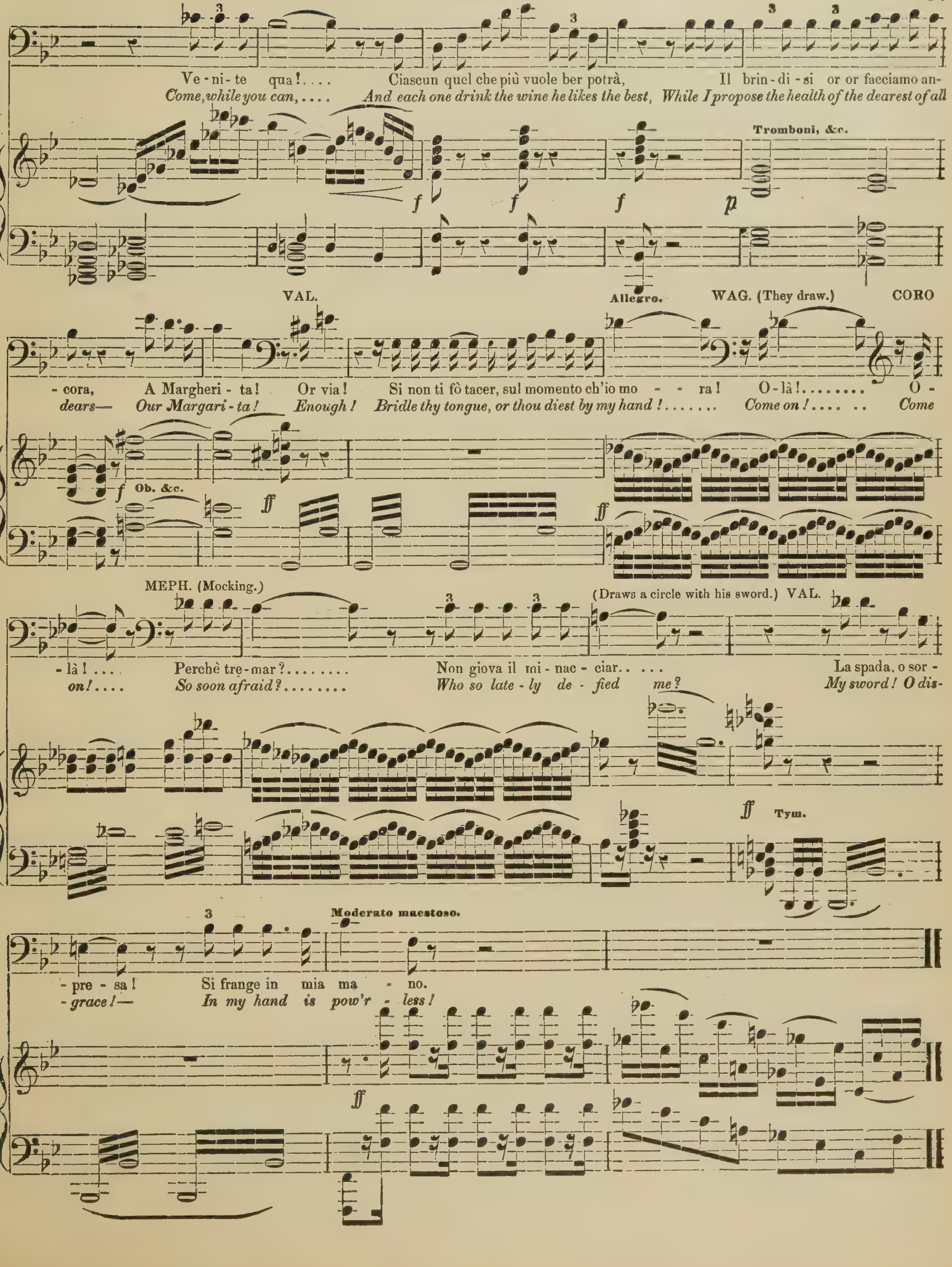

MEPH.
- bù Tuo mi - ni - stro è Bel - ze - bù, è Bel - ze - bù, è Bel - ze - bù Tuo mi -
ball, Sa - tan, he con - ducts the ball, Old Sa - tan, he con - ducts the ball, He con -
CHORUS.
Tenori.
Tuo mi - ni - stro è Bel - ze - bù, è Bel - ze - bù, è Bel - ze - bù Tuo mi -
Sa - tan, he con - ducts the ball, Old Sa - tan, he con - ducts the ball, He con -
Bassi.
8va.
ff Tutti.
- - - ni - stro è Bel - ze - bù è Bel - ze - bù.............. è Bel - ze - bù...... Dio del
- - - ducts the ball! con - ducts the ball, the ball!... .... conducts the ball!..... Calf of
- - - ni - stro è Bel - ze - bù è Bel - ze - bù.............. è Bel - ze - bù...... Dio del
- - - ducts the ball! con - ducts the ball, the ball!........... conducts the ball!.... Calf of
2nd Verse.
p

No. 5. Scena and Chorale.



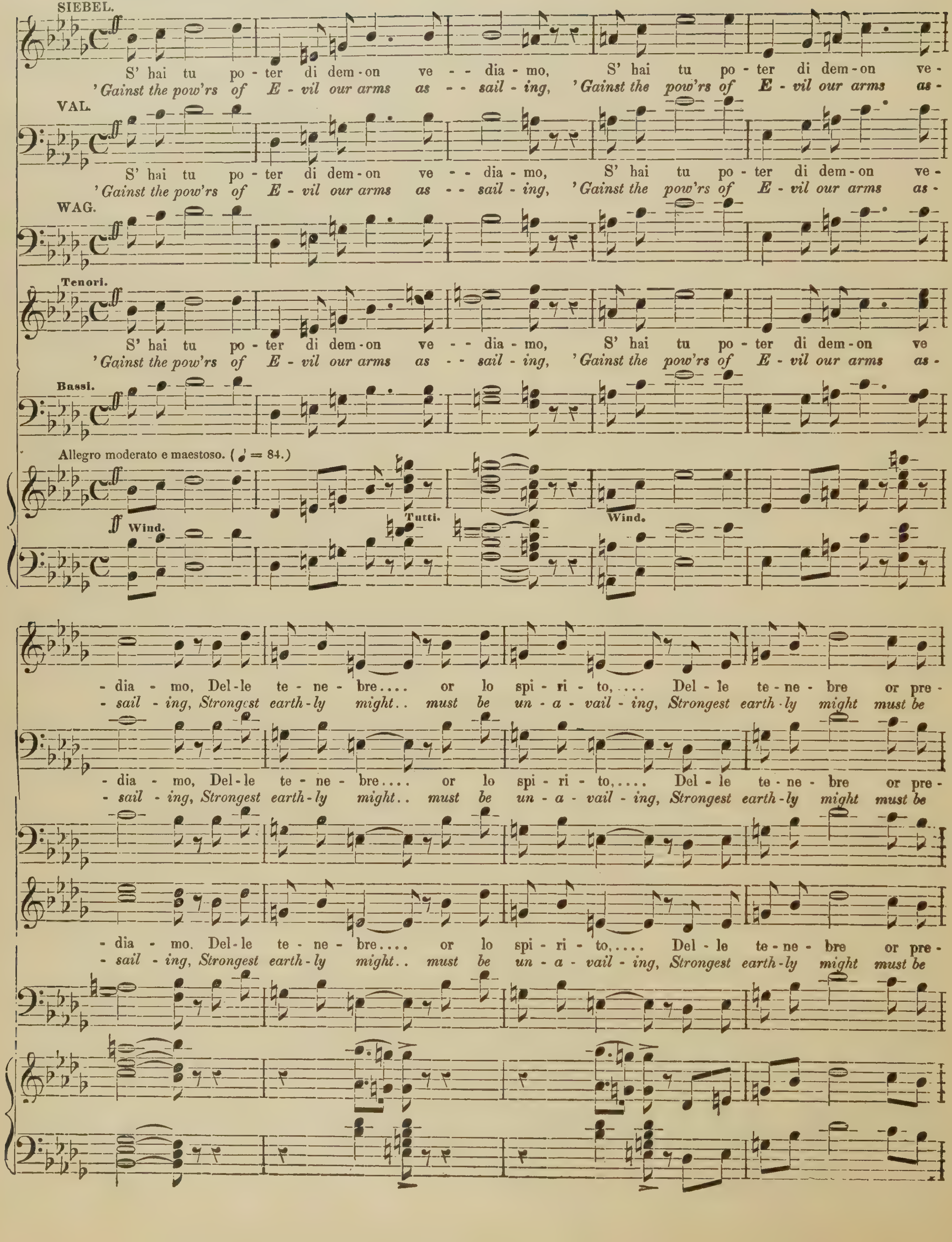

SIEBEL.
MEPH. (Taking Siebel's hand.)
Vi fa-rete ammaz-zar se andate a guerreg-giar. Pre-de-te l'avve-nir? Appunto, e pos-so
Say your pray'rs at the siege Ere you mount on the wall! You pretend to tell fortunes?— Enough to tell you
dir, Che scritto veg-go quà Un fior no tocche-rai, Che appassir non ve-dra-i, La vuole il de-
yours, And remem-ber it's this, Ev-'ry flow'r that you touch, Ev-'ry beau-ty you dote on Shall rot and shall
pp
SIEBEL.
MEPH.
VAL.
MEPH. (to Val.)
sti-no. Ciel! Non v'han più fior' per Marghe-ri-ta. Nomar— mia sor-ella v' udii! Badate a
wither. Ah! Look to your nosegays for Marga-ri-ta. My Sis-ter! How dare you speak her name? Take you
Ob. & Clar.
f
p
ff
ff
Fag.
voi, Sig-no-re! Un uom che noto è a me uc-ci-der-vi po-trà—
care, My Cap-tain! A sword that I know of is wait-ing for you
Viol.
p
Clar. & Fag.
Dim.


(Snatches the glass from Wagner.)
Ai vostri amor!
I drink to you all!
Ah! che veleno è il tuo
Pah! what rubbishy
Cres.
f
p
Cres.
ff
Andante.
vin,
wine!
Vo - le - te mi - ei sig - no - ri che miglior ve
Let me see if I can - not find you
Strikes the head of Bacchus on the Sign of the Inn.
Allegretto.
n'of - fra.
bet - ter!
Cornets.
Dim.
p
MEPH.
O - là nume del vin da be - re!
What ho! Bacchus up there, some li - quor!
Wind.
p
pp
Tromboni.
Viols.
pp

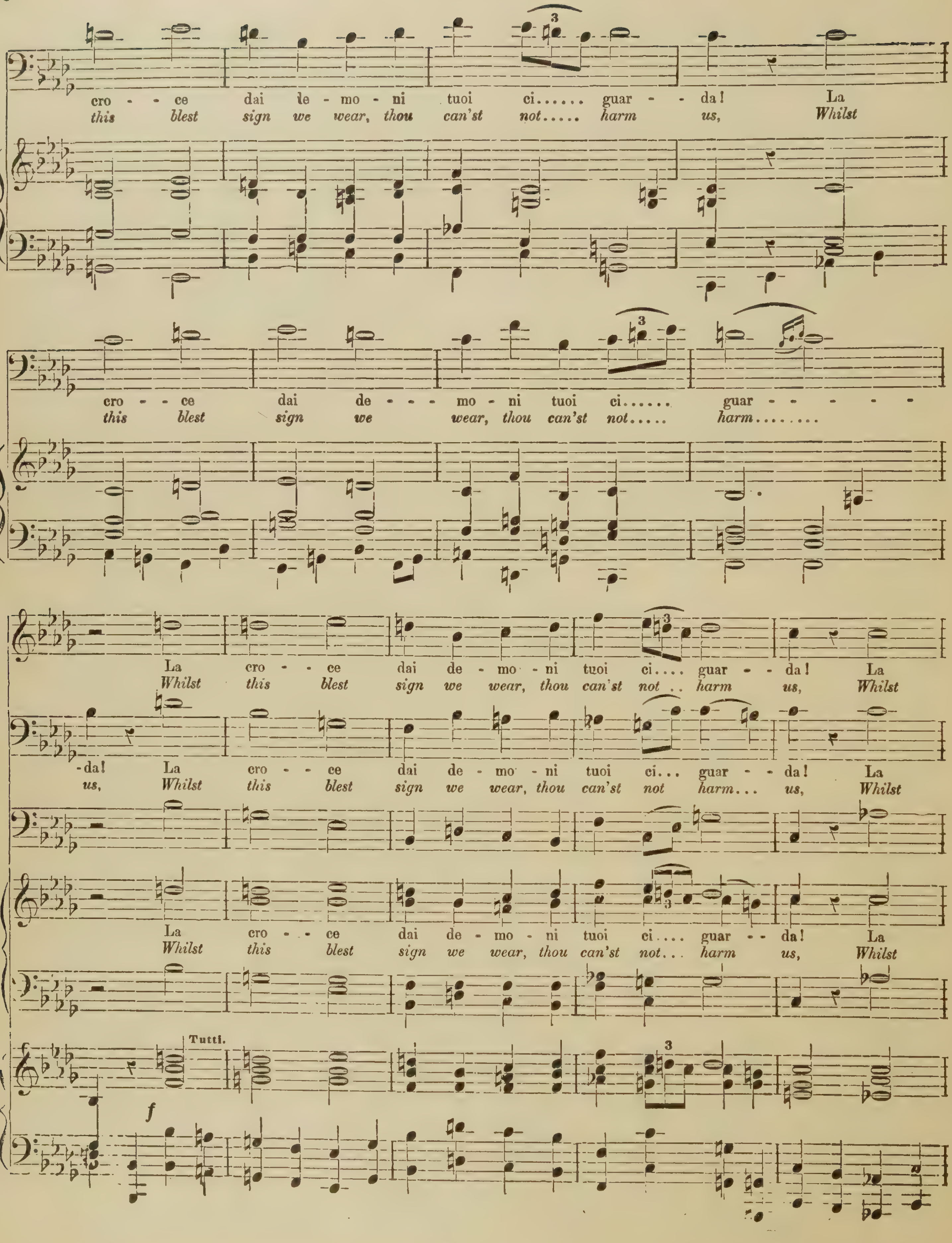

Ve-ni-te qua!.... Ciascun quel che più vuole ber potrà, Il brin-di-si or or facciamo an-
Come, while you can,.... And each one drink the wine he likes the best, While I propose the health of the dearest of all
Tromboni, &c.
f f f p
VAL.
Allegro.
WAG. (They draw.)
CORO
-cora, A Margheri-ta! Or via! Si non ti fò tacer, sul momento ch'io mo - - ra! O-là!........ O-
dears— Our Margari-ta! Enough! Bridle thy tongue, or thou diest by my hand!....... Come on!..... .. Come
f Ob. &c.
ff
ff
MEPH. (Mocking.)
(Draws a circle with his sword.) VAL.
-là!.... Perchè tre-mar?........ Non giova il mi-nac-ciar.. ... La spada, o sor-
on!.... So soon afraid?........ Who so late-ly de-fied me? My sword! O dis-
ff Tym.
Moderato maestoso.
-pre-sa! Si frange in mia ma - no.
-grace!— In my hand is pow'r - less!
ff

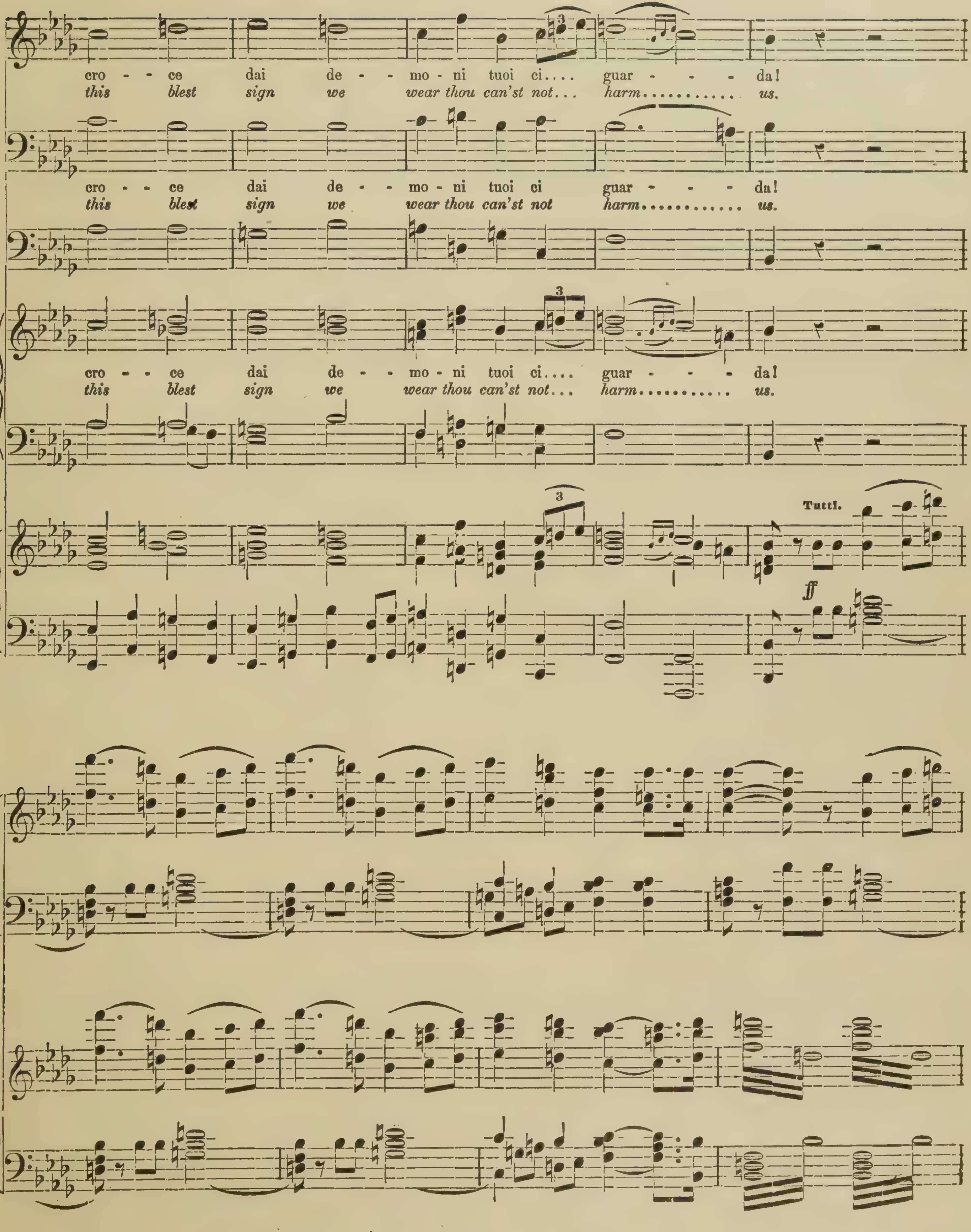
CHORALE.

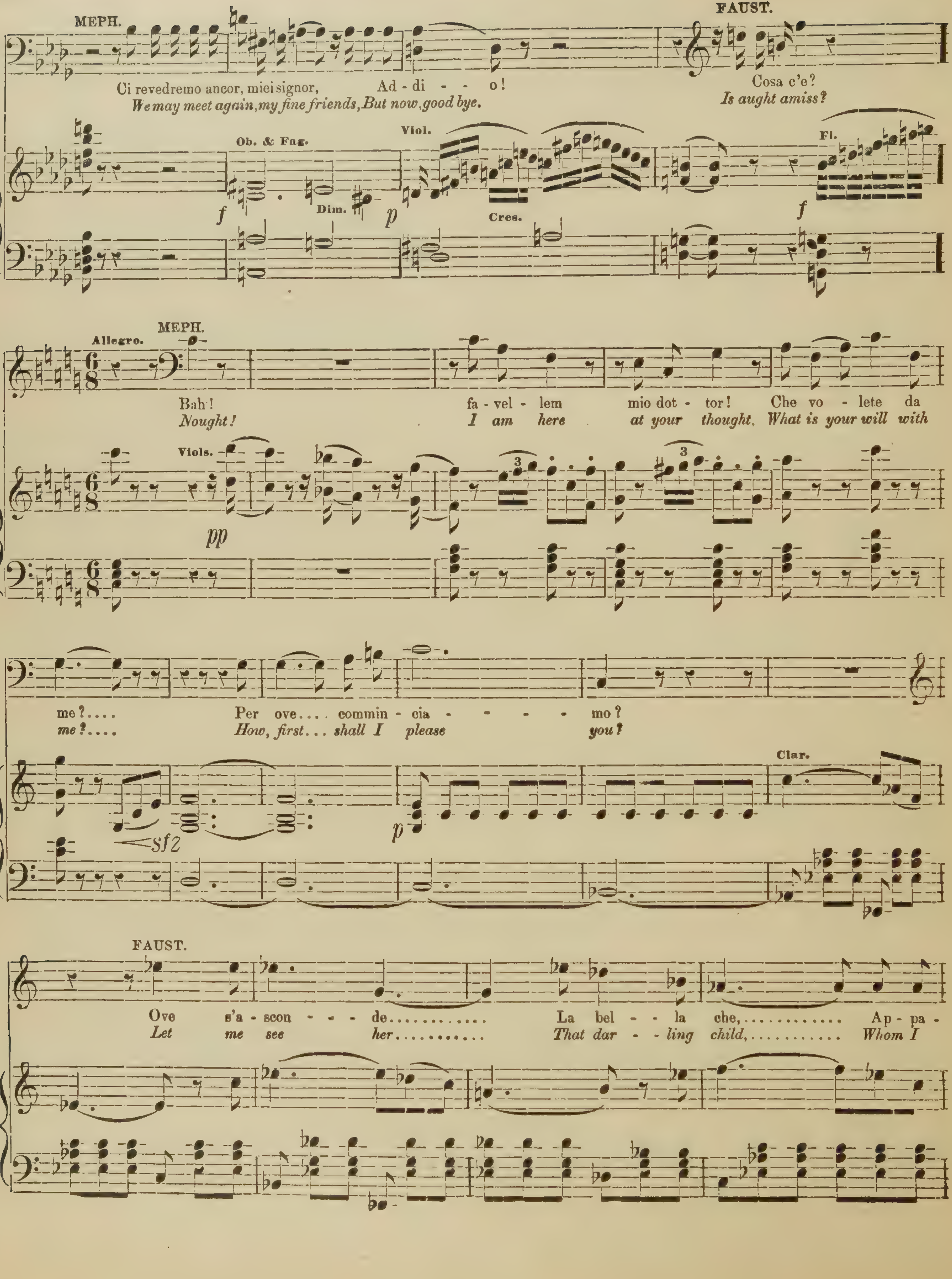
Allegro moderato e maestoso. (♩= 84.)

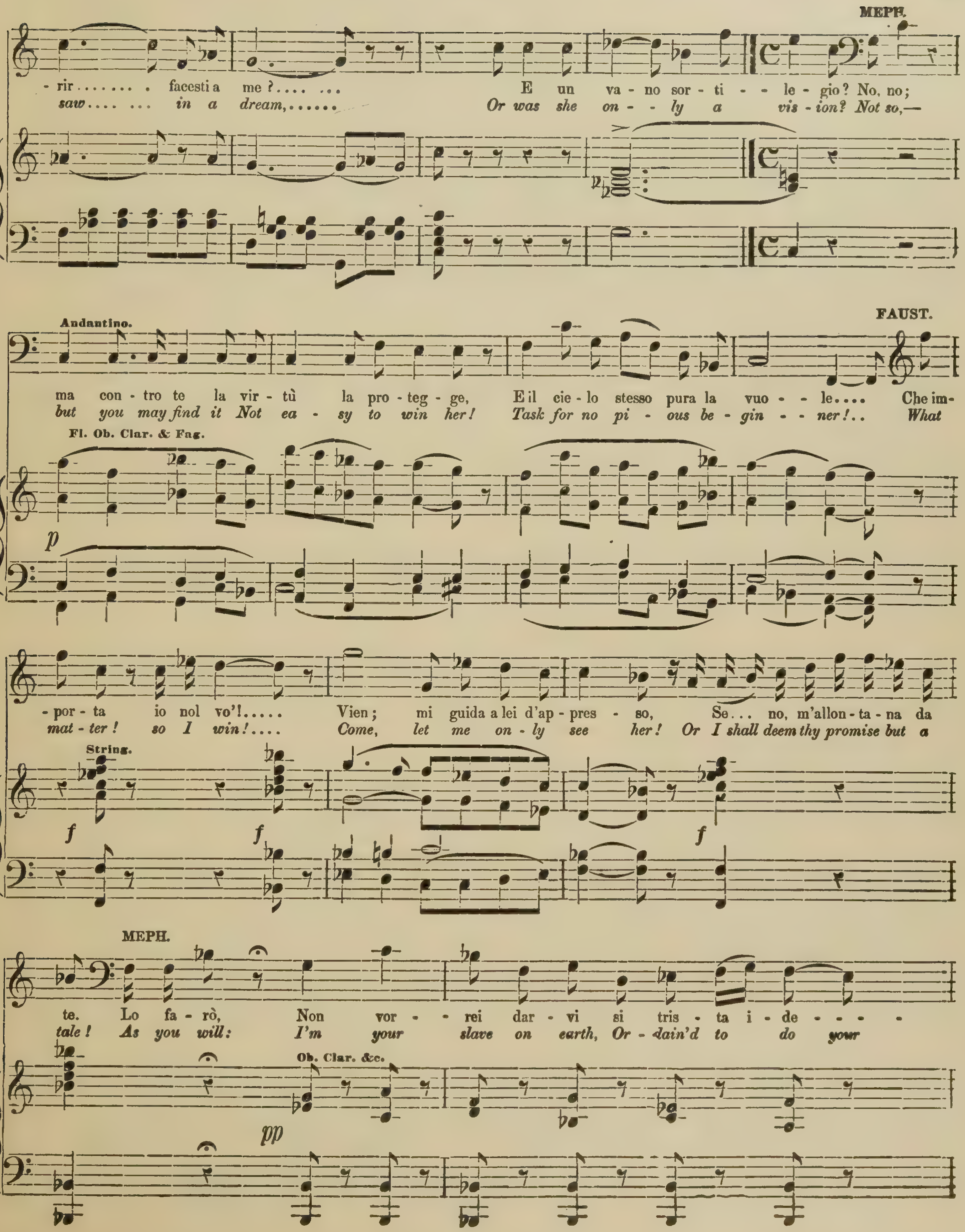


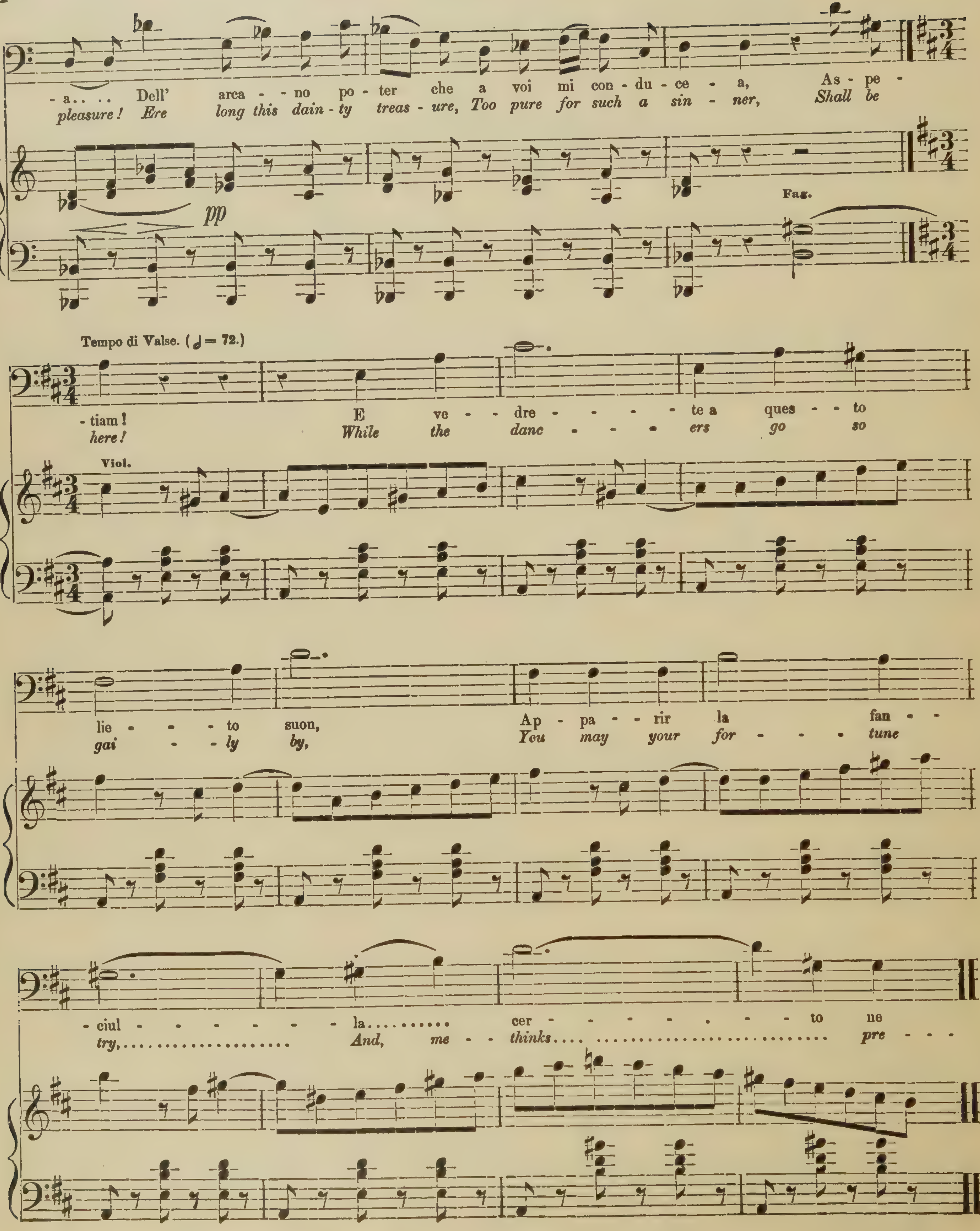
- ghiam lo spiri - to! Tu pu - oi la spada
un - a - vail - ing! But know thou art
- ghiam lo spiri - to! Tu puoi la spada fran - ge - re..... Tu pu - oi la spada
un - a - vail - ing! But know thou art pow'r-less to charm us, But know thou art
- ghiam lo spiri - to! Tu pu - oi la spada
un - a - vail - ing! But know thou art
Un poco ritenuto.
p
Cres.
(They show the cross shaped handles of their swords.)
fran - ge - re,.... Ma guar - - - - - da!
pow'r - less to charm us, Look hith - - - - - er!
fran - ge - re,.... Ma guar - - - - - da!........... Ma guar - - - - - da! La
pow'r - less to charm us, Look hith - - - - - er!........... Look hith - - - - - er! Whilst
fran - ge - re,.... Ma guar - - - - - da!
pow'r - less to charm us, Look hith - - - - - er!
Fl.Ob.Clar.Fag.&c.
f
p


cro - - ce dai de - mo - ni tuoi ci...... guar - - da! La
this blest sign we wear, thou can't not..... harm us, Whilst
cro - - ce dai de - - - mo - ni tuoi ci...... guar - - - - -
this blest sign we wear, thou can't not..... harm........
La cro - - ce dai de - mo - ni tuoi ci.... guar - - da! La
Whilst this blest sign we wear, thou can't not.. harm us, Whilst
-da! La cro - - ce dai de - mo - ni tuoi ci... guar - - da! La
us, Whilst this blest sign we wear, thou can't not harm... us, Whilst
La cro - - ce dai de - mo - ni tuoi ci.... guar - - da! La
Whilst this blest sign we wear, thou can't not... harm us, Whilst
Tutti.
f

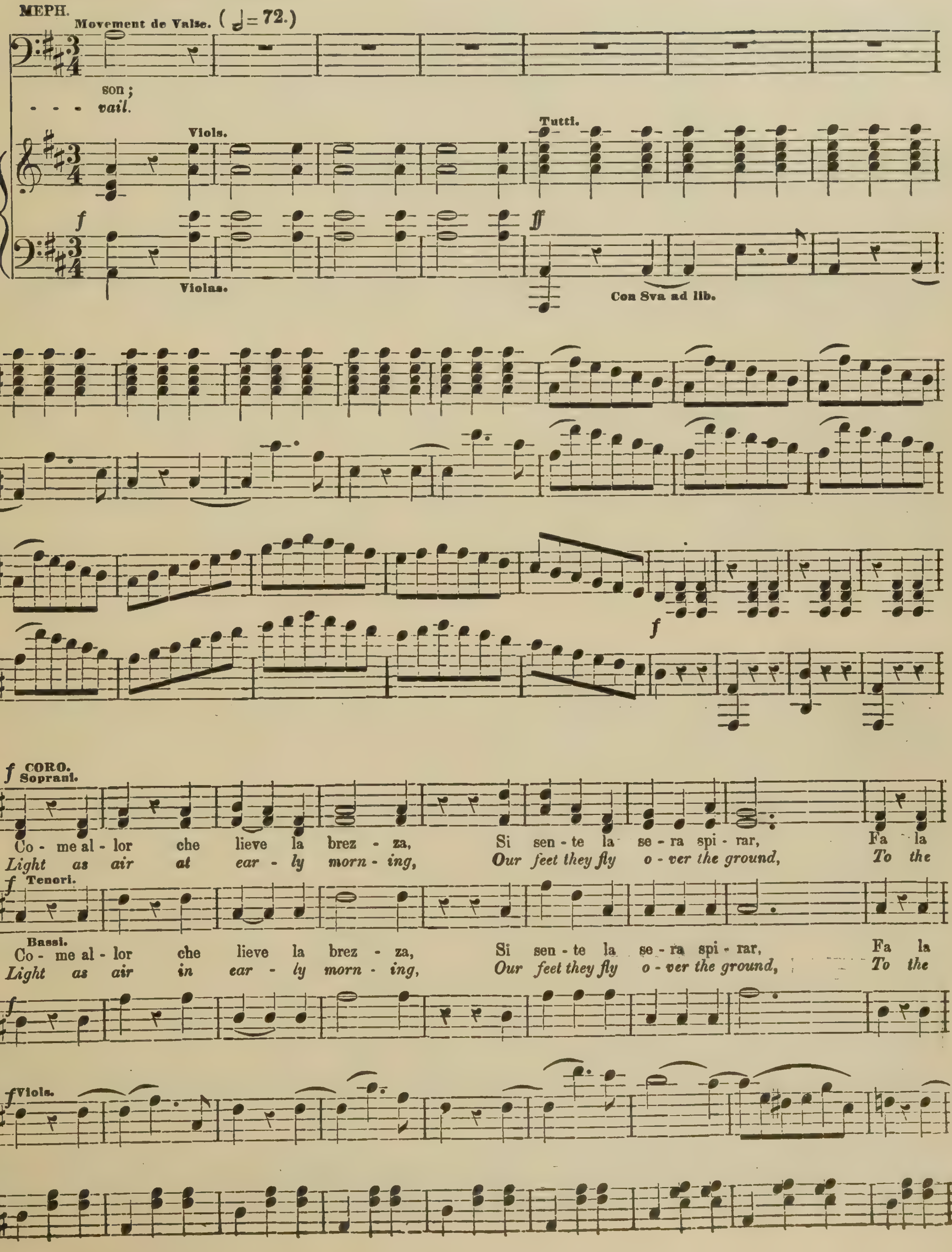

cro - - ce dai de - - mo - ni tuoi ci.... guar - - - da!
this blest sign we wear thou can't not... harm............ us.
cro - - ce dai de - - mo - ni tuoi ci guar - - - da!
this blest sign we wear thou can't not harm............ us.
cro - - ce dai de - - mo - ni tuoi ci.... guar - - - da!
this blest sign we wear thou can't not... harm............ us.
Tutti.
ff

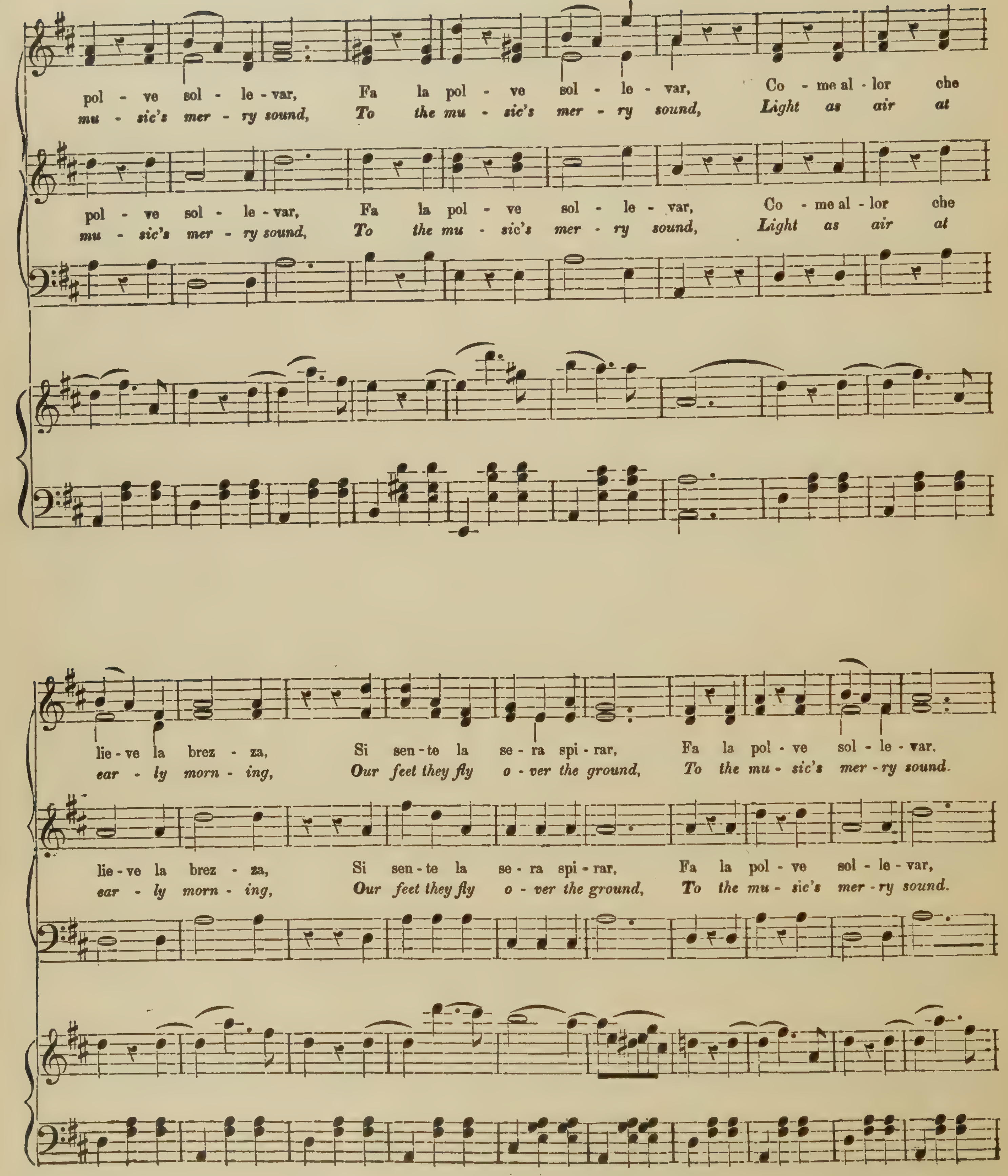

MEPH.
Ci revedremo ancor, miei signor, Ad - di - - - o!
We may meet again, my fine friends, But now, good bye.
FAUST.
Cosa c'e?
Is aught amiss?
Ob. & Fag.
Viol.
Dim.
Cres.
Fl.
Allegro.
MEPH.
Bah! fa - vel - lem mio dot - tor! Che vo - lete da
Nought! I am here at your thought. What is your will with
Viols.
me?.... Per ove.... commin - cia - - - - - mo?
me?.... How, first... shall I please you?
Clar.
FAUST.
Ove s'a - scon - - - de........... La bel - - la che,........... Ap - pa -
Let me see her........... That dar - - ling child,........... Whom I

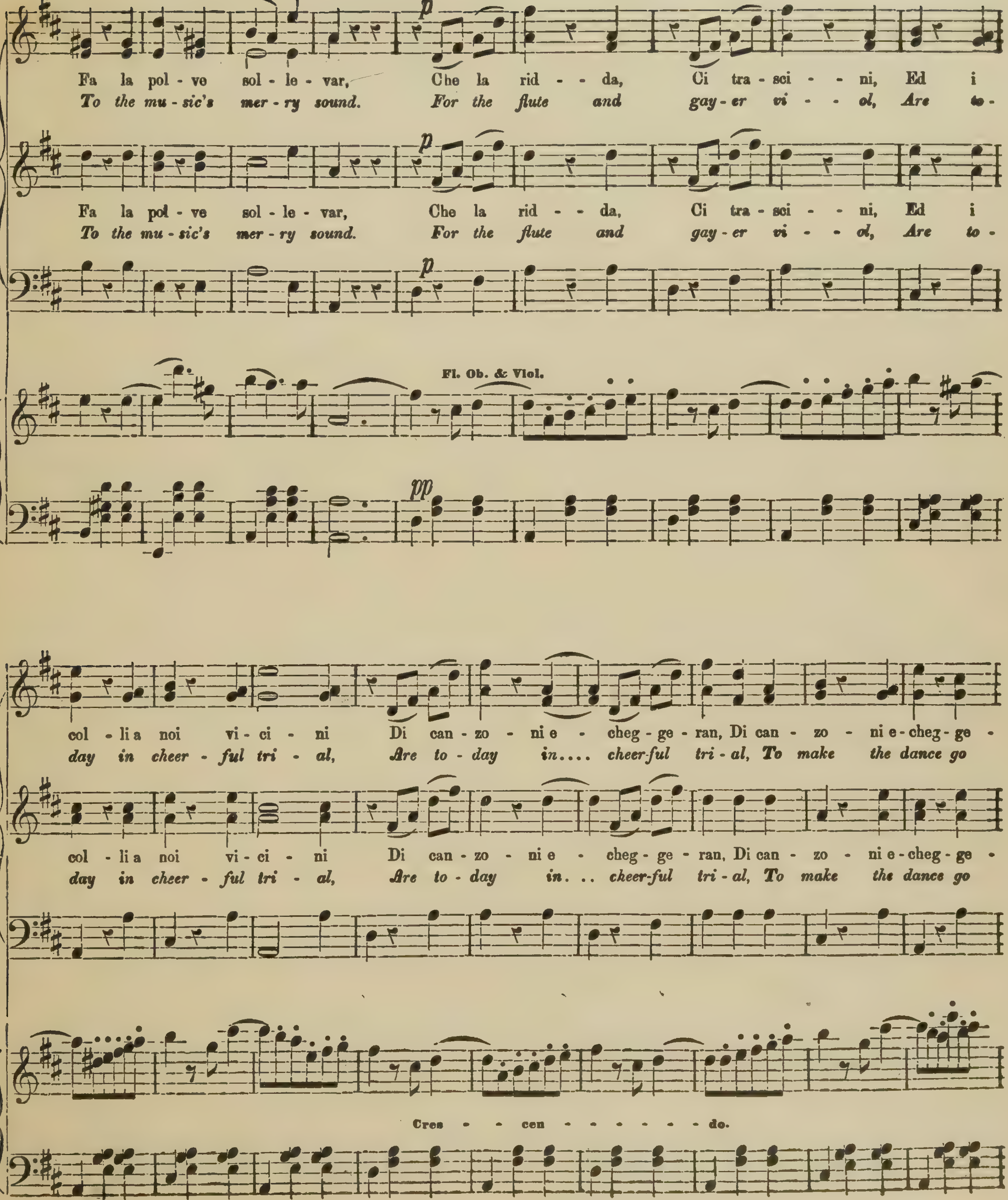

MEPH.
- rir . . . . facesti a me ? . . . . E un va - no sor - ti - - le - gio? No, no;
saw . . . . . . in a dream, ... Or was she on - - ly a vis - ion? Not so,—
Andantino.
FAUST.
ma con - tro te la vir - tù la pro - teg - ge, E il cie - lo stesso pura la vuo - - le. . . . Che im-
but you may find it Not ea - sy to win her! Task for no pi - ous be - gin - - ner! . . What
Fl. Ob. Clar. & Fag.
p
- por - ta io nol vo'! . . . . . Vien; mi guida a lei d'ap - pres - so, Se . . . no, m'allon - ta - na da
mat - ter! so I win! . . . . Come, let me on - ly see her! Or I shall deem thy promise but a
String.
f
f
f
MEPH.
te. Lo fa - rò, Non vor - - rei dar - vi si tris - ta i - de - - - -
tale! As you will: I'm your slave on earth, Or - dain'd to do your
Ob. Clar. &c.
pp

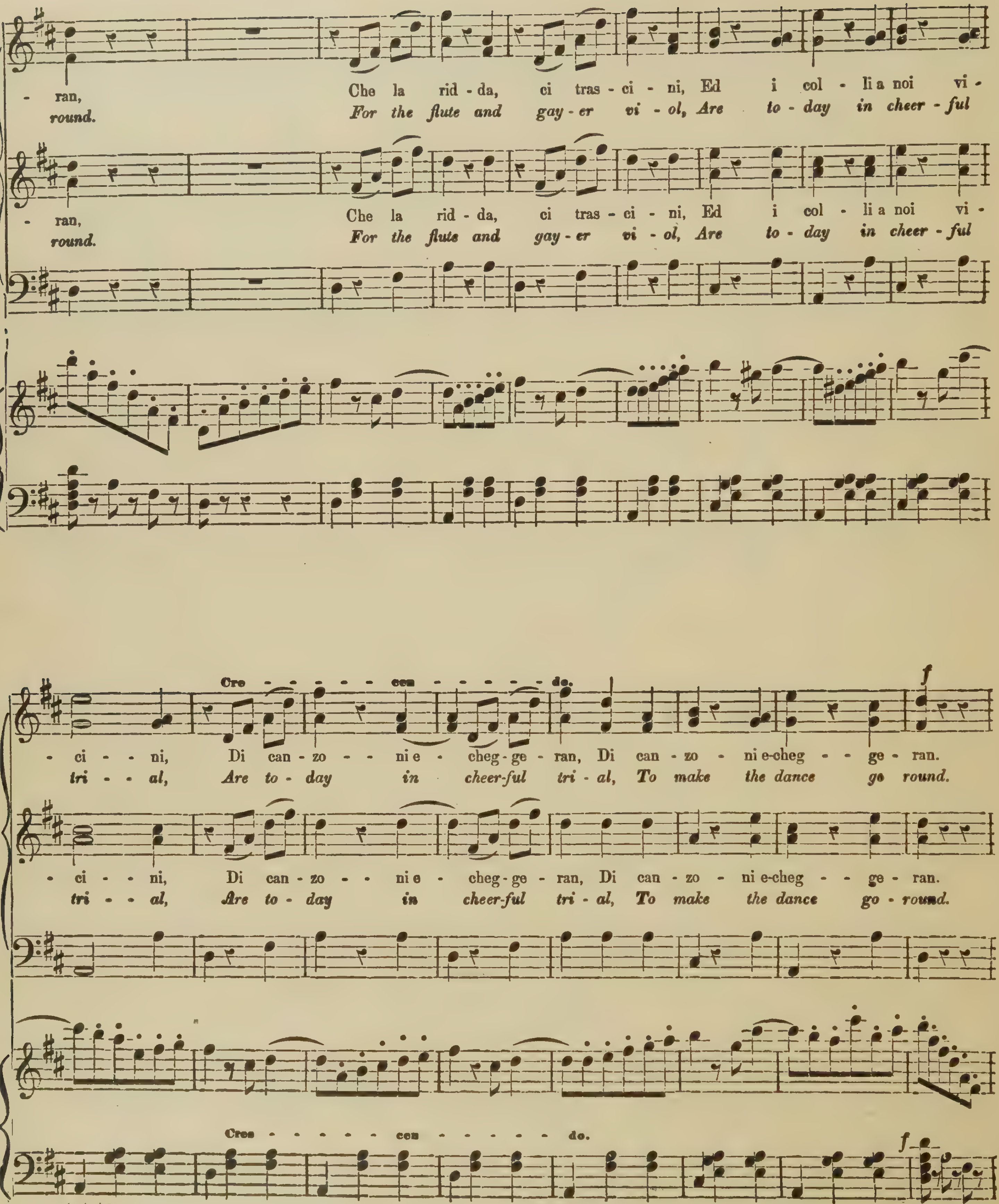

- a.. .. Dell' arca - - no po - ter che a voi mi con - du - ce - - a, As - pe -
pleasure! Ere long this dain - ty treas - ure, Too pure for such a sin - ner, Shall be
pp
Fag.
Tempo di Valse. (𝅗𝅥 = 72.)
- tiam! E ve - - dre - - - - - te a ques - - to
here! While the danc - - - - ers go so
Viol.
lie - - - to suon, Ap - pa - - rir la fan - -
gai - - ly by, You may your for - - - - tune
- ciul - - - - - - - la.......... cer - - - - - - - - to ne
try,..................... And, me - - thinks.... .... pre - - -

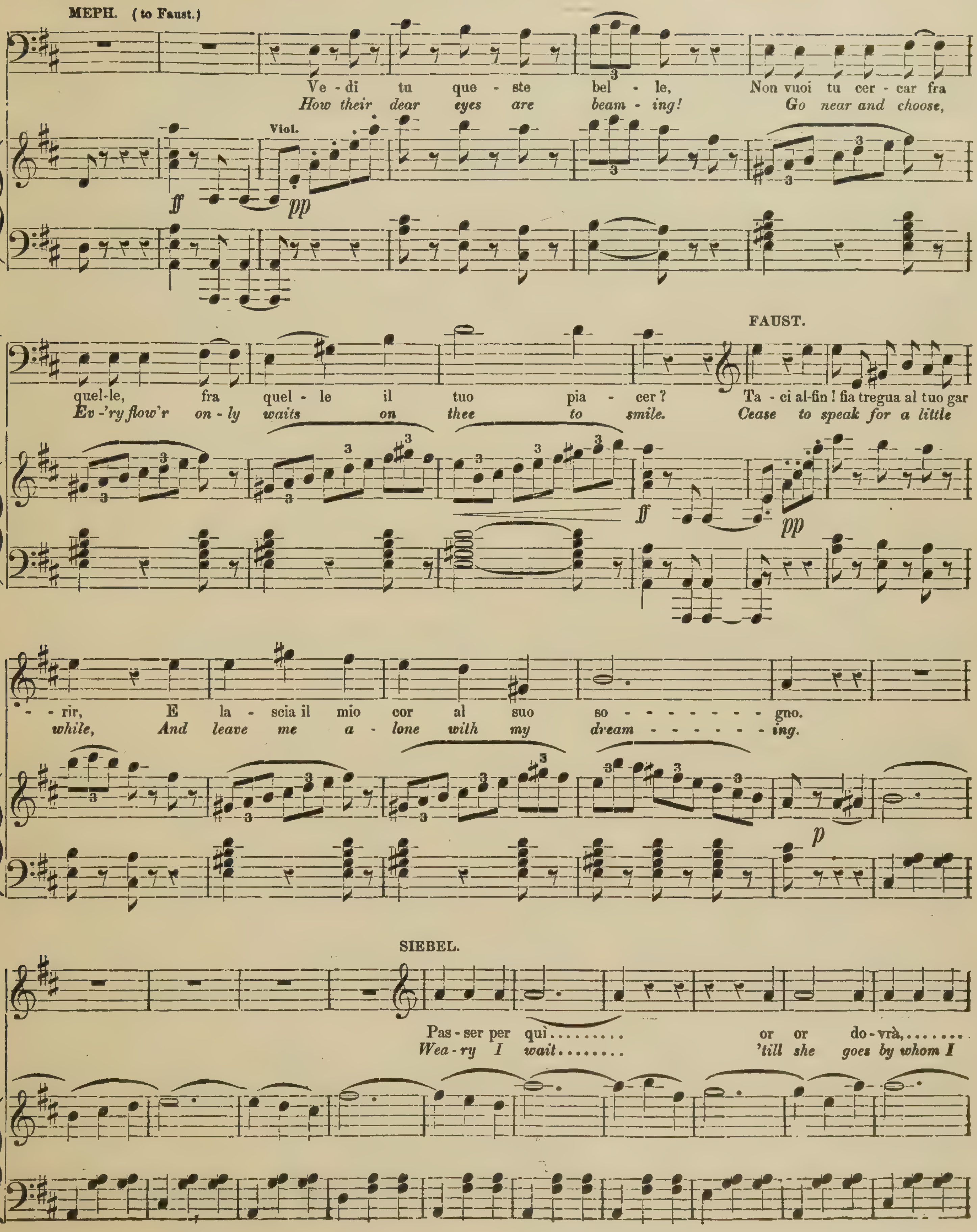
No. 6. Waltz & Chorus.

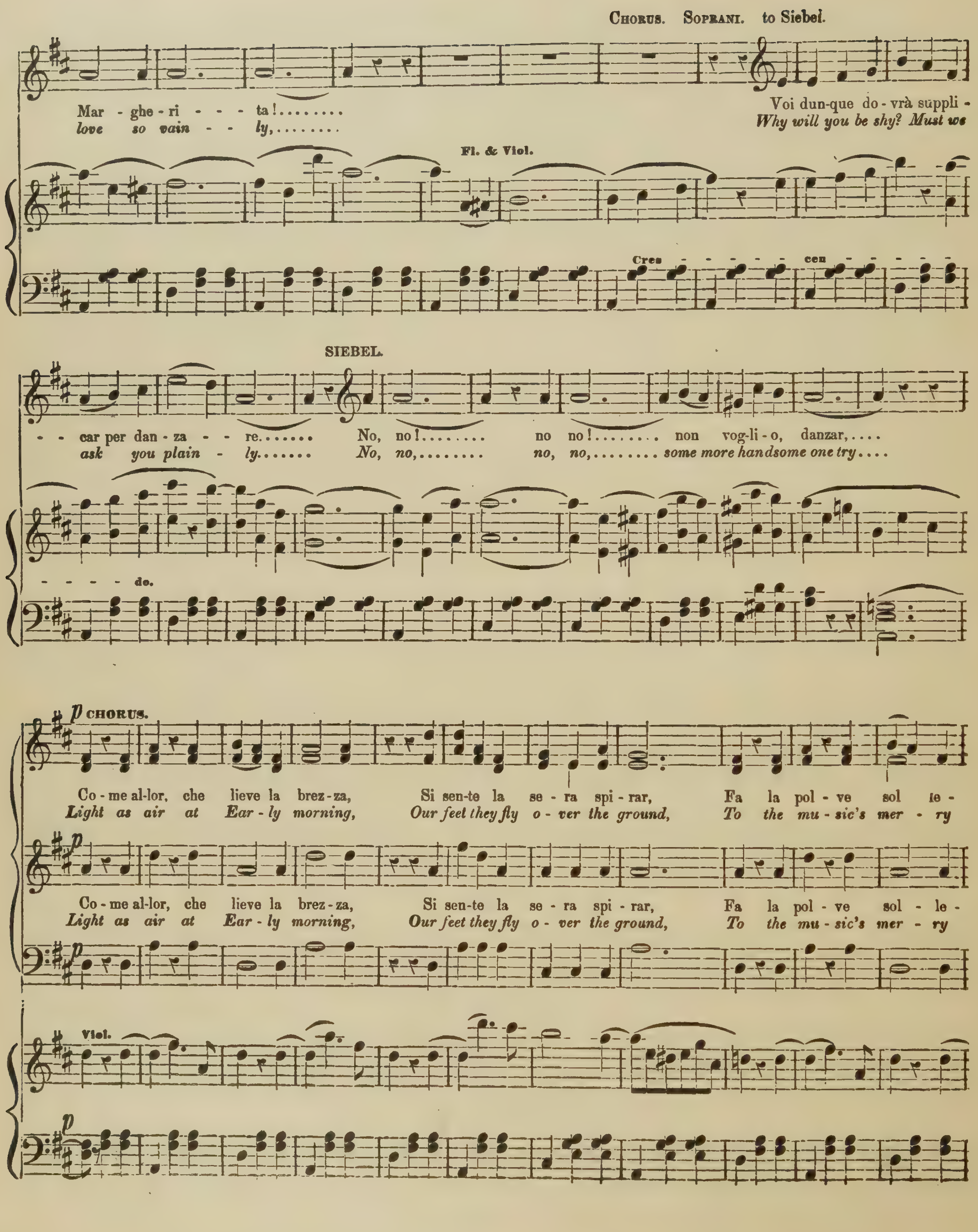


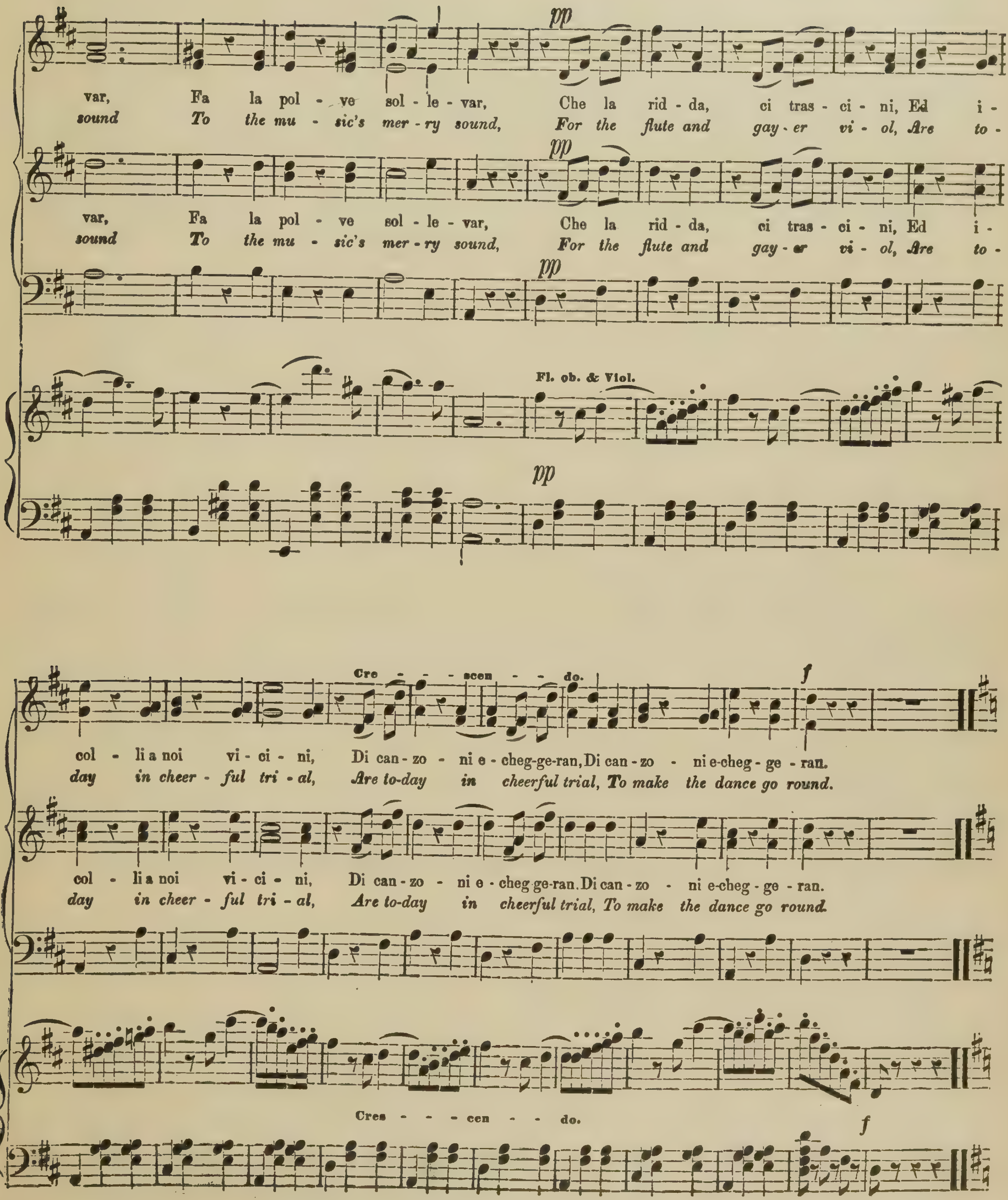

pol - ve sol - le - var, Fa la pol - ve sol - le - var, Co - me al - lor che
mu - sic's mer - ry sound, To the mu - sic's mer - ry sound, Light as air at
pol - ve sol - le - var, Fa la pol - ve sol - le - var, Co - me al - lor che
mu - sic's mer - ry sound, To the mu - sic's mer - ry sound, Light as air at
lie - ve la brez - za, Si sen - te la se - ra spi - rar, Fa la pol - ve sol - le - var.
ear - ly morn - ing, Our feet they fly o - ver the ground, To the mu - sic's mer - ry sound.
lie - ve la brez - za, Si sen - te la se - ra spi - rar, Fa la pol - ve sol - le - var,
ear - ly morn - ing, Our feet they fly o - ver the ground, To the mu - sic's mer - ry sound.

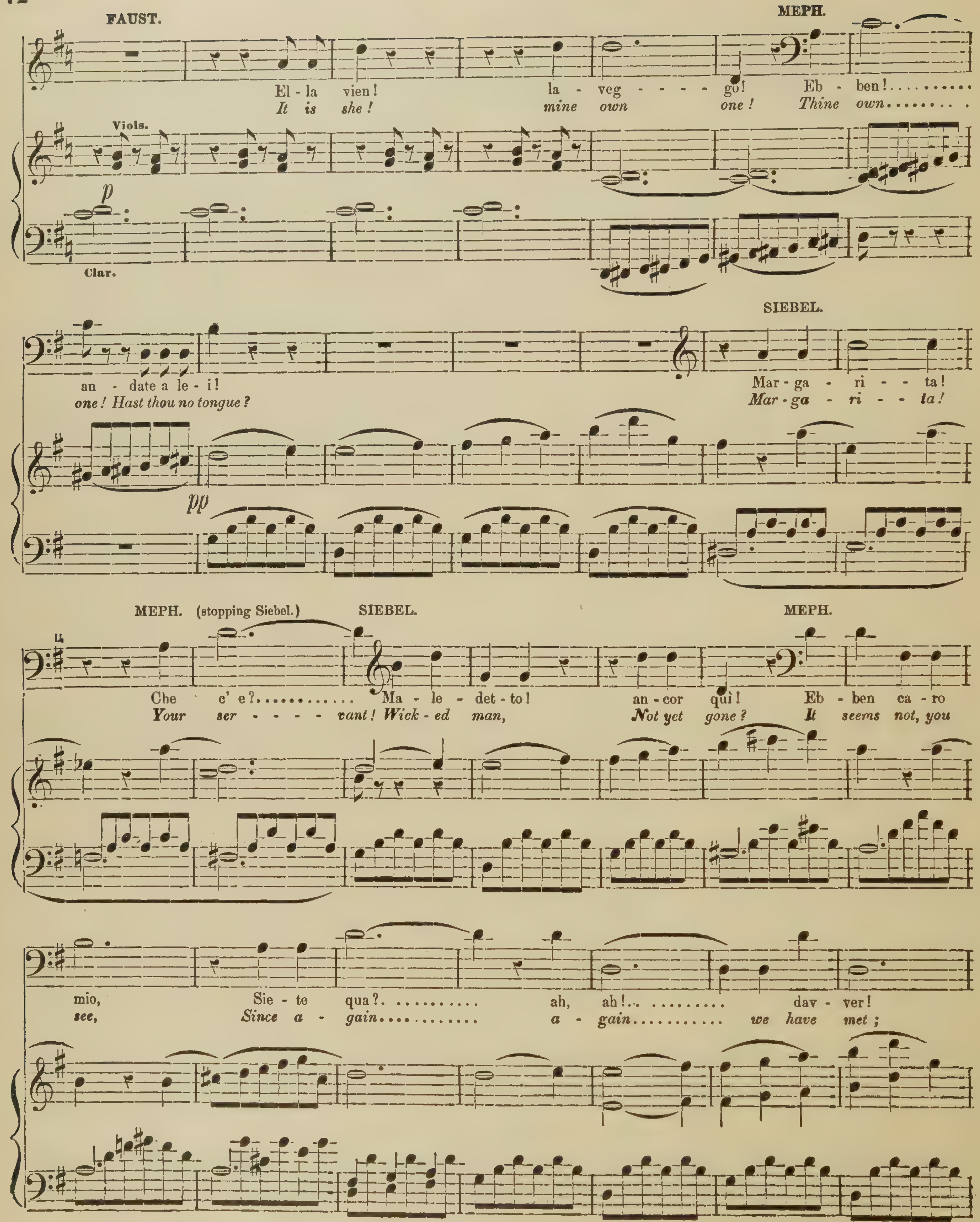

Fa la pol - ve sol - le - var, Che la rid - - da, Ci tra - sci - - ni, Ed i
To the mu - sic's mer - ry sound. For the flute and gay - er vi - - ol, Are to -
Fa la pol - ve sol - le - var, Che la rid - - da, Ci tra - sci - - ni, Ed i
To the mu - sic's mer - ry sound. For the flute and gay - er vi - - ol, Are to -
Fl. Ob. & Viol.
pp
col - li a noi vi - ci - ni Di can - zo - ni e - cheg - ge - ran, Di can - zo - ni e - cheg - ge -
day in cheer - ful tri - al, Are to - day in.... cheer-ful tri - al, To make the dance go
col - li a noi vi - ci - ni Di can - zo - ni e - cheg - ge - ran, Di can - zo - ni e - cheg - ge -
day in cheer - ful tri - al, Are to - day in... cheer-ful tri - al, To make the dance go
Cres - - cen - - - - - - do.

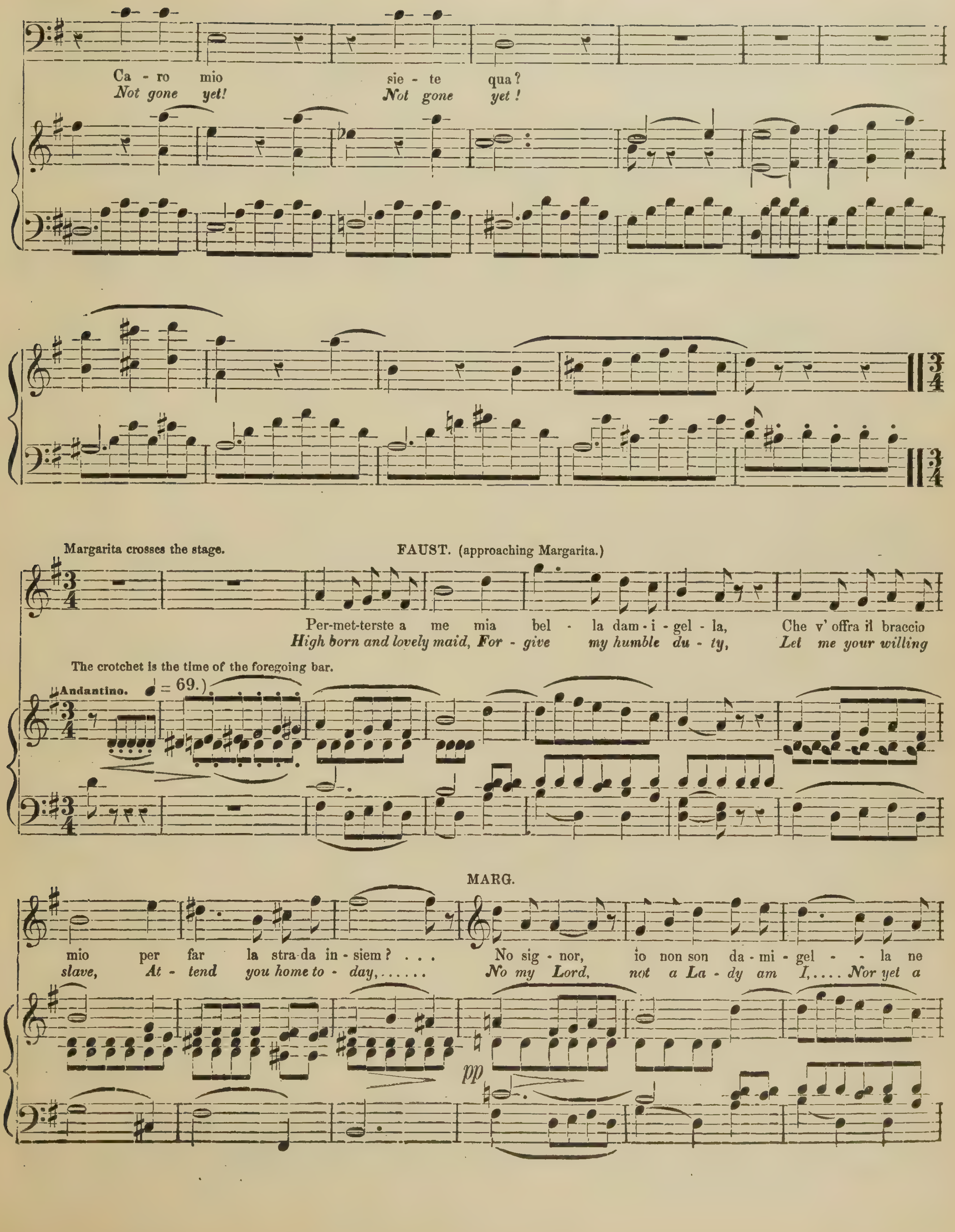

- ran, Che la rid - da, ci tras - ci - ni, Ed i col - li a noi vi -
round. For the flute and gay - er vi - ol, Are to - day in cheer - ful
- ran, Che la rid - da, ci tras - ci - ni, Ed i col - li a noi vi -
round. For the flute and gay - er vi - ol, Are to - day in cheer - ful
Cre - - - - - - cen - - - - - - do.
f
- ci - - - ni, Di can - zo - - ni e - cheg - ge - ran, Di can - zo - ni e-cheg - - ge - ran.
tri - - al, Are to - day in cheer-ful tri - al, To make the dance go round.
- ci - - - ni, Di can - zo - - - ni e - cheg - ge - ran, Di can - zo - ni e-cheg - - ge - ran.
tri - - - al, Are to - day in cheer-ful tri - al, To make the dance go - round.
Cres - - - - - - cen - - - - - - do.
f

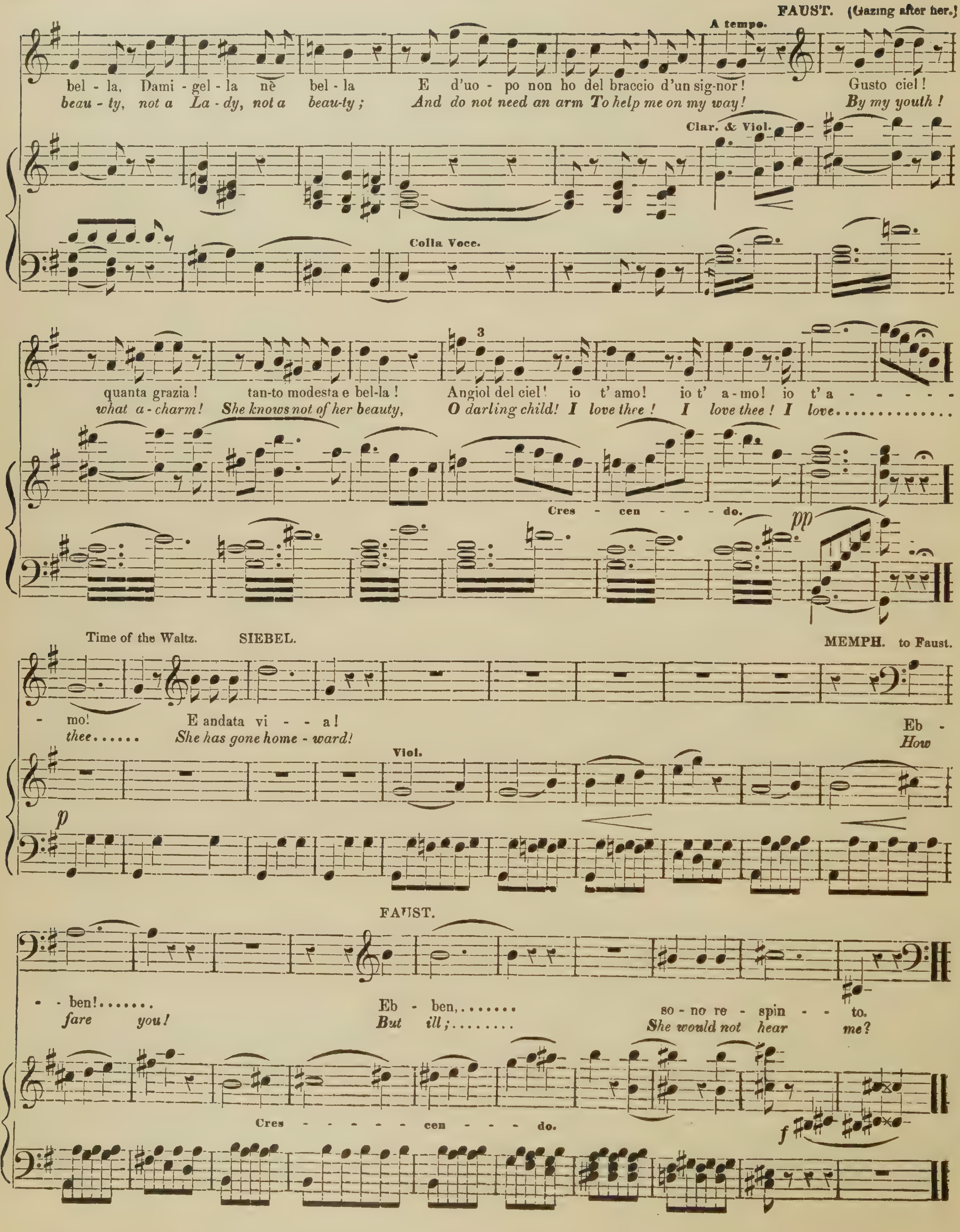

MEPH. (to Faust.)
Ve - di tu que - ste bel - le, Non vuoi tu cer - car fra
How their dear eyes are beam - ing! Go near and choose,
Viol.
ff
pp
3
quel-le, fra quel - le il tuo pia - cer?
Ev -'ry flow'r on - ly waits on thee to smile.
FAUST.
Ta - ci al-fin! fia tregua al tuo gar
Cease to speak for a little
- rir, E la - scia il mio cor al suo so - - - - - - - - gno.
while, And leave me a - lone with my dream - - - - - - - ing.
p
SIEBEL.
Pas - ser per quì......... or or do - vrà,........
Wea - ry I wait........ 'till she goes by whom I

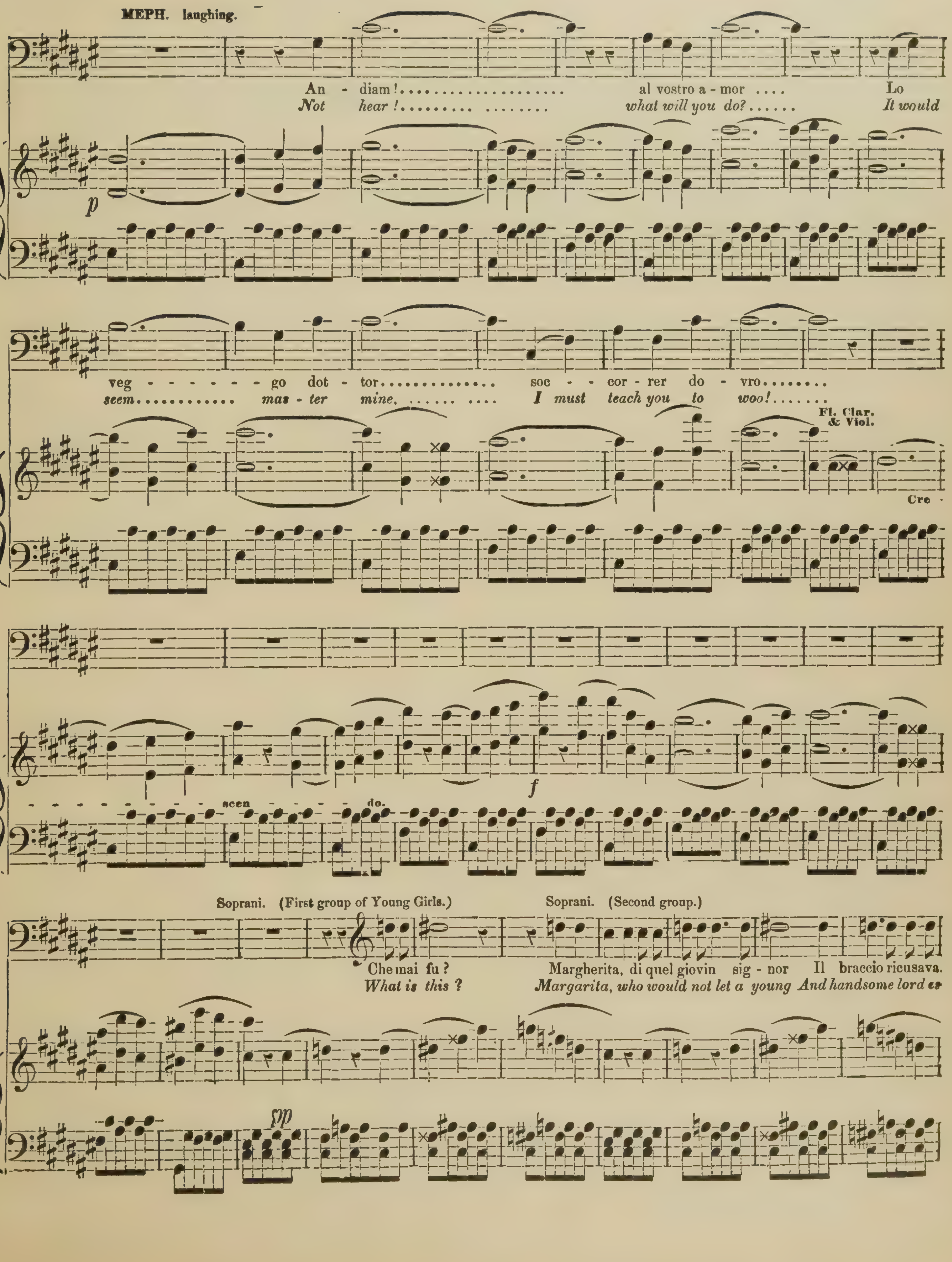

Chorus. Soprani. to Siebel.
Mar - ghe - ri - - - - ta! . . . .
love so vain - - ly, ...
Voi dun-que do - vrà suppli -
Why will you be shy? Must we
Fl. & Viol.
Cres - - - - - - cen - - - - - - - -
SIEBEL.
- - car per dan - za - - re. . . . . . . No, no! . . . . no no! . . . . non vog-li - o, danzar, ...
ask you plain - ly. . . . . . . No, no, ... no, no, ... some more handsome one try . . . .
- - - - do.
p CHORUS.
Co - me al-lor, che lieve la brez - za, Si sen-te la se - ra spi - rar, Fa la pol - ve sol le -
Light as air at Ear - ly morning, Our feet they fly o - ver the ground, To the mu - sic's mer - ry
p
Co - me al-lor, che lieve la brez - za, Si sen-te la se - ra spi - rar, Fa la pol - ve sol - le -
Light as air at Ear - ly morning, Our feet they fly o - ver the ground, To the mu - sic's mer - ry
p
Viol.
p

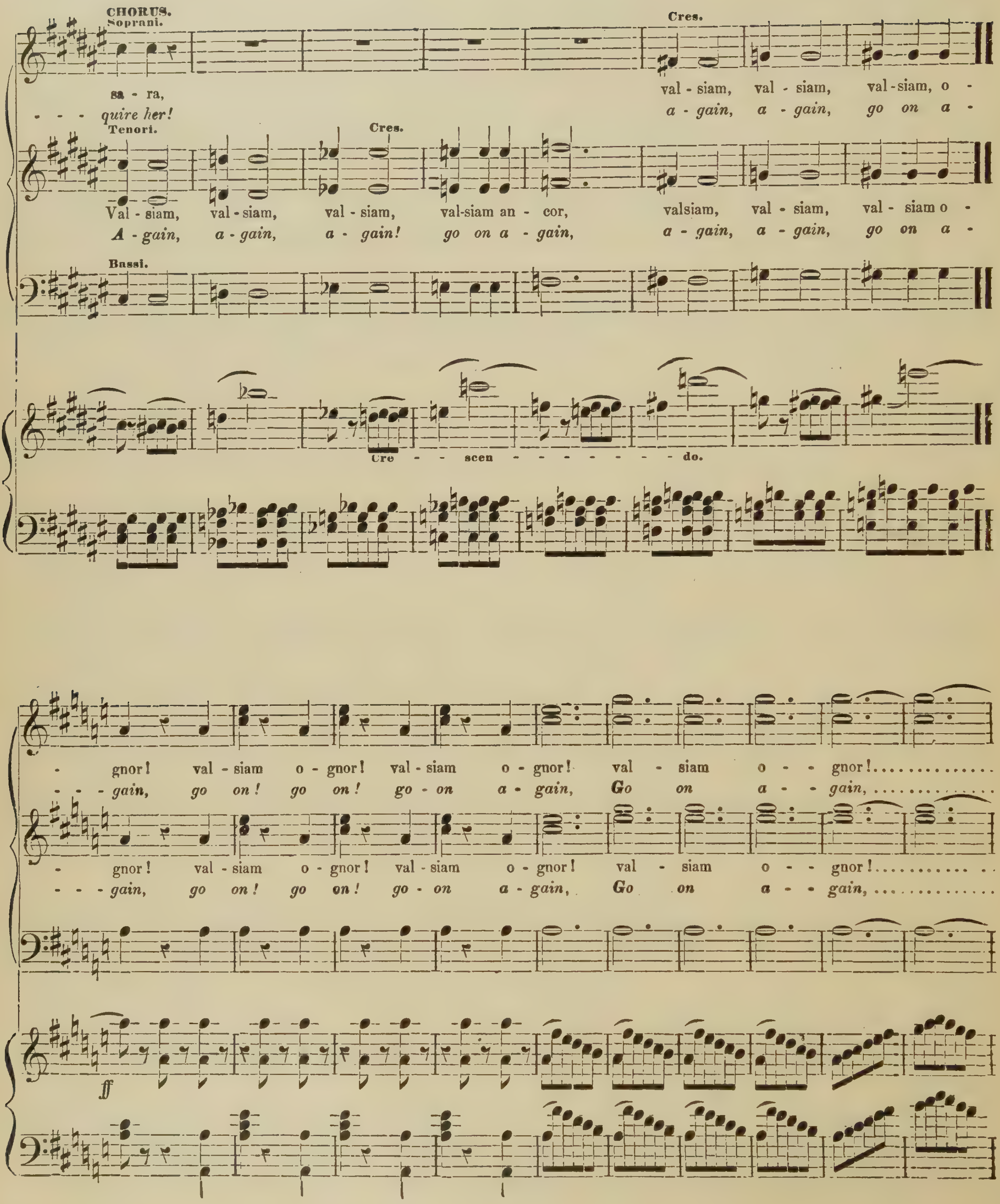

pp
var, Fa la pol - ve sol - le - var, Che la rid - da, ci tras - ci - ni, Ed i -
sound To the mu - sic's mer - ry sound, For the flute and gay - er vi - ol, Are to -
pp
var, Fa la pol - ve sol - le - var, Che la rid - da, ci tras - ci - ni, Ed i -
sound To the mu - sic's mer - ry sound, For the flute and gay - er vi - ol, Are to -
pp
Fl. ob. & Viol.
pp
Cre - - - scen - - do.
f
col - li a noi vi - ci - ni, Di can - zo - ni e - cheg - ge - ran, Di can - zo - ni e - cheg - ge - ran.
day in cheer - ful tri - al, Are to-day in cheerful trial, To make the dance go round.
col - li a noi vi - ci - ni, Di can - zo - ni e - cheg ge - ran. Di can - zo - ni e - cheg - ge - ran.
day in cheer - ful tri - al, Are to-day in cheerful trial, To make the dance go round.
Cres - - - cen - - do.
f

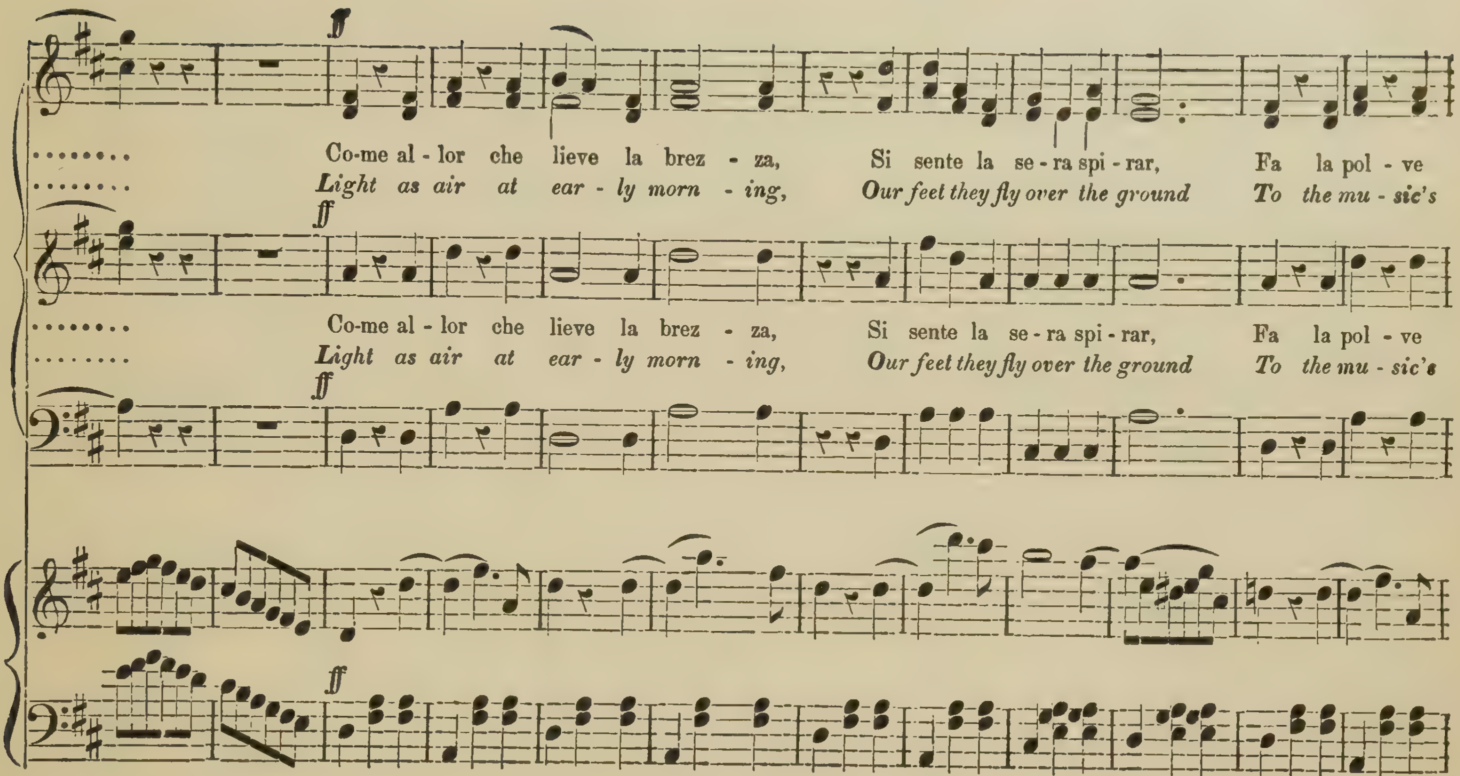

FAUST.
MEPH.
El - la vien! la - veg - - - - go! Eb - ben!.........
It is she! mine own one! Thine own.........
Viols.
p
Clar.
SIEBEL.
an - date a le - i!
one! Hast thou no tongue?
Mar - ga - ri - - - ta!
Mar - ga - ri - - - ta!
pp
MEPH. (stopping Siebel.)
SIEBEL.
MEPH.
Che c' e?............ Ma - le - det - to! an - cor qui! Eb - ben ca - ro
Your ser - - - - vant! Wick - ed man, Not yet gone? It seems not, you
mio, Sie - te qua?. .... ah, ah!... .... dav - ver!
see, Since a - gain............ a - gain........... we have met;

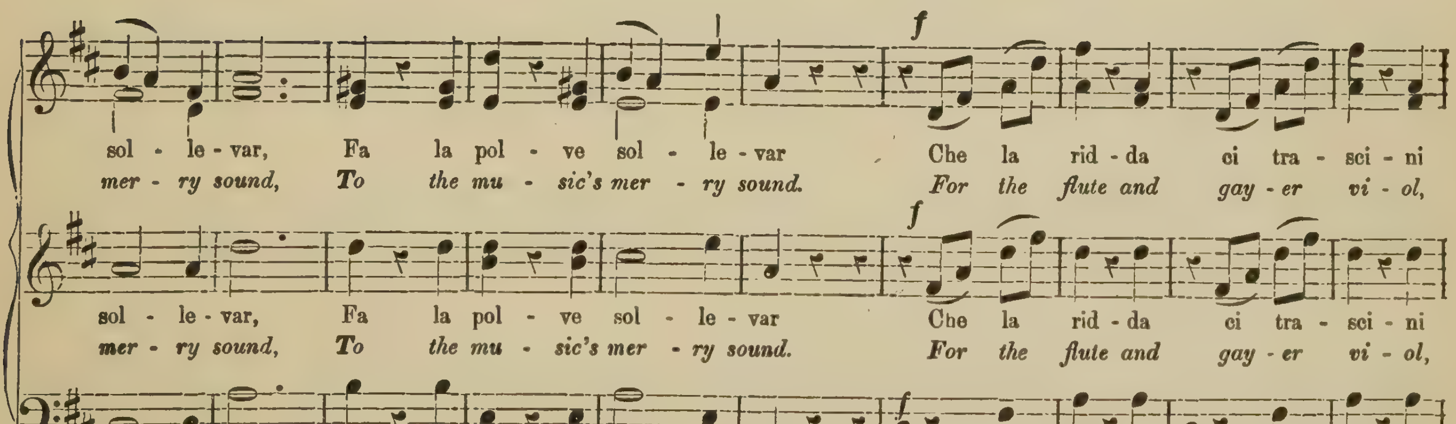

Ca - ro mio sie - te qua?
Not gone yet! Not gone yet!
Margarita crosses the stage.
FAUST. (approaching Margarita.)
Per-met-terste a me mia bel - la dam - i - gel - la, Che v' offra il braccio
High born and lovely maid, For - give my humble du - ty, Let me your willing
The crotchet is the time of the foregoing bar.
Andantino. (♩ = 69.)
mio per far la stra-da in - siem? . . .
slave, At - tend you home to - day, ...
MARG.
No sig - nor, io non son da - mi - gel - - la ne
No my Lord, not a La - dy am I, ... Nor yet a
pp

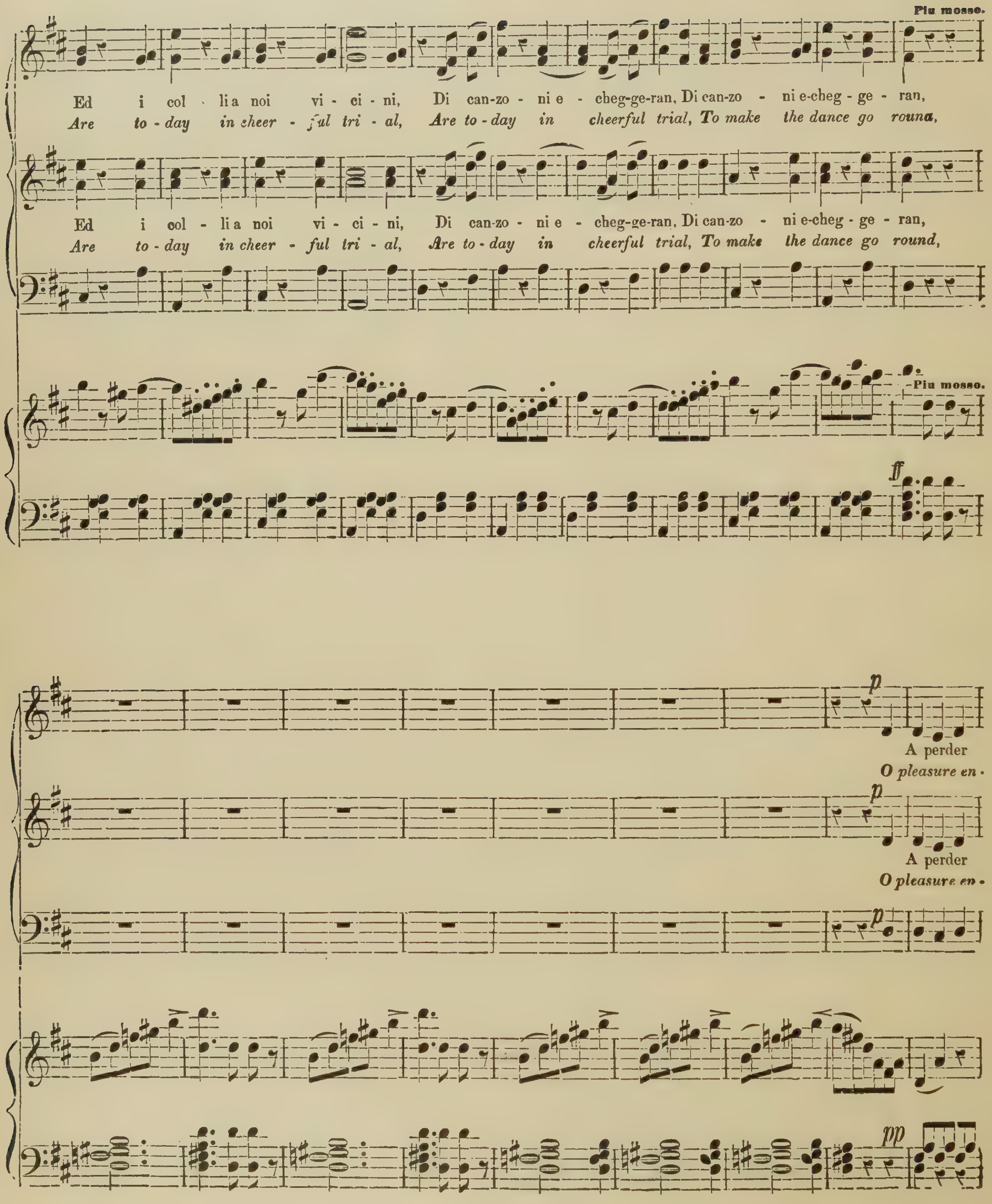

FAUST. (Gazing after her.)
A tempo.
bel - la, Dami - gel - la nè bel - la E d'uo - po non ho del braccio d'un sig-nor! Gusto ciel!
beau - ty, not a La - dy, not a beau-ty; And do not need an arm To help me on my way! By my youth!
Clar. & Viol.
Colla Voce.
quanta grazia! tan-to modesta e bel-la! Angiol del ciel! io t' amo! io t' a-mo! io t' a - - - - -
what a-charm! She knows not of her beauty, O darling child! I love thee! I love thee! I love............
Cres - cen - - - do.
pp
Time of the Waltz. SIEBEL.
MEMPH. to Faust.
- mo! E andata vi - - a! Eb -
thee...... She has gone home - ward! How
Viol.
p
FAUST.
- - ben!....... Eb - ben,....... so - no re - spin - - to.
fare you! But ill;........ She would not hear me?
Cres - - - - - - cen - - - do.
f

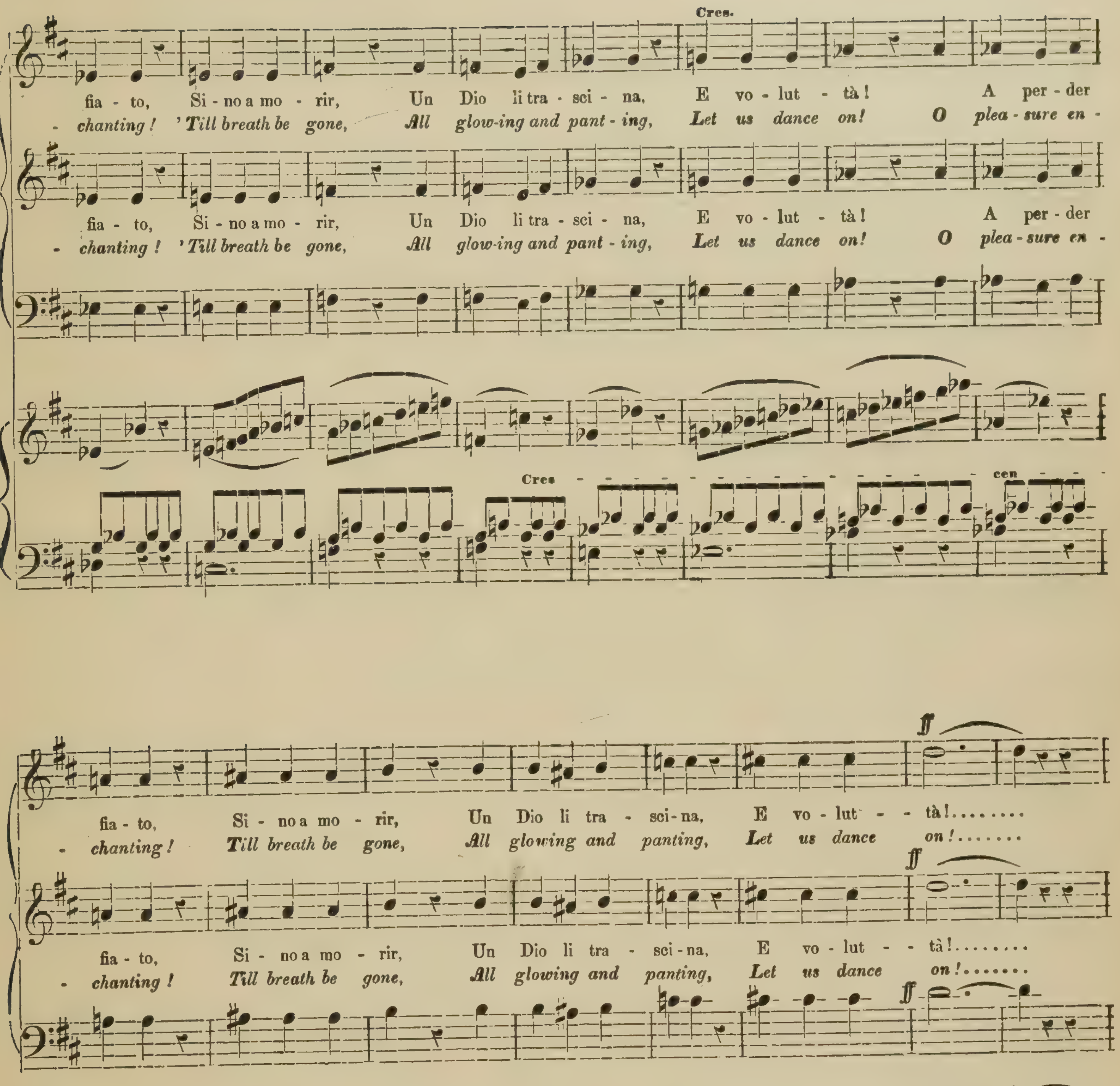

MEPH. laughing.
An - diam!.................... al vostro a - mor .... Lo
Not hear!......... .... what will you do?...... It would
p
veg - - - - - - go dot - tor.............. soc - - cor - rer do - vro.........
seem............ mas - ter mine, ... I must teach you to woo!.......
Fl. Clar. & Viol.
Cre
scen
do.
f
Soprani. (First group of Young Girls.)
Soprani. (Second group.)
Che mai fu? Margherita, di quel giovin sig - nor Il braccio ricusava.
What is this? Margarita, who would not let a young And handsome lord es
pp

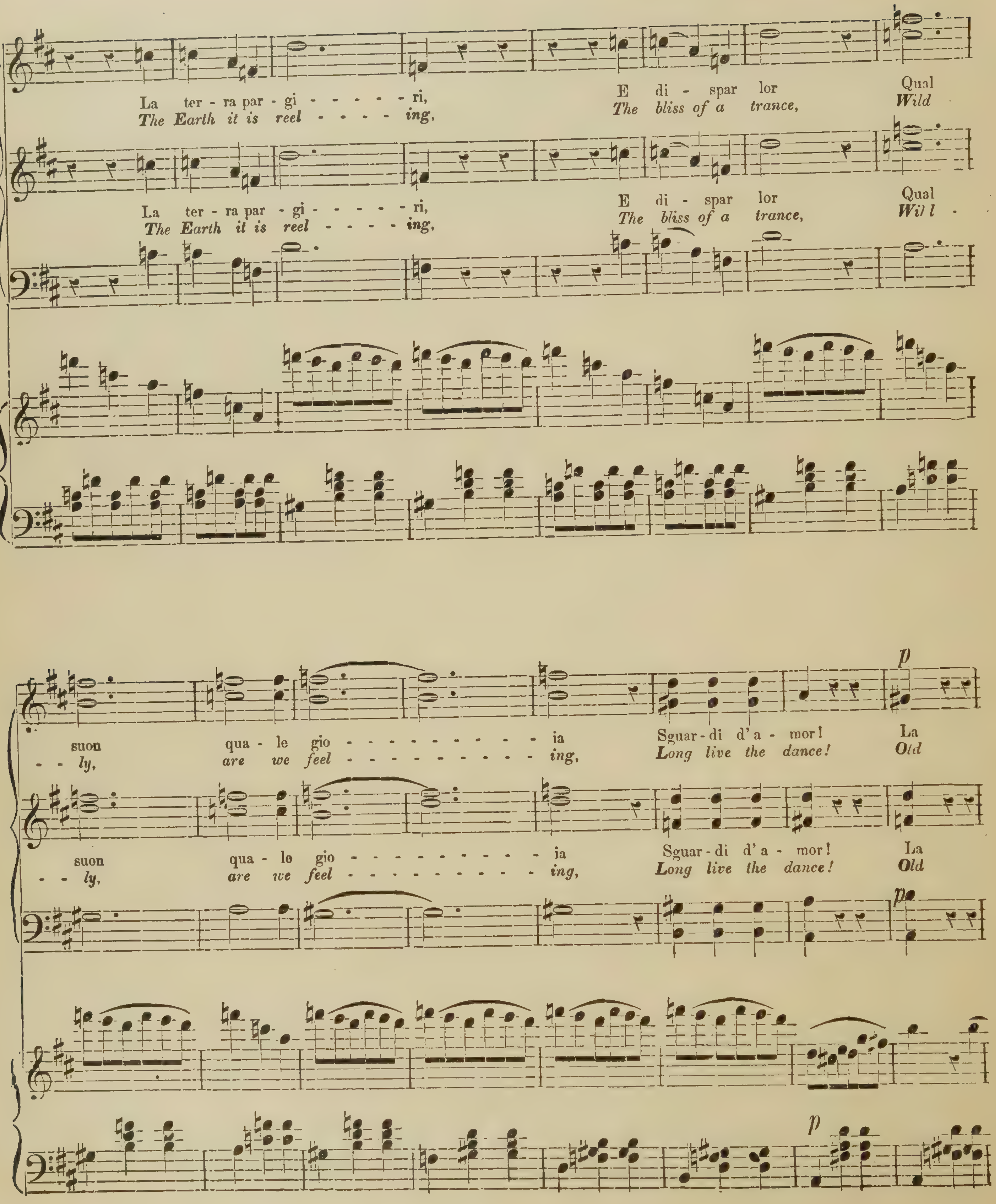

CHORUS.
Soprani.
Cres.
sa - ra,
- - - quire her!
val - siam, val - siam, val - siam, o -
a - gain, a - gain, go on a -
Tenori.
Cres.
Val - siam, val - siam, val - siam, val-siam an - cor, valsiam, val - siam, val - siam o -
A - gain, a - gain, a - gain! go on a - gain, a - gain, a - gain, go on a -
Bassi.
Cre - - scen - - - - - - - - do.
gnor! val - siam o - gnor! val - siam o - gnor! val - siam o - gnor!
- - gain, go on! go on! go - on a - gain, Go on a - - gain,
gnor! val - siam o - gnor! val - siam o - gnor! val - siam o - - gnor!
- - - gain, go on! go on! go - on a - gain, Go on a - - gain,
ff

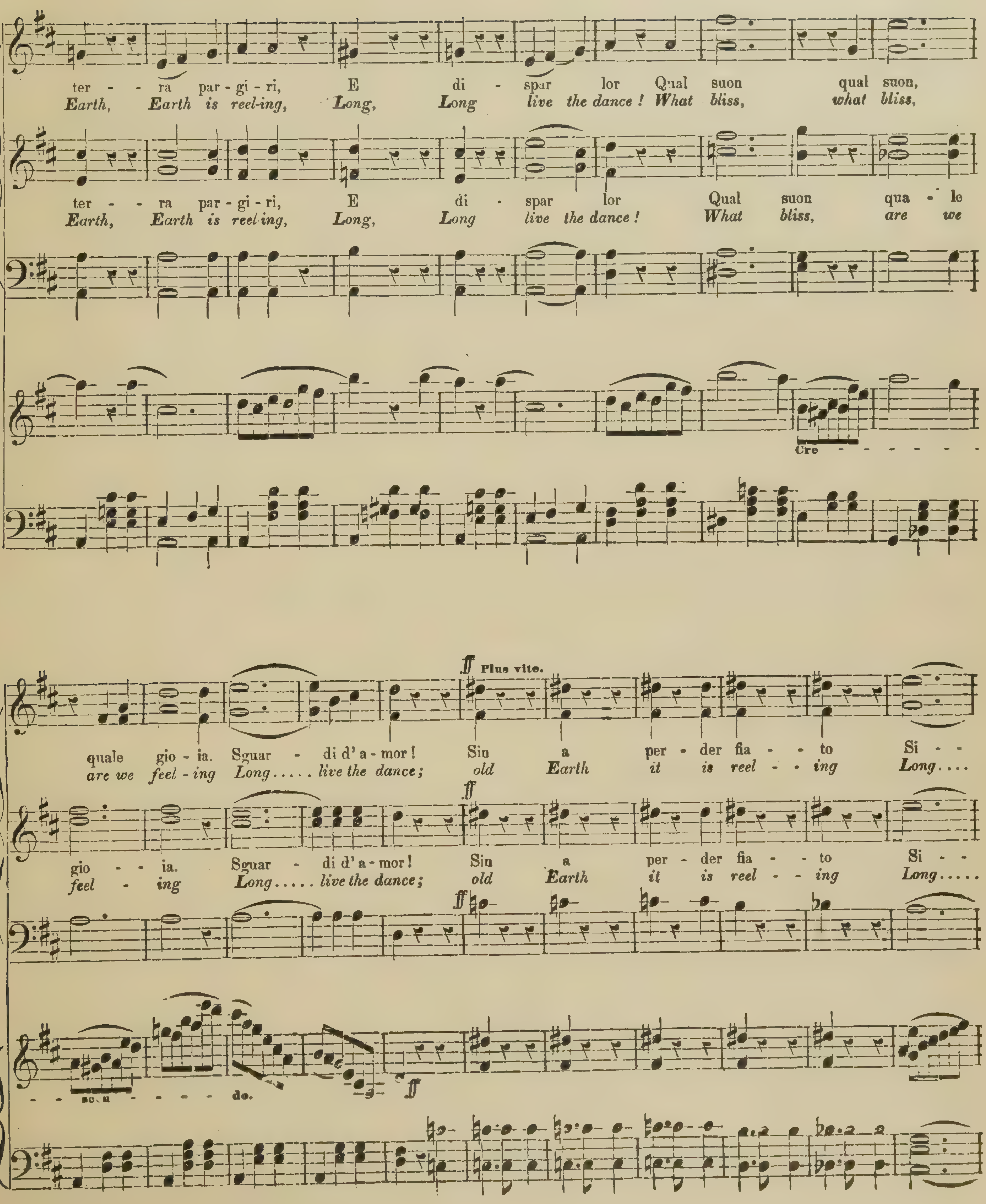

ff
Co-me al - lor che lieve la brez - za, Si sente la se - ra spi - rar, Fa la pol - ve
Light as air at ear - ly morn - ing, Our feet they fly over the ground To the mu - sic's
ff
Co-me al - lor che lieve la brez - za, Si sente la se - ra spi - rar, Fa la pol - ve
Light as air at ear - ly morn - ing, Our feet they fly over the ground To the mu - sic's
ff
ff

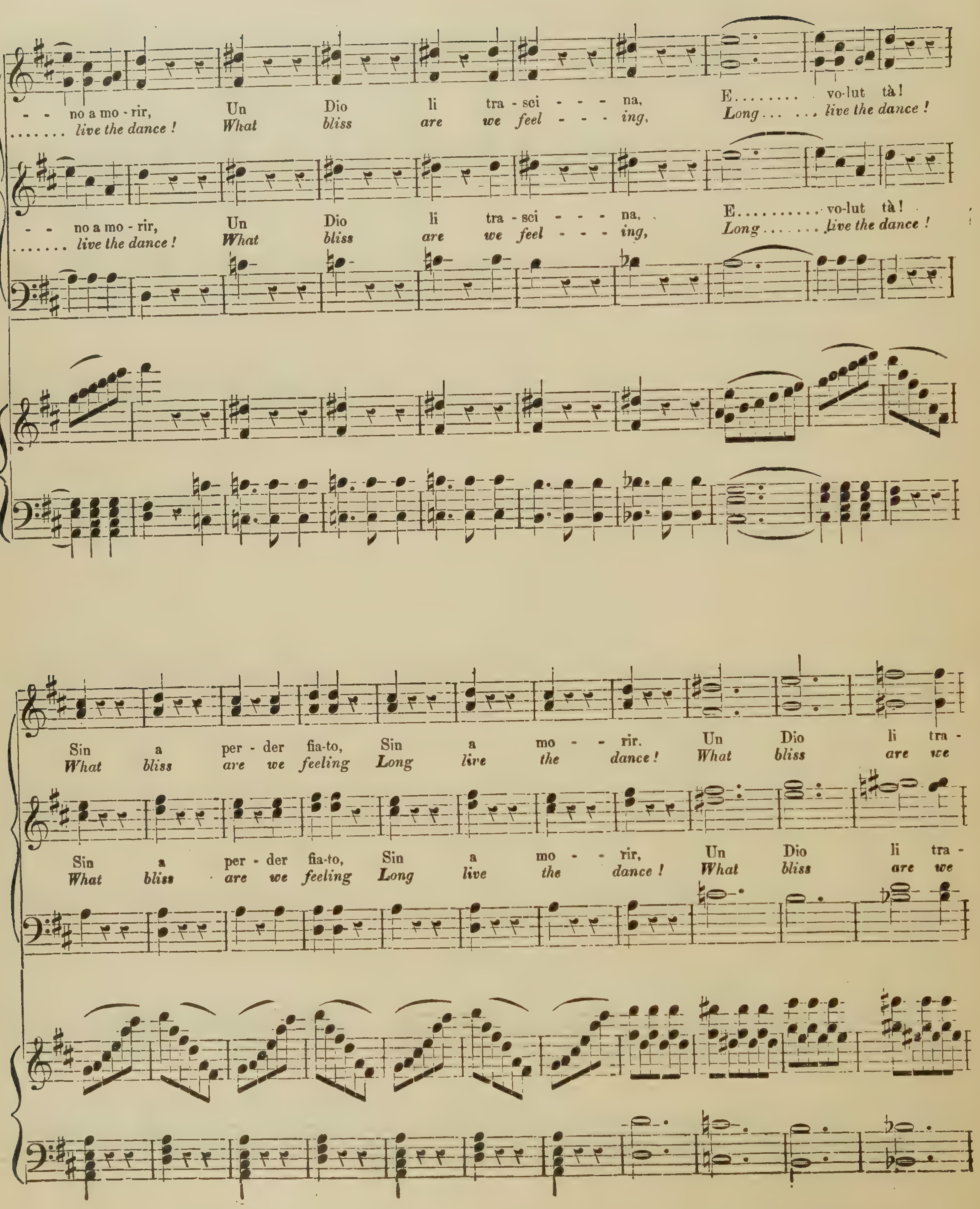

f
sol - le - var, Fa la pol - ve sol - le - var Che la rid - da ci tra - sci - ni
mer - ry sound, To the mu - sic's mer - ry sound. For the flute and gay - er vi - ol,
f
sol - le - var, Fa la pol - ve sol - le - var Che la rid - da ci tra - sci - ni
mer - ry sound, To the mu - sic's mer - ry sound. For the flute and gay - er vi - ol,
f
f


Piu mosso.
Ed i col li a noi vi - ci - ni, Di can-zo - ni e - cheg-ge-ran, Di can-zo - ni e-cheg - ge - ran,
Are to - day in cheer - ful tri - al, Are to - day in cheerful trial, To make the dance go round,
Ed i col - li a noi vi - ci - ni, Di can-zo - ni e - cheg-ge-ran, Di can-zo - ni e-cheg - ge - ran,
Are to - day in cheer - ful tri - al, Are to - day in cheerful trial, To make the dance go round,
Piu mosso.
ff
p
A perder
O pleasure en -
p
A perder
O pleasure en -
p
pp


Cres.
fia - to, Si - no a mo - rir, Un Dio li tra - sci - na, E vo - lut - tà! A per - der
- chanting! 'Till breath be gone, All glow-ing and pant - ing, Let us dance on! O plea - sure en -
fia - to, Si - no a mo - rir, Un Dio li tra - sci - na, E vo - lut - tà! A per - der
- chanting! 'Till breath be gone, All glow-ing and pant - ing, Let us dance on! O plea - sure en -
Cres - - - - cen - - -
ff
fia - to, Si - no a mo - rir, Un Dio li tra - sci - na, E vo - lut - - tà!........
- chanting! Till breath be gone, All glowing and panting, Let us dance on!.......
ff
fia - to, Si - no a mo - rir, Un Dio li tra - sci - na, E vo - lut - - tà!........
- chanting! Till breath be gone, All glowing and panting, Let us dance on!.......
ff
do. Molto. f ff


La ter - ra par - gi - - - - - ri,
The Earth it is reel - - - - ing,
E di - spar lor
The bliss of a trance,
Qual
Wild
La ter - ra par - gi - - - - - ri,
The Earth it is reel - - - - ing,
E di - spar lor
The bliss of a trance,
Qual
Wil l -
suon qua - le gio - - - - - - - - - - - ia
- - ly, are we feel - - - - - - - - - - - ing,
Sguar - di d'a - mor!
Long live the dance!
La
Old
p
suon qua - le gio - - - - - - - - - - - ia
- - ly, are we feel - - - - - - - - - - - ing,
Sguar - di d'a - mor!
Long live the dance!
La
Old
p
p


ter - - ra par - gi - ri, E di - spar lor Qual suon qual suon,
Earth, Earth is reel-ing, Long, Long live the dance! What bliss, what bliss,
ter - - ra par - gi - ri, E di - spar lor Qual suon qua - le
Earth, Earth is reel-ing, Long, Long live the dance! What bliss, are we
Cre - - - - - -
Plus vite.
quale gio - ia. Sguar - di d'a - mor! Sin a per - der fia - - to Si - -
are we feel - ing Long..... live the dance; old Earth it is reel - - ing Long....
gio - - ia. Sguar - di d'a - mor! Sin a per - der fia - - to Si - -
feel - ing Long..... live the dance; old Earth it is reel - - ing Long.....
- - scen - - - - do.

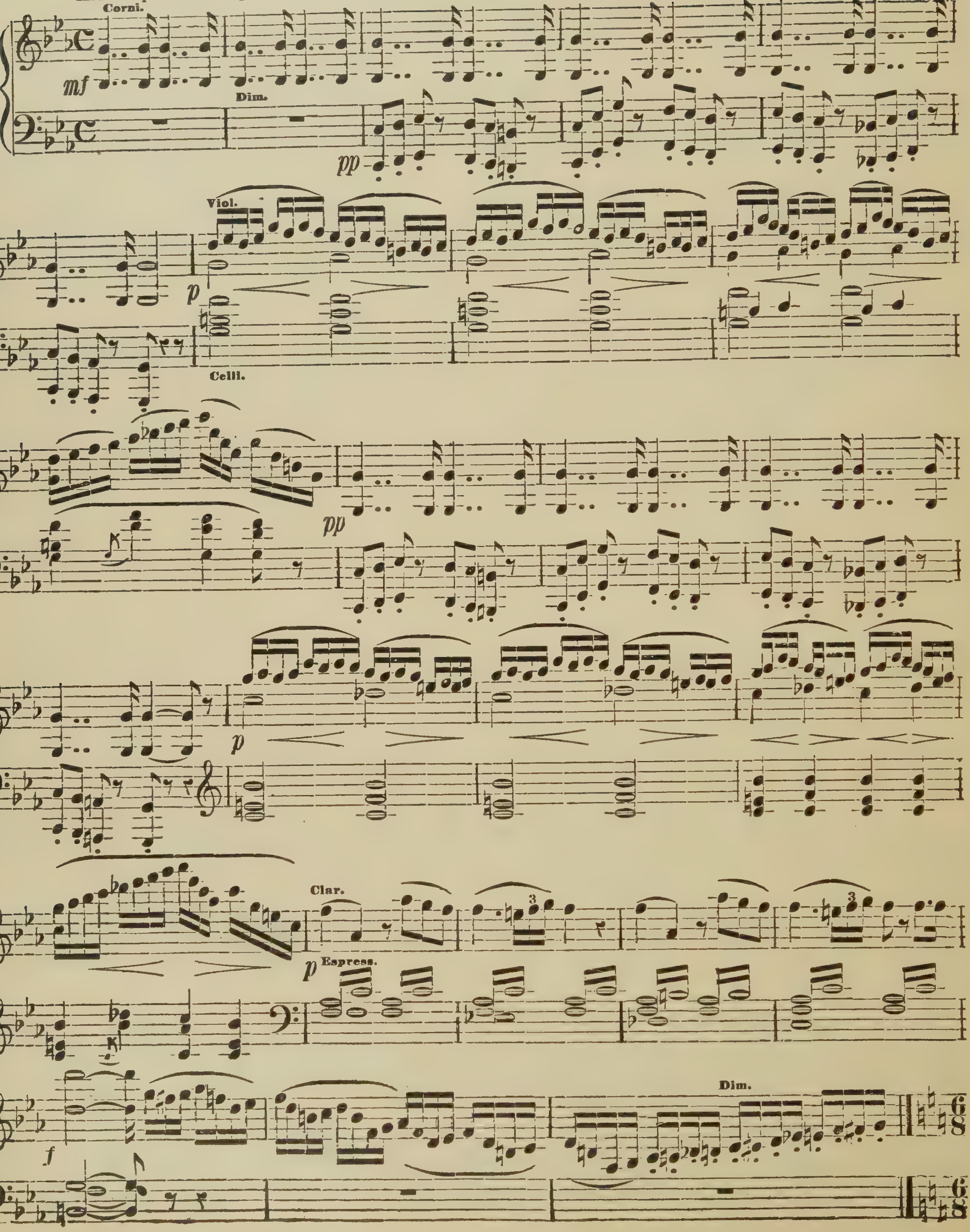

- - no a mo - rir, Un Dio li tra - sci - - - na, E. . . . . vo-lut tà!
. . . . live the dance! What bliss are we feel - - - ing, Long . . . . . . live the dance!
- - no a mo - rir, Un Dio li tra - sci - - - na, E. . . . . vo-lut tà!
. . . . live the dance! What bliss are we feel - - - ing, Long . . . . . . live the dance!
Sin a per - der fia-to, Sin a mo - - rir. Un Dio li tra -
What bliss are we feeling Long live the dance! What bliss are we
Sin a per - der fia-to, Sin a mo - - rir, Un Dio li tra -
What bliss are we feeling Long live the dance! What bliss are we

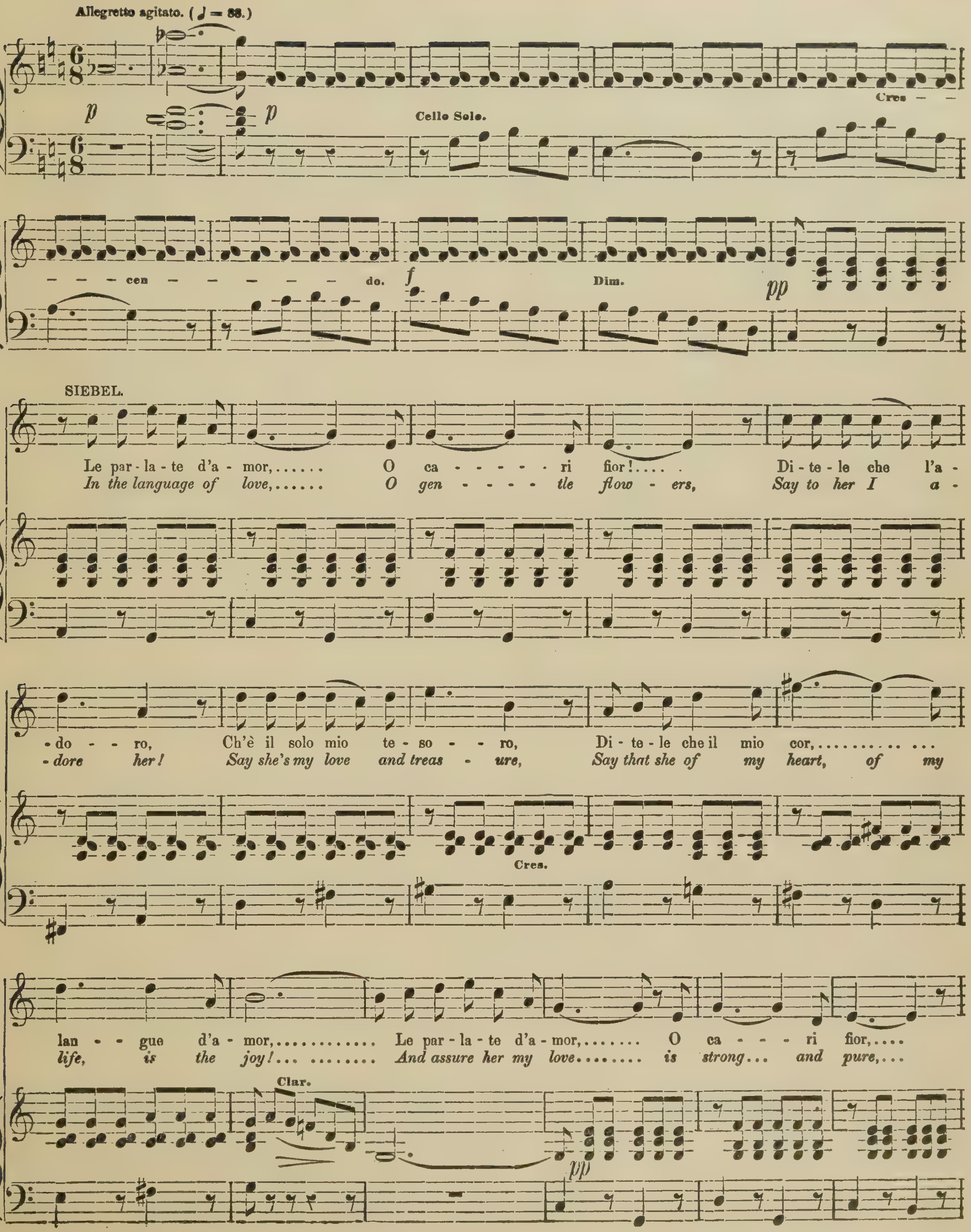
- - sci - - - - - - - - - - - - - na...... .... E - - - - - - - - - - - - - vo - lut
feel - - - - - - - - - - - - ing .... Long.... .... live the
- - sci - - - - - - - - - - - - - na...... .... E - - - - - - - - - - - - - vo - lut
feel - - - - - - - - - - - - ing .... Long.......... .... live the
- - ta! ....
dance .. ..
- - ta!.............. ....
dance...... .. .. ..
8va.

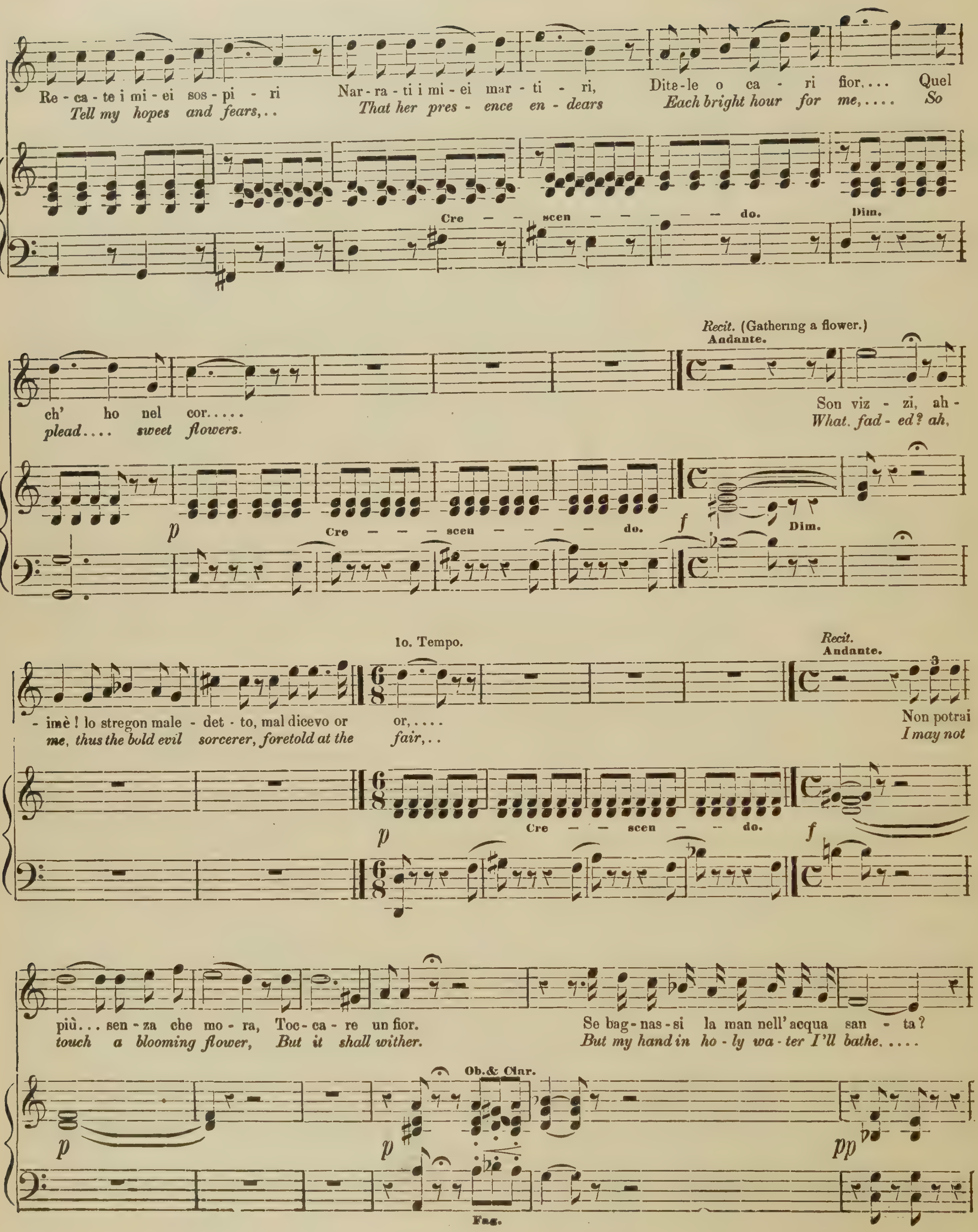
ACT III.

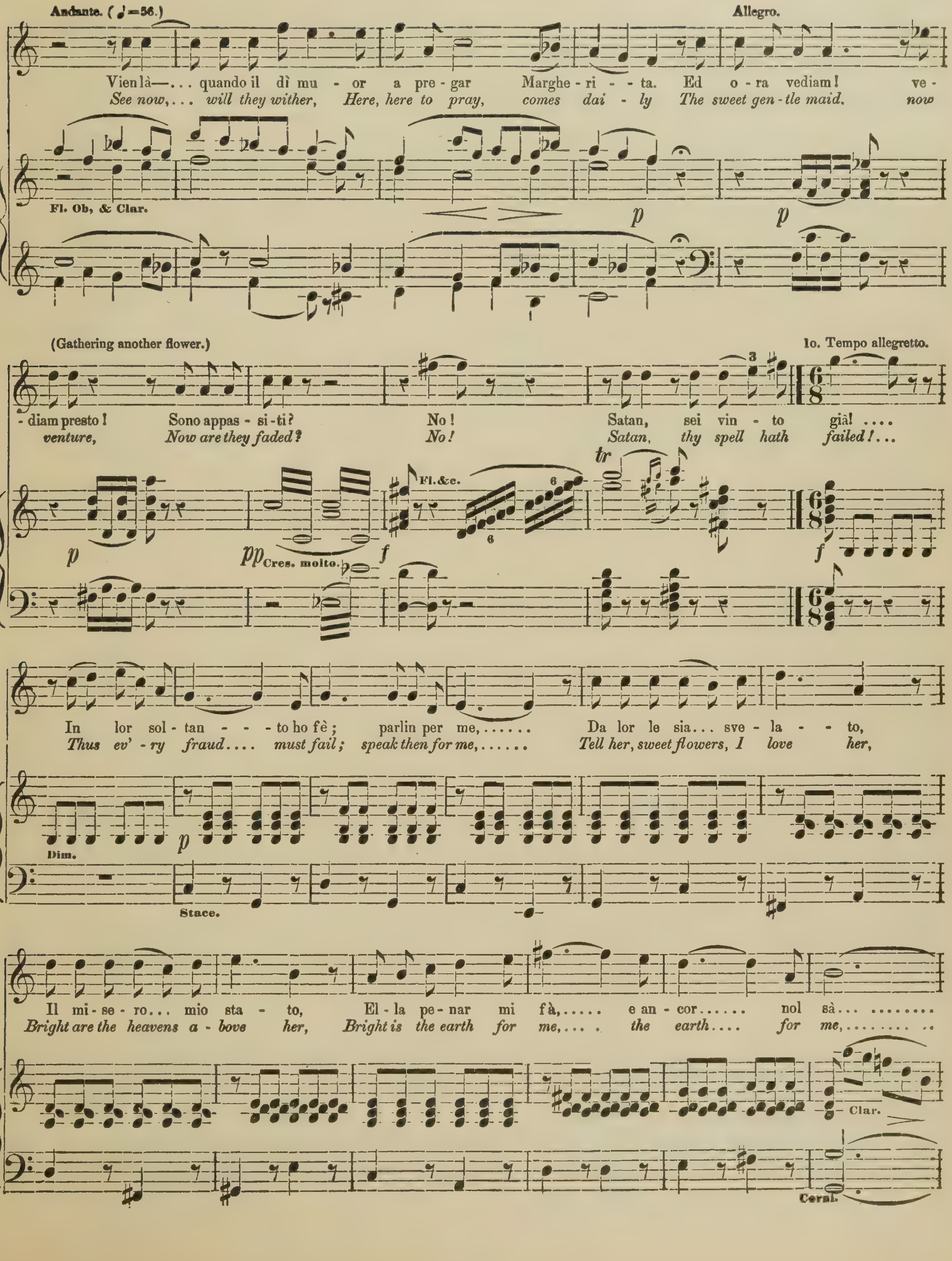
No. 7. Introduction and Song.

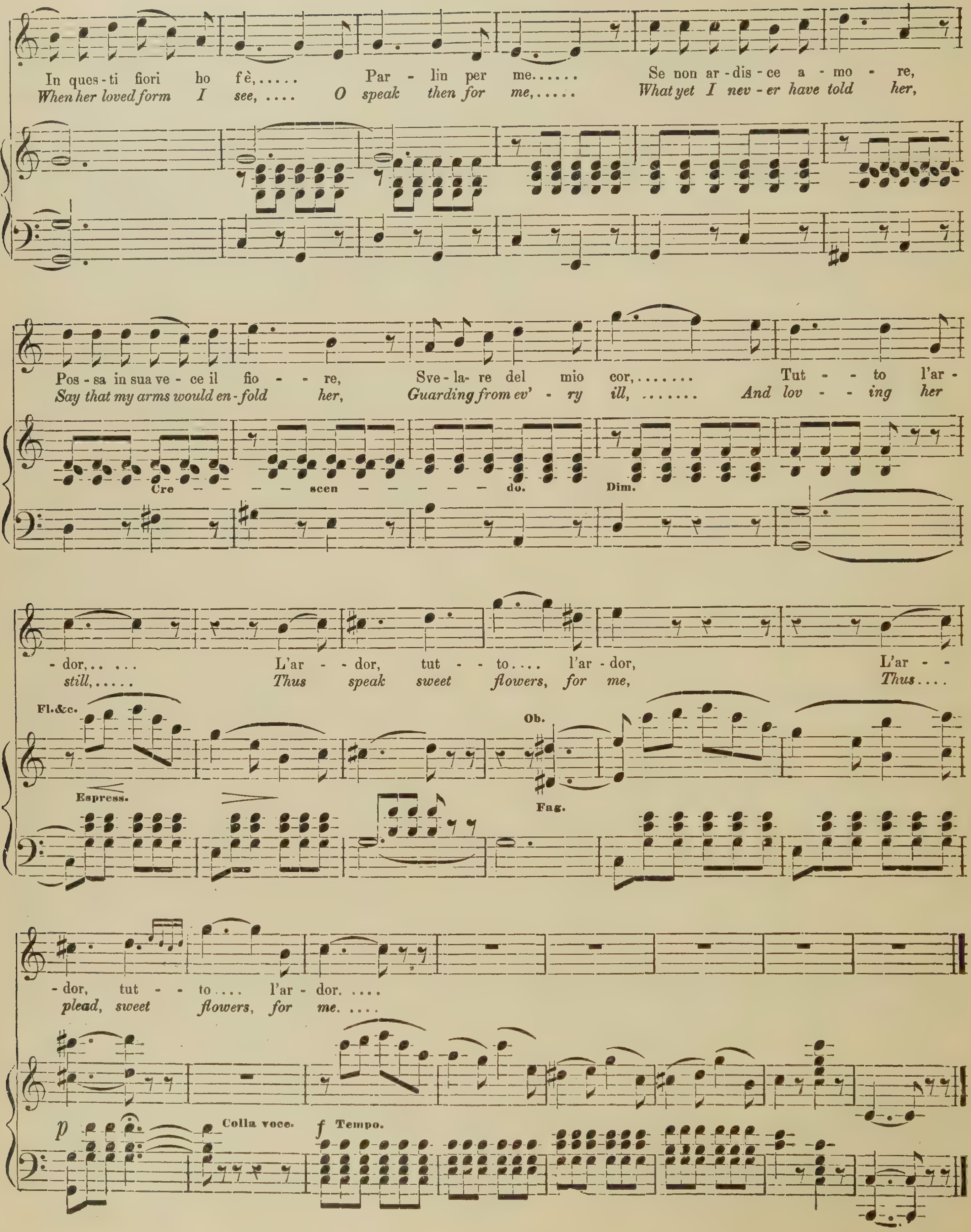
Moderato quasi andante. (♩ = 66.)



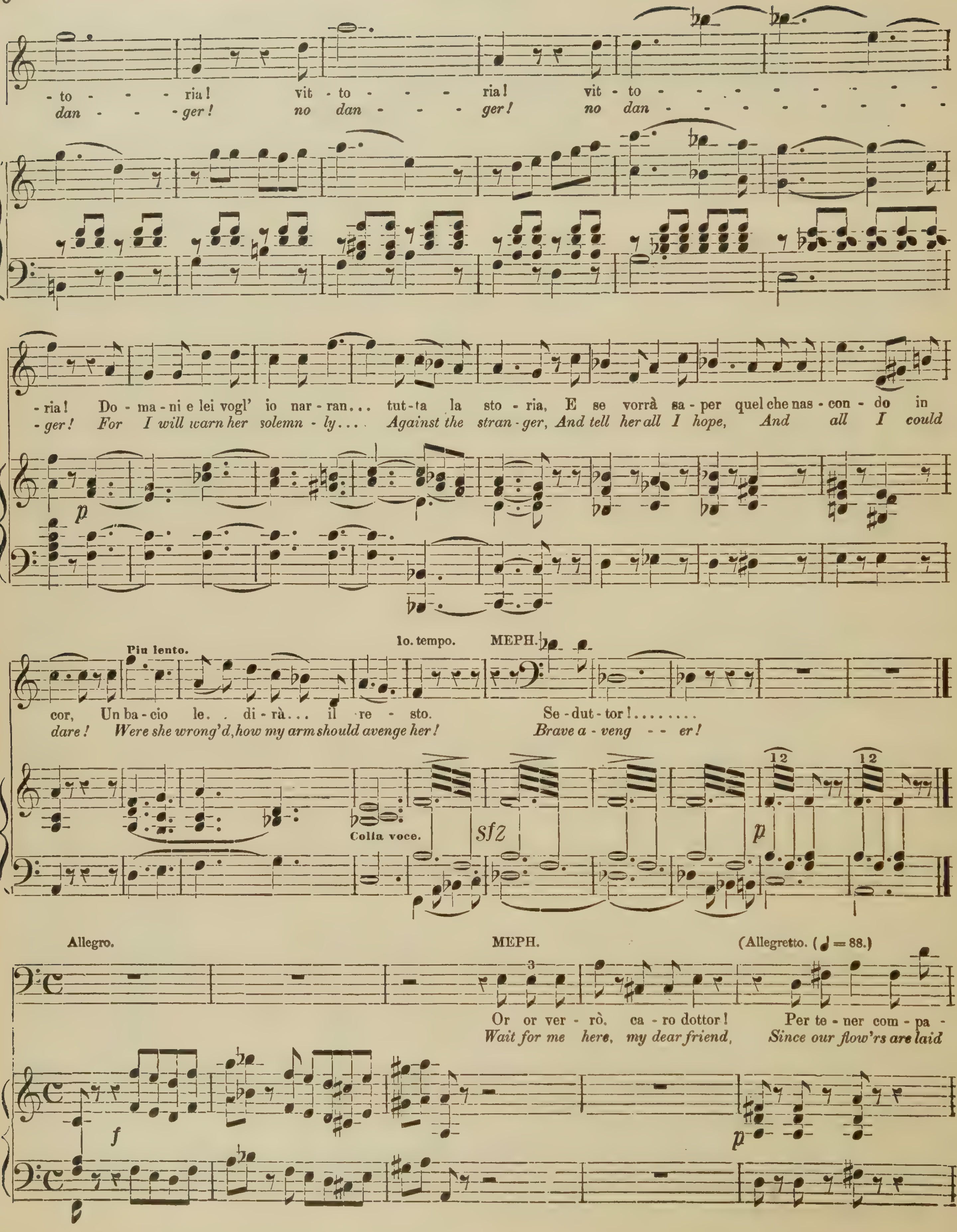

Allegretto agitato. (♩= 88.)
p
p
Cello Solo.
Cres - - - cen - - - - - - do.
f
Dim.
pp
SIEBEL.
Le par - la - te d'a - mor, ... O ca - - - - - - ri fior! . . . . . Di - te - le che l'a - - do - - ro, Ch'è il solo mio te - so - - - ro, Di - te - le che il mio cor, ... lan - - gue d'a - mor, ... Le par - la - te d'a - mor, ... O ca - - - ri fior, ...
In the language of love, ... O gen - - - - - tle flow - ers, Say to her I a - - dore her! Say she's my love and treas - ure, Say that she of my heart, of my life, is the joy! . . . . And assure her my love . . . . is strong . . . and pure, . . .
Cres.
Clar.
pp

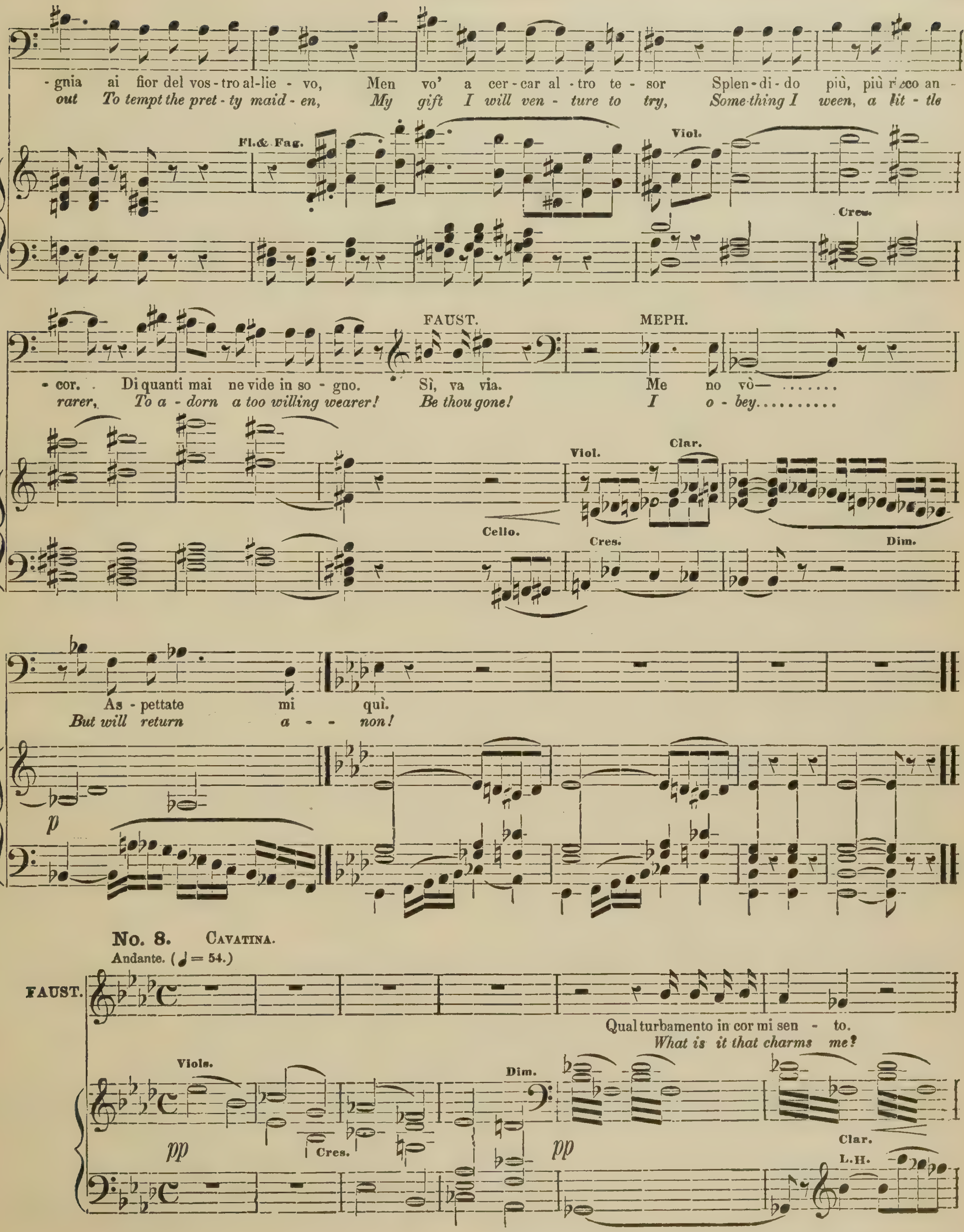

Re-ca-te i mi-ei sos-pi-ri Nar-ra-ti i mi-ei mar-ti-ri, Dite-le o ca-ri fior,.... Quel
Tell my hopes and fears,.. That her pres-ence en-dears Each bright hour for me,.... So
Cre — scen — do. Dim.
ch' ho nel cor.....
plead.... sweet flowers.
p Cre — scen — do. f Dim.
Recit. (Gathering a flower.)
Andante.
Son viz-zi, ah-
What. fad-ed? ah,
-imè! lo stregon male-det-to, mal dicevo or or,....
me, thus the bold evil sorcerer, foretold at the fair,..
Io. Tempo.
p Cre — scen — do. f
Recit.
Andante.
Non potrai
I may not
più... sen-za che mo-ra, Toc-ca-re un fior.
touch a blooming flower, But it shall wither.
Se bag-nas-si la man nell' acqua san-ta?
But my hand in ho-ly wa-ter I'll bathe.....
p p Ob.& Clar. pp
Fag.

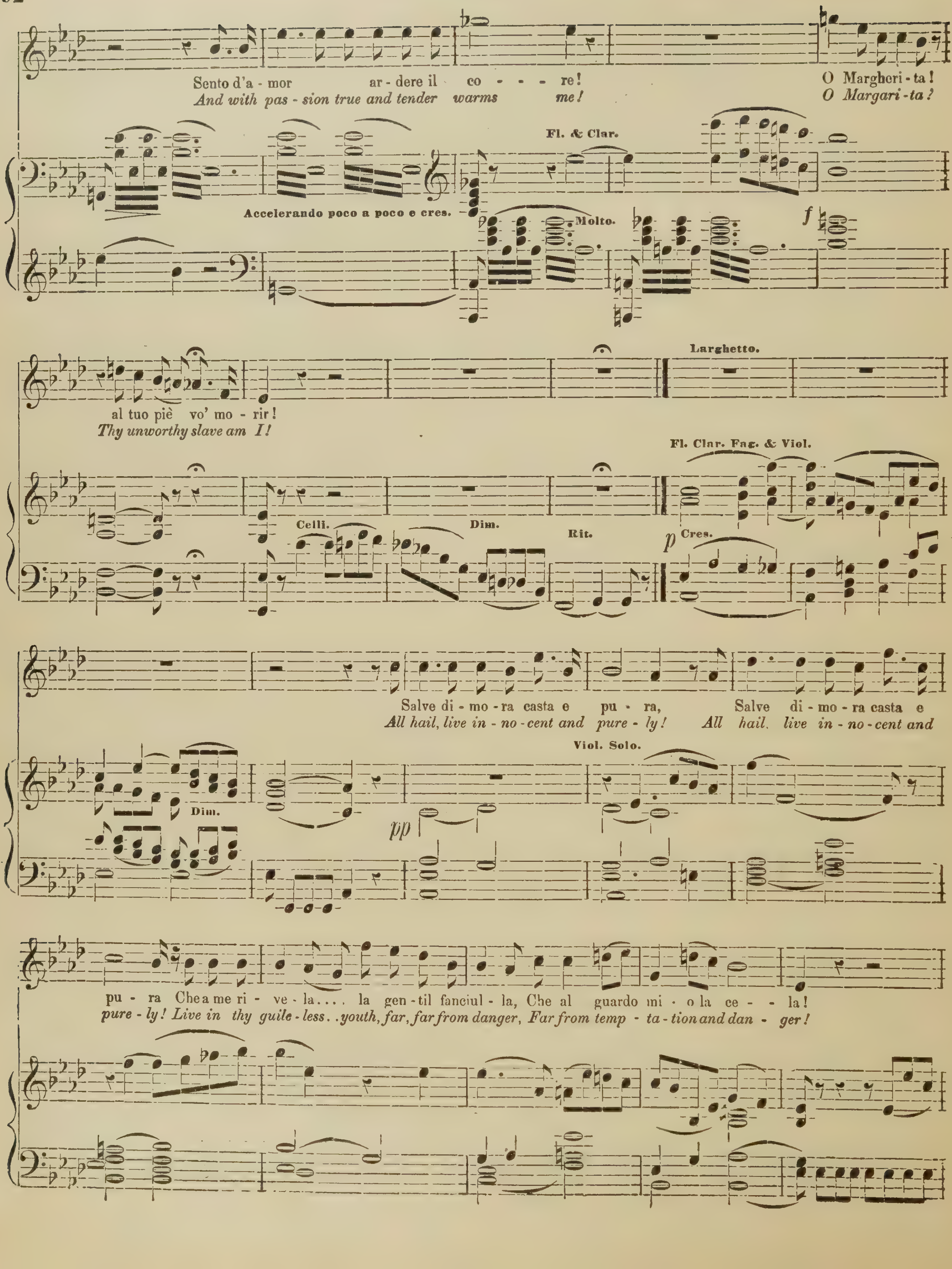

Andante. (♩=56.)
Allegro.
Vien là—. . . quando il dì mu - or a pre - gar Marghe - ri - - ta. Ed o - ra vediam! ve -
See now, . . . will they wither, Here, here to pray, comes dai - ly The sweet gen - tle maid. now
Fl. Ob, & Clar.
(Gathering another flower.)
1o. Tempo allegretto.
- diam presto! Sono appas - si - ti? No! Satan, sei vin - to già! . . . .
venture, Now are they faded? No! Satan, thy spell hath failed! . . .
Cres. molto.
Fl. &c.
In lor sol - tan - - - to ho fè; parlin per me, ... Da lor le sia . . . sve - la - - to,
Thus ev' - ry fraud . . . . must fail; speak then for me, ... Tell her, sweet flowers, I love her,
Dim.
Stacc.
Il mi - se - ro . . . mio sta - to, El - la pe - nar mi fà, ... e an - cor . . . . nol sà . . . .
Bright are the heavens a - bove her, Bright is the earth for me, ... the earth . . . . for me, ...
Clar.
Corni.

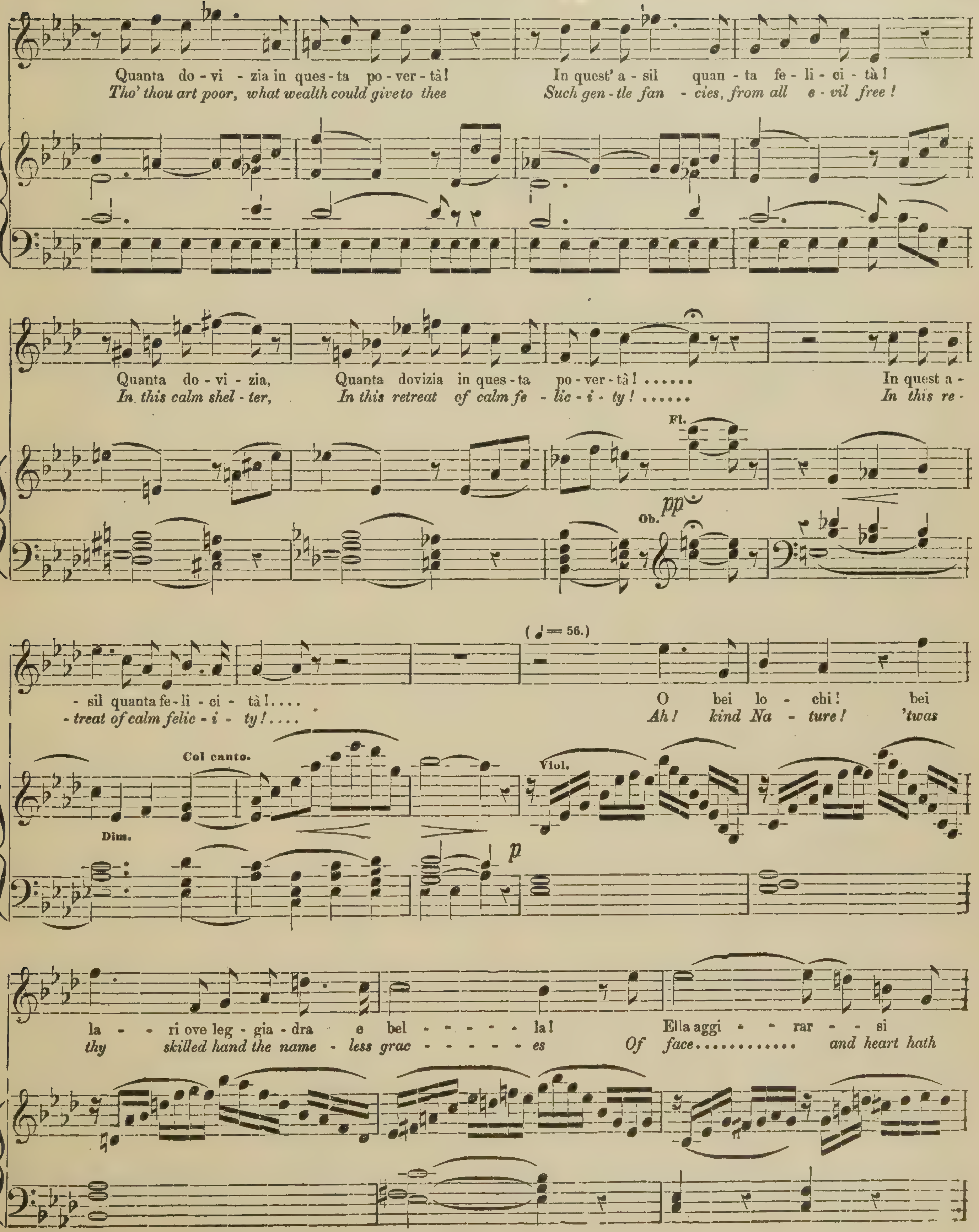

In ques-ti fiori ho fè,..... Par - lin per me...... Se non ar-dis-ce a - mo - re,
When her loved form I see, ... O speak then for me,..... What yet I nev-er have told her,
Pos-sa in sua ve-ce il fio - - re, Sve-la-re del mio cor,....... Tut - - to l'ar -
Say that my arms would en-fold her, Guarding from ev' - ry ill, ... And lov - - ing her
Cre - - - scen - - - - - do.
Dim.
- dor,.. ... L'ar - dor, tut - - to.... l'ar-dor, L'ar - -
still,..... Thus speak sweet flowers, for me, Thus....
Fl.&c.
Ob.
Espress.
Fag.
- dor, tut - - to.... l'ar-dor. ....
plead, sweet flowers, for me. ....
p
Colla voce.
f Tempo.

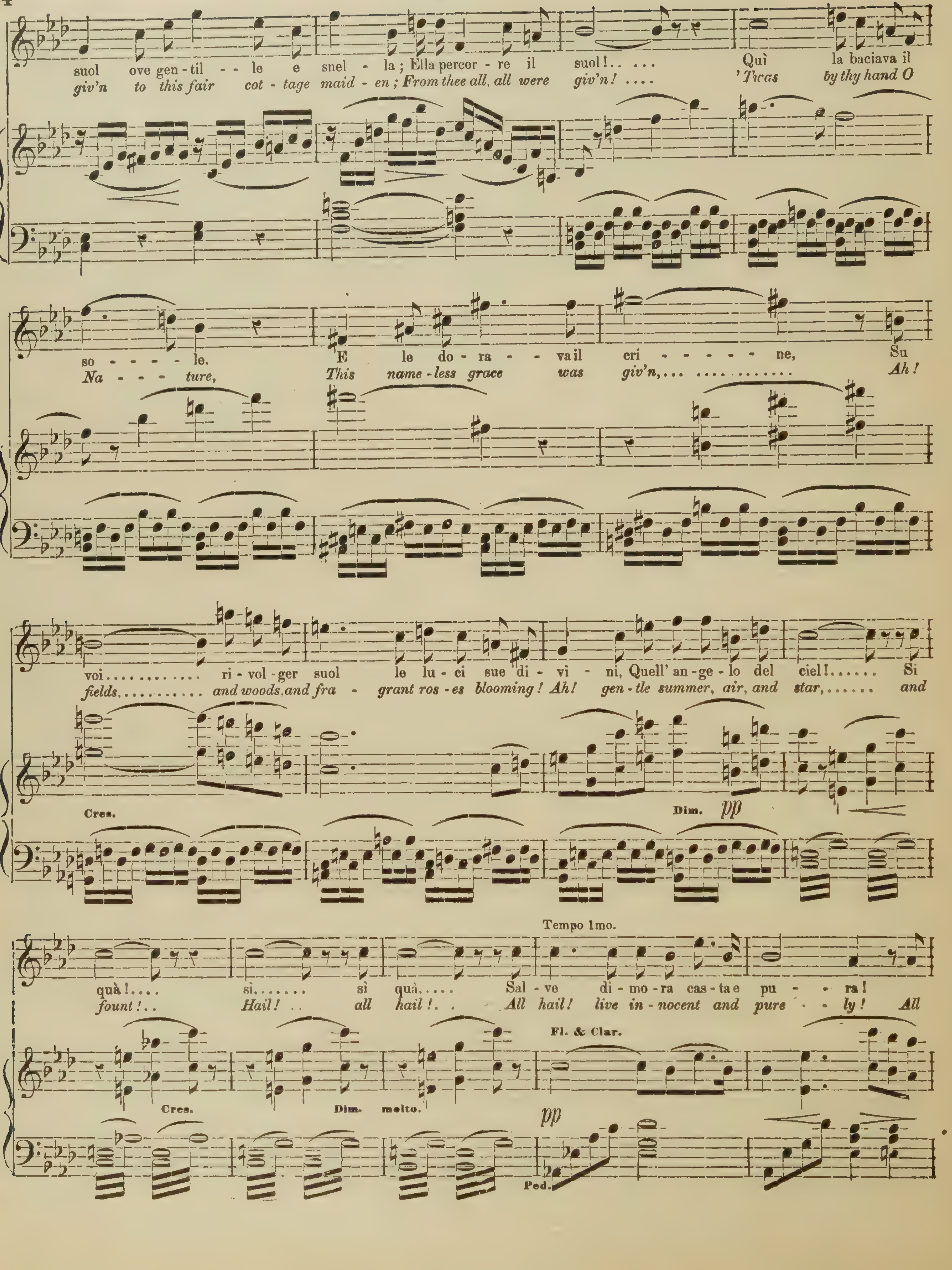
Scena and Recitative.
Allegro. (♩ = 100.)
p
Cres.
Dim.
FAUST.
MEPH.
Giun - ti siam! Co - si par..........
Is it here? 'Tis the place........
Fl. & Clar.
p
FAUST.
MEPH.
Che guardi tu.... lag - giù! Sie - bel vos - tro ri - val!
Thou art looking a - round. For Sie - bel, your rival,
FAUST.
Siebel!
My rival!
MEPH.
Zitto,
Hush!
eg - li vien!
here he comes!
SIEBEL. (Not perceiving them.).
Non son genti - li, gentili ques - ti fior?...
Now my nose - gay is per - fect in - deed....
MEPH.
Ma sì!
Indeed!
SIEB.
Vit -
No
Un poco piu lento.
Oboi.
pp
p Dolce.
pp

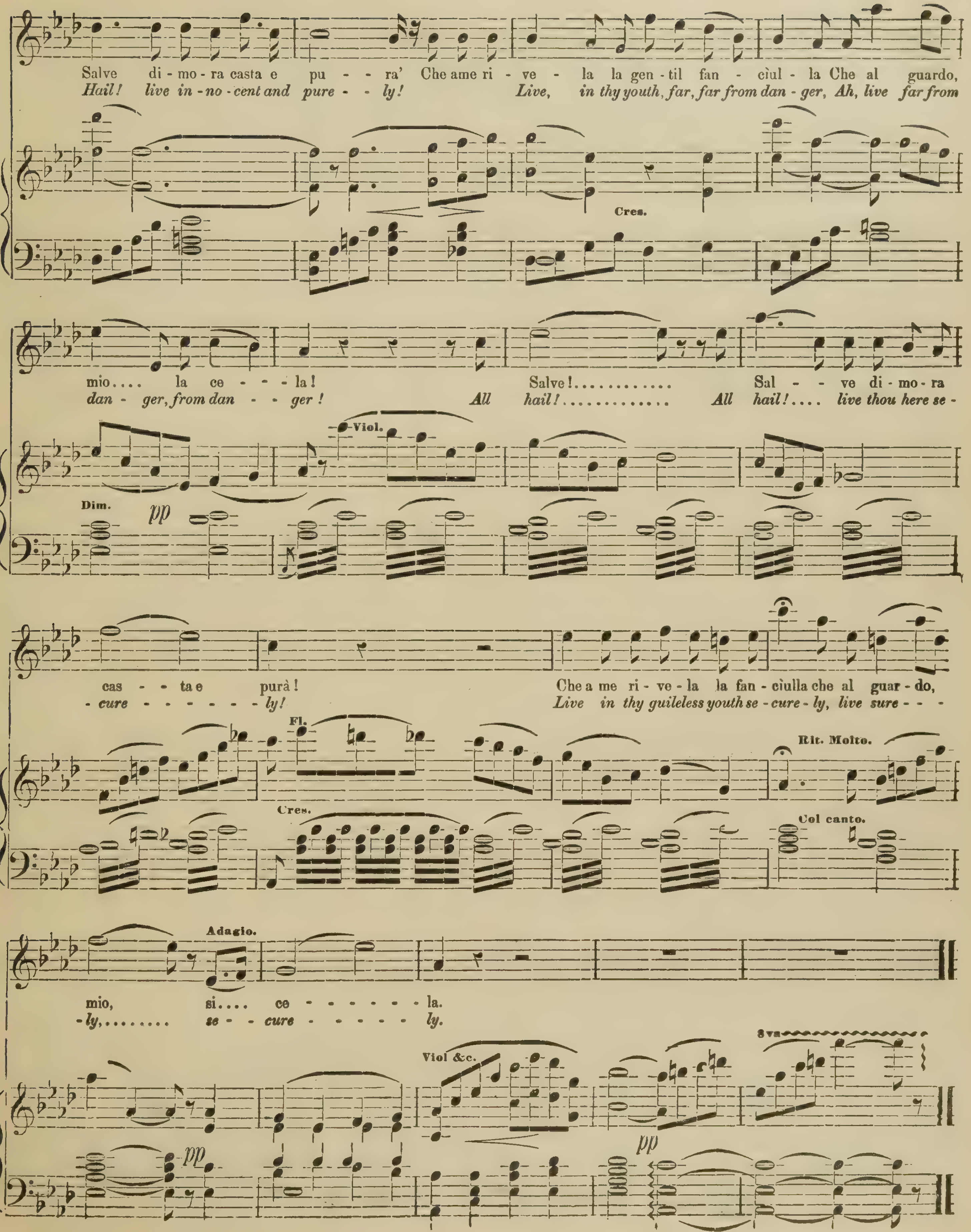

- to - - - - ria! vit - to - - - - ria! vit - to - - - - - - - - -
dan - - - ger! no dan - - - - ger! no dan - - - - - - - - -
- ria! Do - ma - ni e lei vogl' io nar - ran... tut - ta la sto - ria, E se vorrà sa - per quel che nas - con - do in
- ger! For I will warn her solemn - ly.... Against the stran - ger, And tell her all I hope, And all I could
p
Piu lento.
Io. tempo.
MEPH.
cor, Un ba - cio le . . di - rà... il re - sto. Se - dut - tor!........
dare! Were she wrong'd, how my arm should avenge her! Brave a - veng - - er!
Colla voce.
sfz
12
p
Allegro.
MEPH.
(Allegretto. (♩ = 88.)
3
Or or ver - rò, ca - ro dottor! Per te - ner com - pa -
Wait for me here, my dear friend, Since our flow'rs are laid
f
p

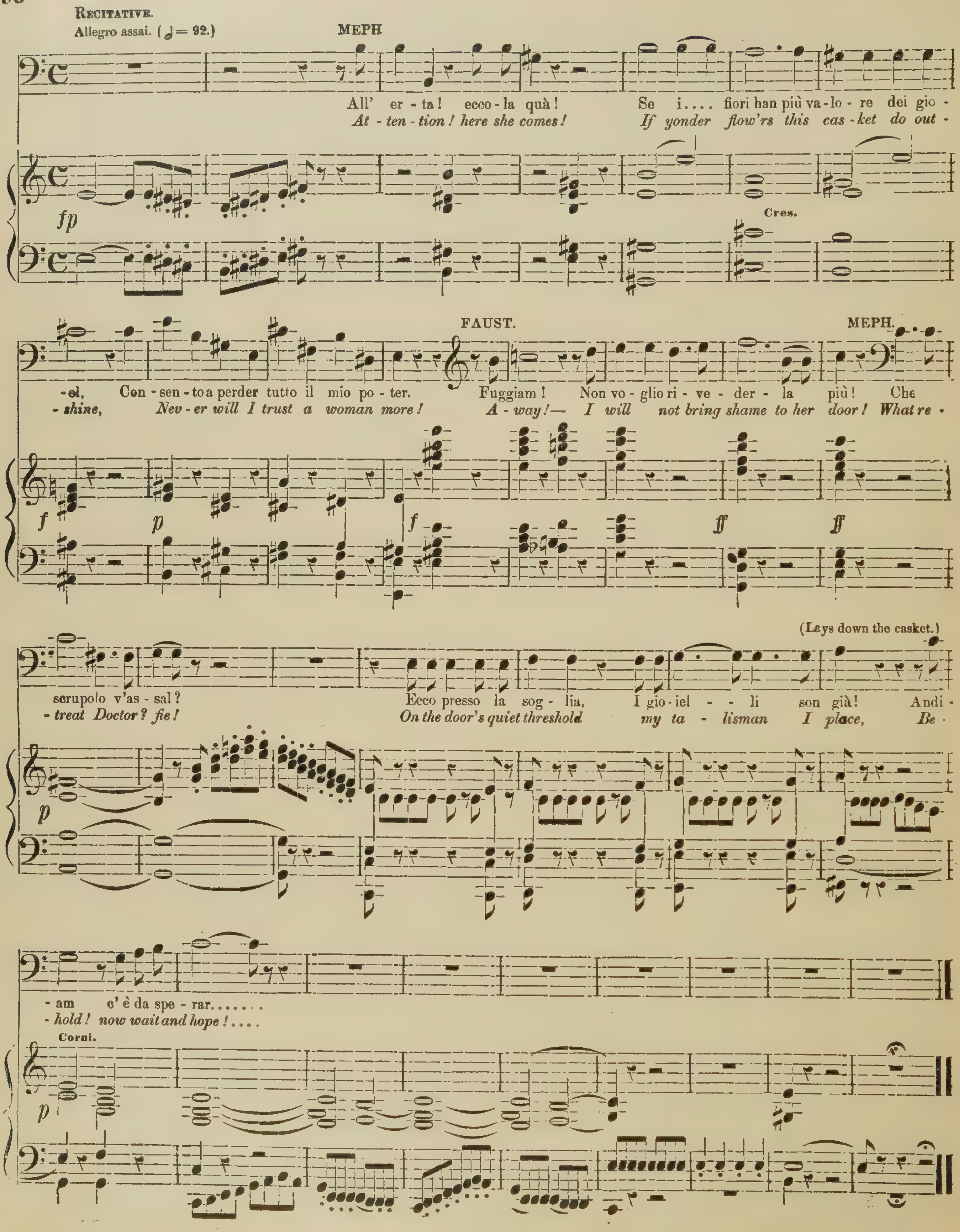

- gnia ai fior del vos-tro al-lie - vo, Men vo' a cer-car al-tro te- sor Splen-di-do più, più ricco an -
out To tempt the pret - ty maid - en, My gift I will ven - ture to try, Some-thing I ween, a lit - tle
Fl.& Fag.
Viol.
Cres.
FAUST.
MEPH.
- cor. Di quanti mai ne vide in so - gno. Sì, va via. Me no vò— ....
rarer, To a - dorn a too willing wearer! Be thou gone! I o - bey..........
Viol.
Clar.
Cello.
Cres.
Dim.
As - pettate mi quì.
But will return a - - non!
p
No. 8. CAVATINA.
Andante. (♩ = 54.)
FAUST.
Qual turbamento in cor mi sen - to.
What is it that charms me?
Viols.
pp
Cres.
Dim.
pp
Clar.
L.H.


Sento d'a - mor ar - dere il co - - - - re! O Margheri - ta!
And with pas - sion true and tender warms me! O Margari - ta!
Fl. & Clar.
Accelerando poco a poco e cres.
Molto.
f
al tuo piè vo' mo - rir!
Thy unworthy slave am I!
Larghetto.
Fl. Clar. Fag. & Viol.
Celli.
Dim.
Rit.
p
Cres.
Salve di - mo - ra casta e pu - ra, Salve di - mo - ra casta e
All hail, live in - no - cent and pure - ly! All hail, live in - no - cent and
Viol. Solo.
Dim.
pp
pu - ra Che a me ri - ve - la.... la gen - til fanciul - la, Che al guardo mi - o la ce - - la!
pure - ly! Live in thy guile - less. .youth, far, far from danger, Far from temp - ta - tion and dan - ger!


Quanta do - vi - zia in ques - ta po - ver - tà! In quest' a - sil quan - ta fe - li - ci - tà!
Tho' thou art poor, what wealth could give to thee Such gen - tle fan - cies, from all e - vil free!
Quanta do - vi - zia, Quanta dovizia in ques - ta po - ver - tà! ...... In quest a -
In this calm shel - ter, In this retreat of calm fe - lic - i - ty! ...... In this re -
Fl.
pp
Ob.
- sil quanta fe - li - ci - tà! .... O bei lo - chi! bei
- treat of calm felic - i - ty! .... Ah! kind Na - ture! 'twas
(♩= 56.)
Col canto.
Dim.
Viol.
p
la - - ri ove leg - gia - dra e bel - - - - - - la! Ella aggi - - rar - - si
thy skilled hand the name - less grac - - - - - - es Of face .... and heart hath

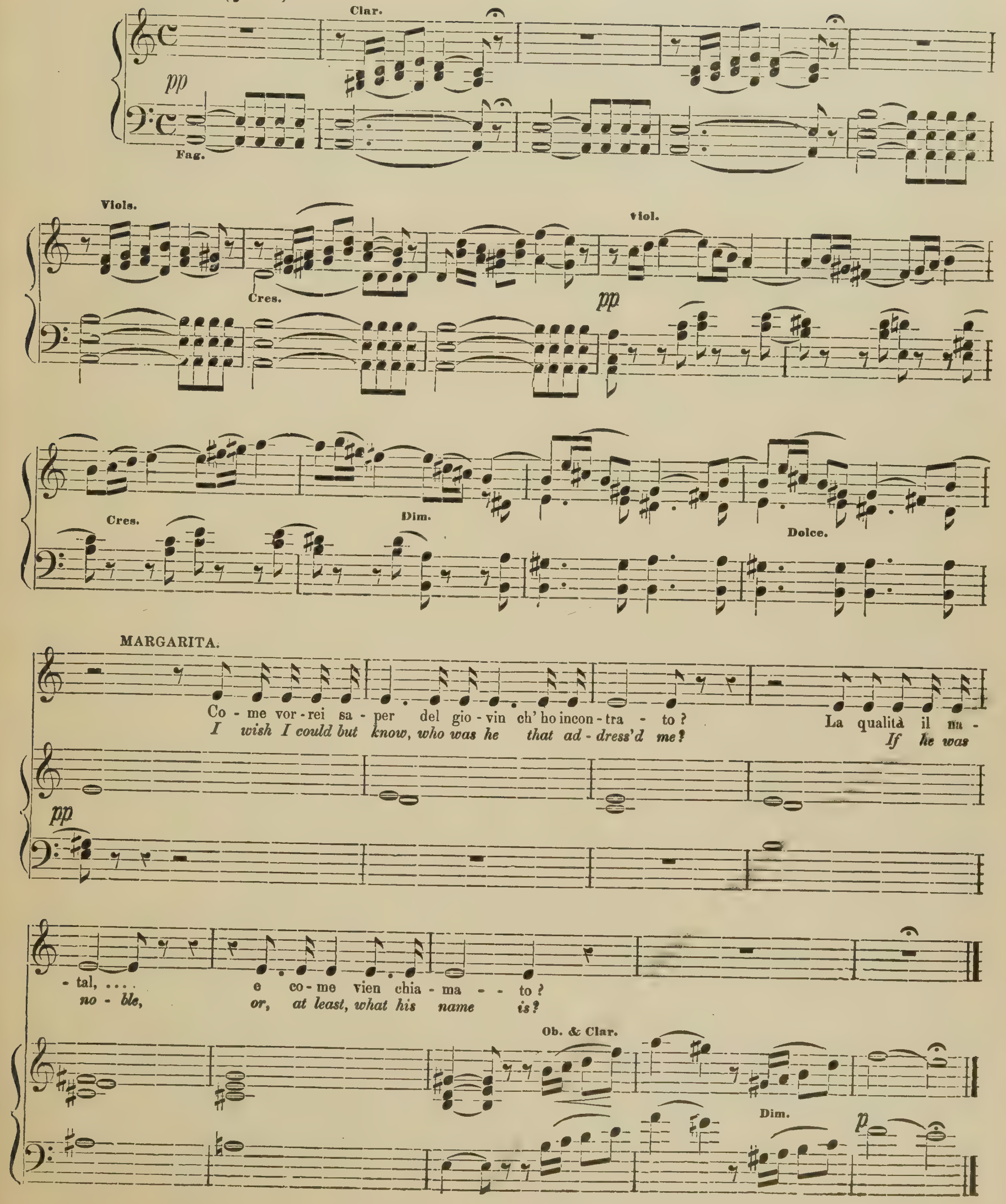

suol ove gen - til - - le e snel - la; Ella percor - re il suol!.. ... Quì la baciava il
giv'n to this fair cot - tage maid - en; From thee all, all were giv'n! .... 'Twas by thy hand O
so - - - - le, E le do - ra - - vail cri - - - - - - ne, Su
Na - - - ture, This name - less grace was giv'n,... .... Ah!
voi.......... ri - vol - ger suol le lu - ci sue di - vi - ni, Quell' an - ge - lo del ciel!...... Si
fields,.......... and woods, and fra - grant ros - es blooming! Ah! gen - tle summer, air, and star,...... and
Cres.
Dim.
pp
Tempo 1mo.
quà!.... si,...... sì quà,.... Sal - ve di - mo - ra cas - ta e pu - - ra!
fount!.. Hail! .. all hail!.. All hail! live in - nocent and pure - - ly! All
Fl. & Clar.
Cres.
Dim. molto.
pp
Ped.


Salve di - mo - ra casta e pu - - ra' Che ame ri - ve - la la gen - til fan - ciul - la Che al guardo,
Hail! live in - no - cent and pure - - ly! Live, in thy youth, far, far from dan - ger, Ah, live far from
Cres.
mio.... la ce - - - la! Salve!............ Sal - - ve di - mo - ra
dan - ger, from dan - - ger! All hail!............. All hail!.... live thou here se -
Viol.
Dim.
pp
cas - - ta e purà! Che a me ri - ve - la la fan - ciulla che al guar - do,
- cure - - - - - - ly! Live in thy guileless youth se - cure - ly, live sure - - -
Fl.
Rit. Molto.
Cres.
Col canto.
Adagio.
mio, si.... ce - - - - - - - la.
- ly,........ se - - cure - - - - - - ly.
Viol &c.
8va
pp
pp

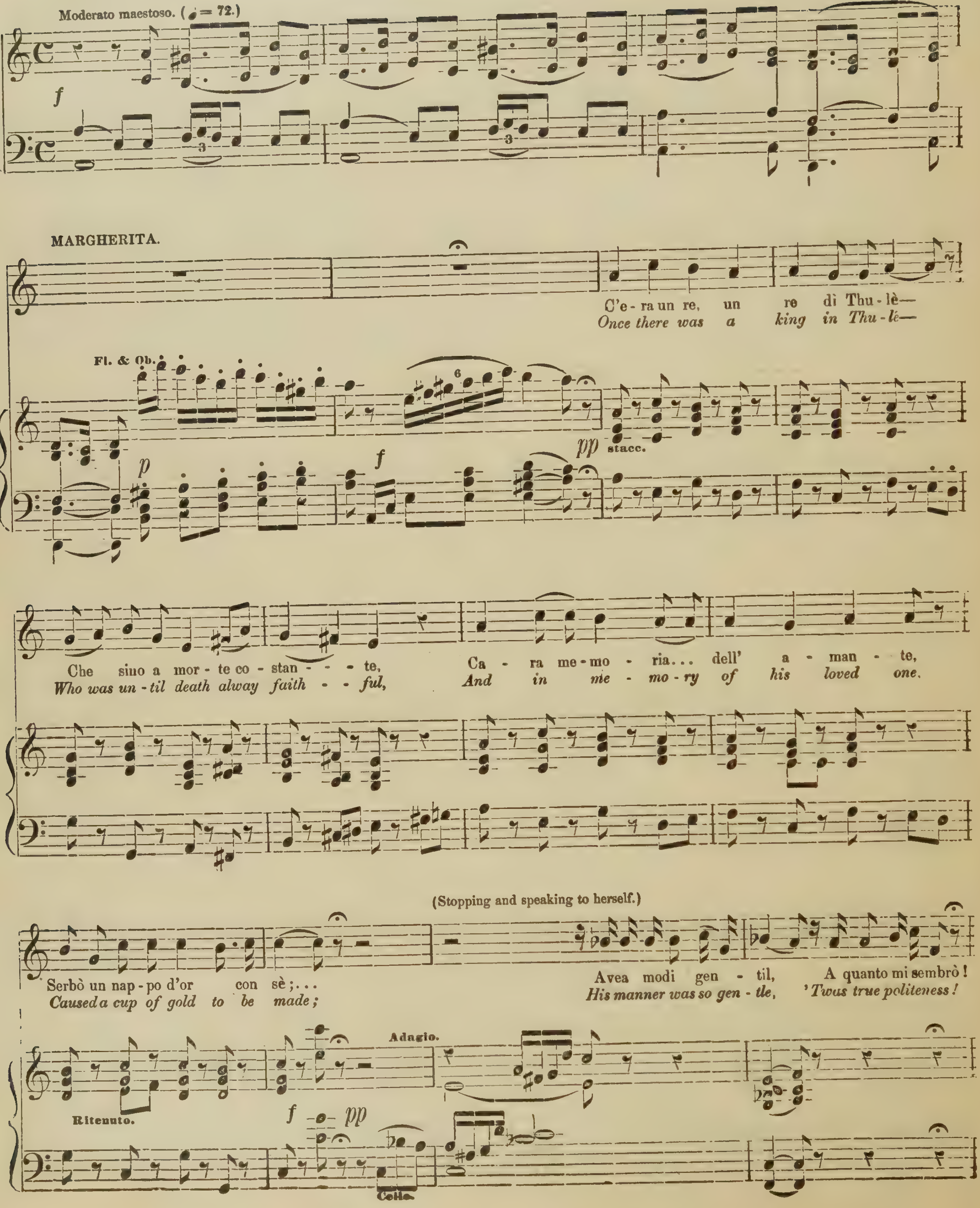

Recitative.
Allegro assai. (𝅗𝅥 = 92.)
MEPH
All' er - ta! ecco - la quà! Se i.... fiori han più va - lo - re dei gio -
At - ten - tion! here she comes! If yonder flow'rs this cas - ket do out -
fp
Cres.
- el, Con - sen - to a perder tutto il mio po - ter.
- shine, Nev - er will I trust a woman more!
FAUST.
Fuggiam! Non vo - glio ri - ve - der - la più!
A - way! — I will not bring shame to her door!
MEPH.
Che
What re -
f
p
ff
scrupolo v'as - sal?
- treat Doctor? fie!
(Lays down the casket.)
Ecco presso la sog - lia, I gio - iel - - li son già! Andi -
On the door's quiet threshold my ta - lisman I place, Be -
- am c' è da spe - rar.......
- hold! now wait and hope!....
Corni.

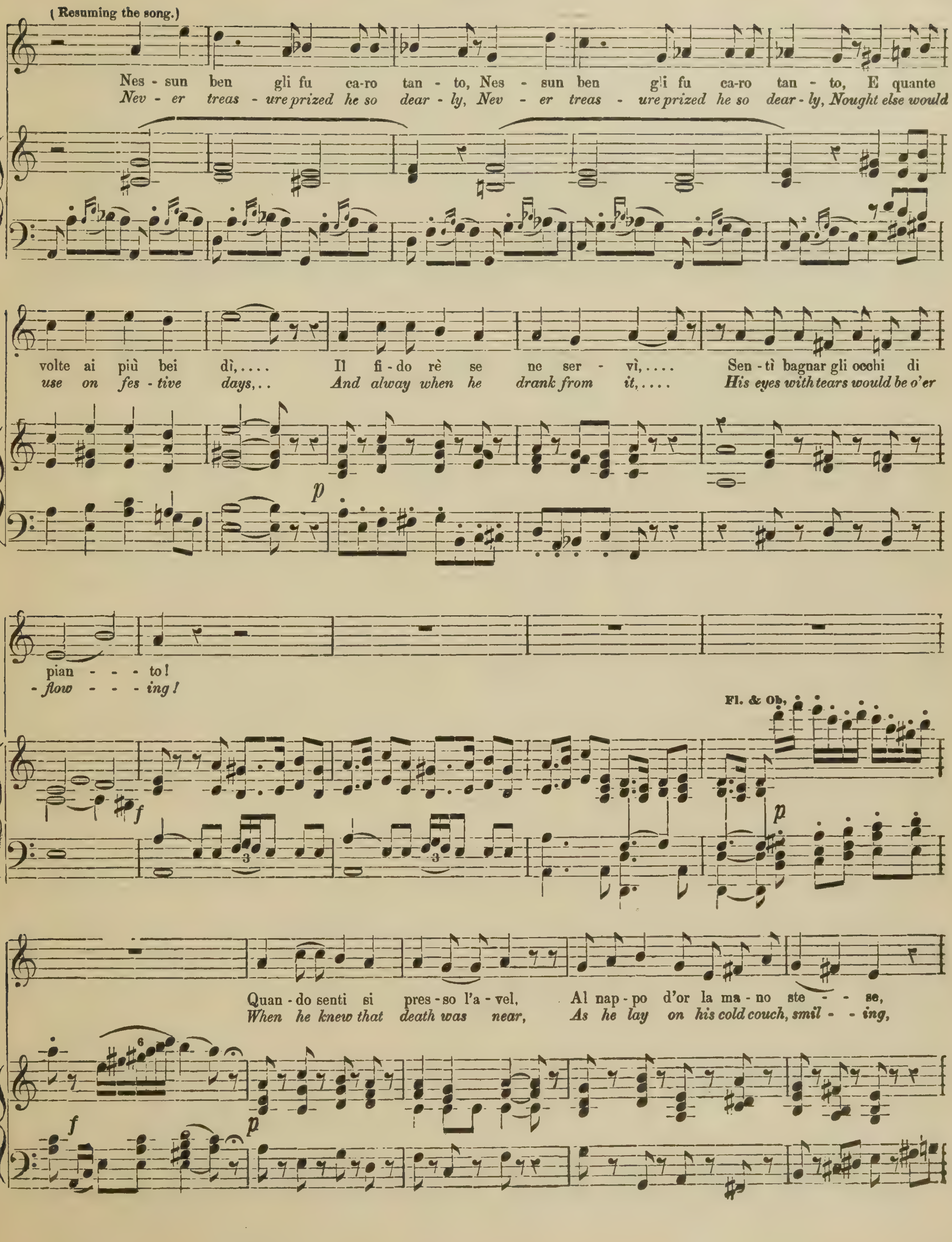
No. 9. Scena and Air.

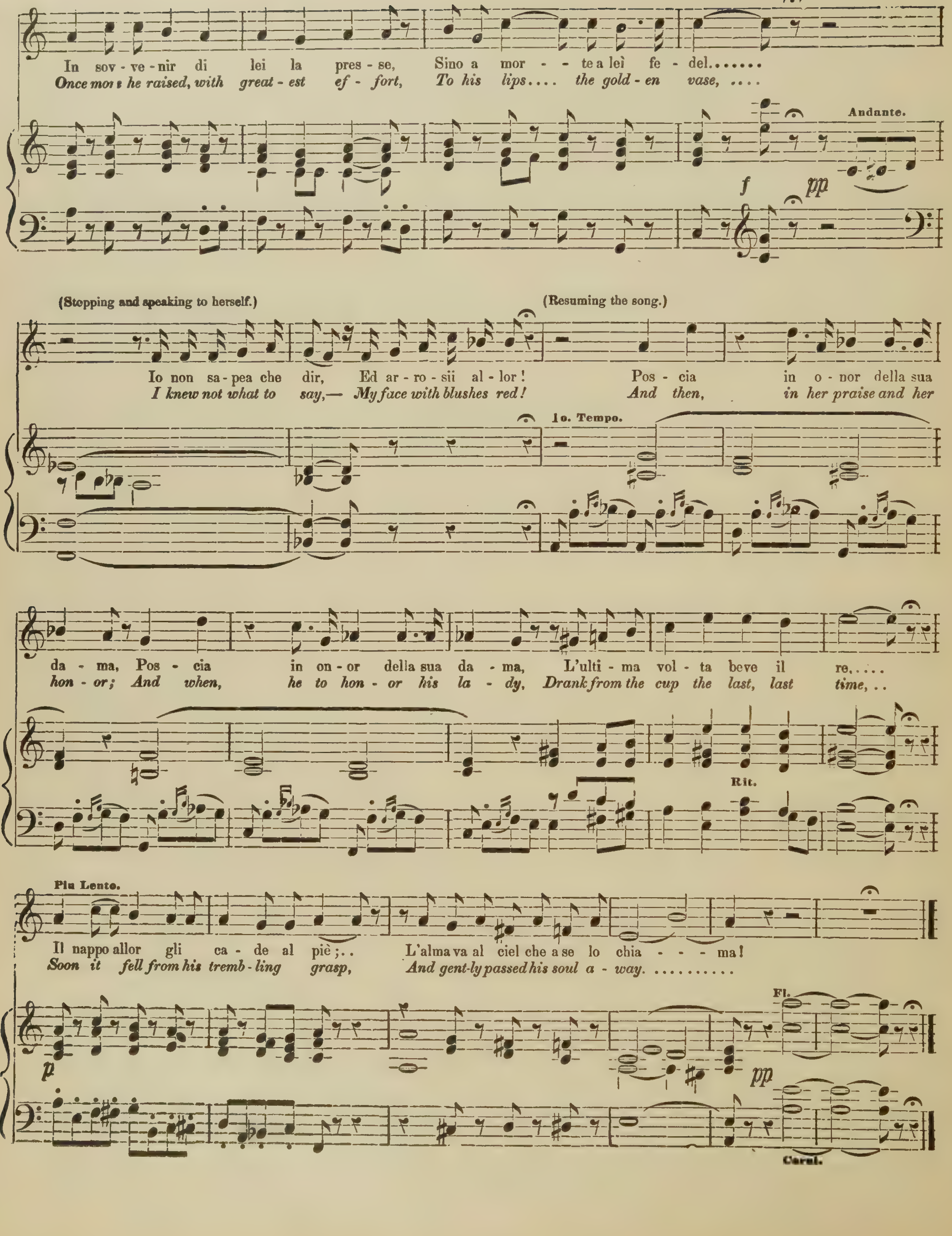
Andantino. (♩ = 66.)

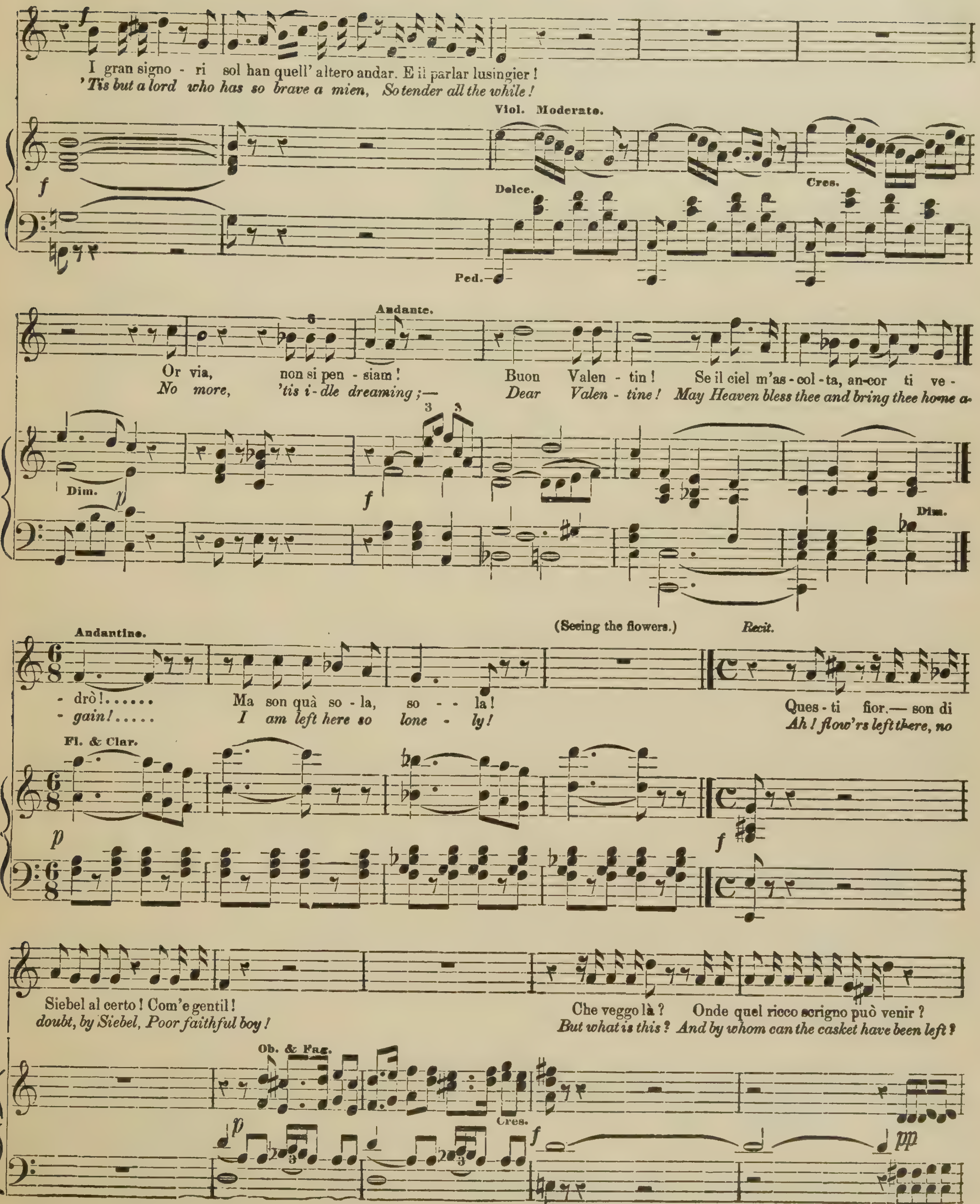


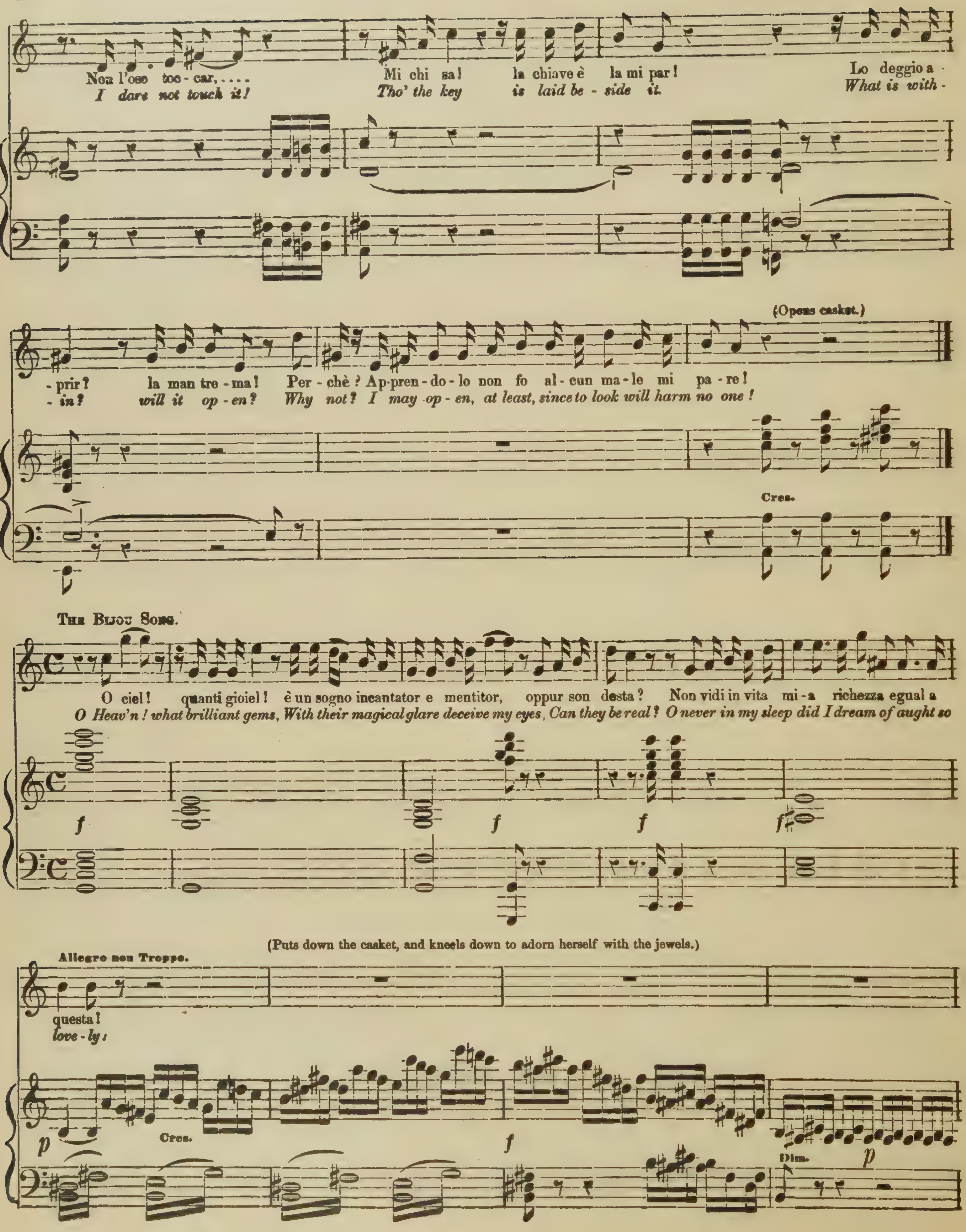
THE KING OF THULE.

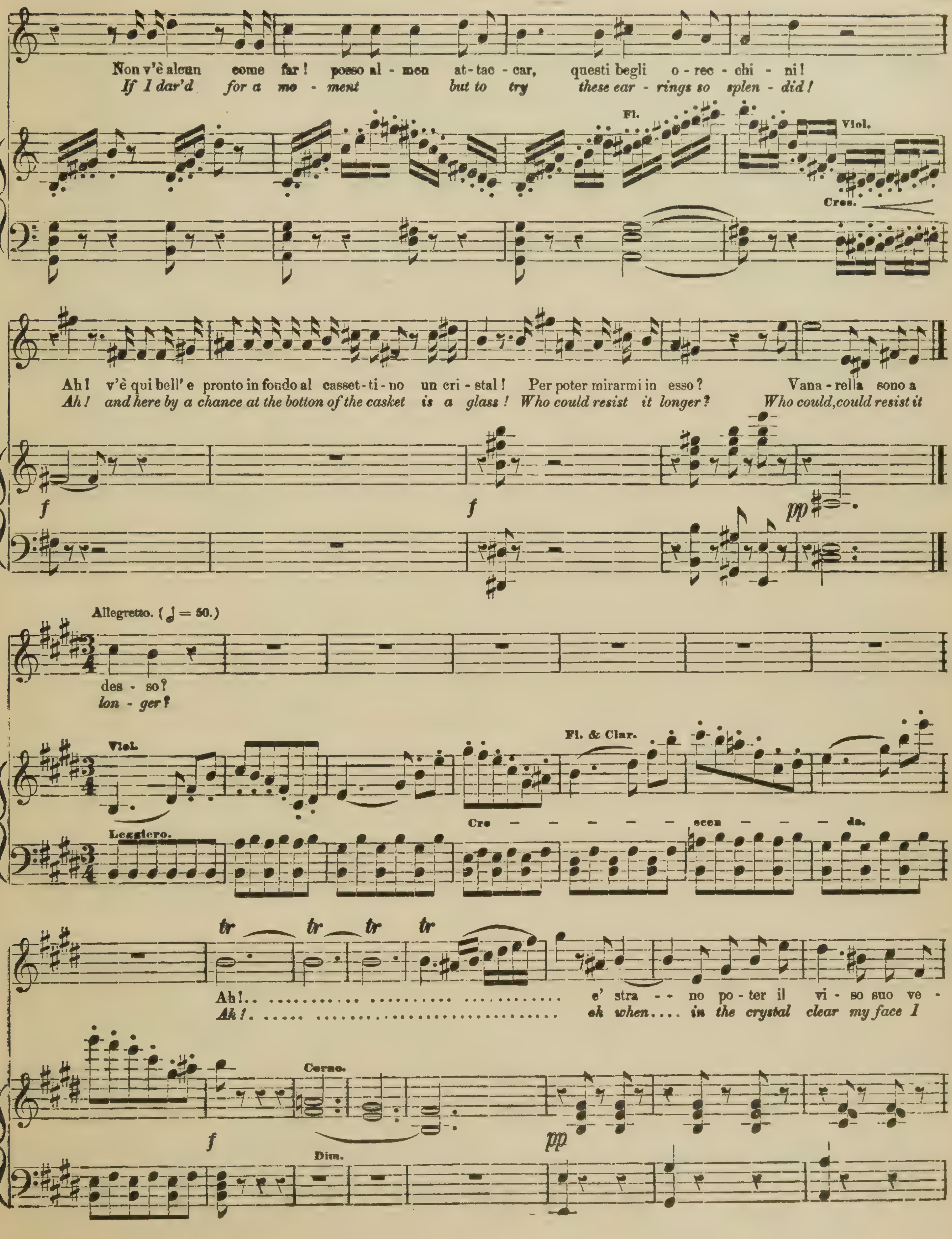


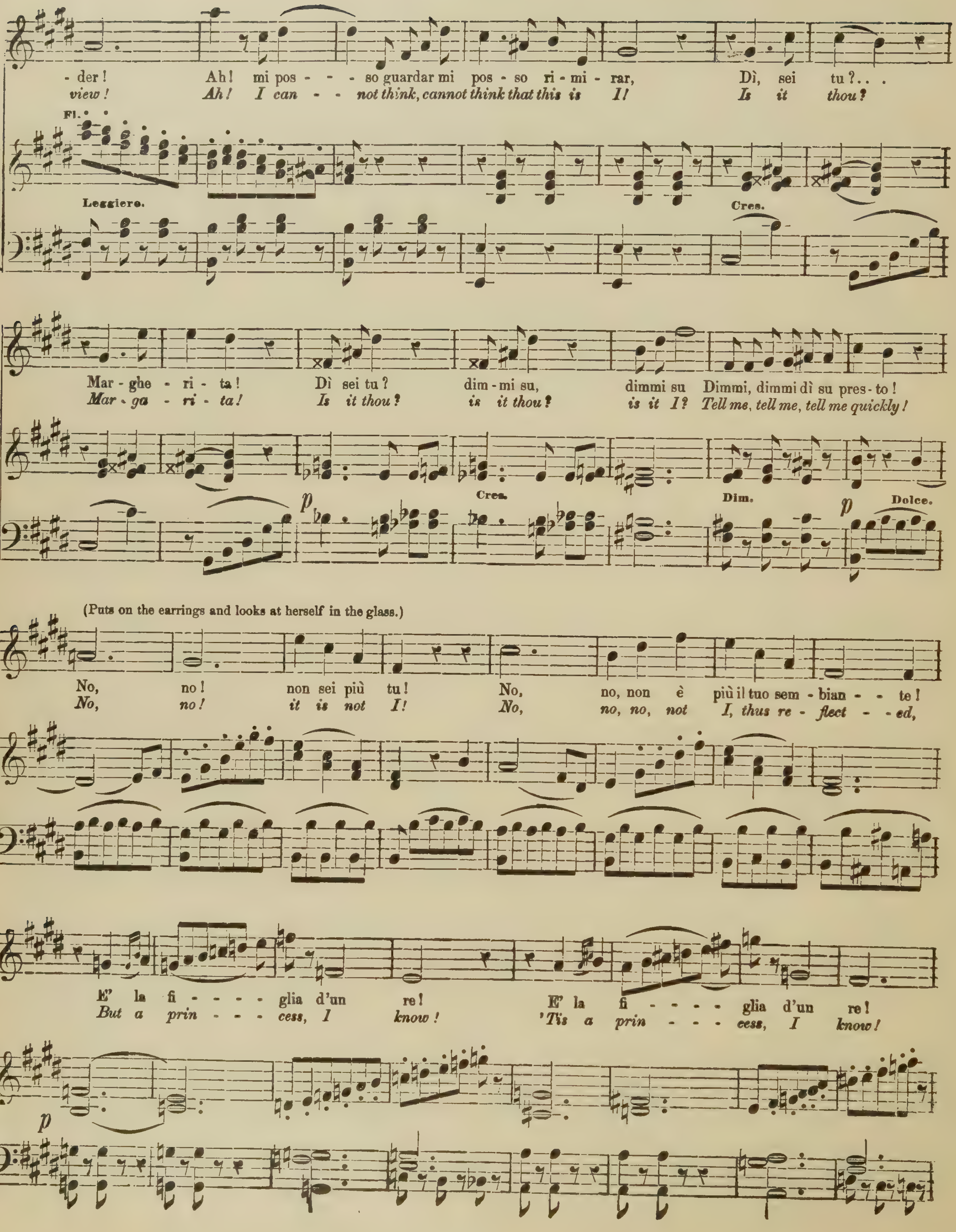

(Resuming the song.)
Nes - sun ben gli fu ca-ro tan - to, Nes - sun ben gli fu ca-ro tan - to, E quante
Nev - er treas - ure prized he so dear - ly, Nev - er treas - ure prized he so dear - ly, Nought else would
volte ai più bei dì, ... Il fi - do rè se ne ser - vì, ... Sen - tì bagnar gli occhi di
use on fes - tive days, .. And alway when he drank from it, ... His eyes with tears would be o'er
pian - - - to!
- flow - - - ing!
Fl. & Ob.
Quan - do senti si pres - so l'a - vel, Al nap - po d'or la ma - no ste - - se,
When he knew that death was near, As he lay on his cold couch, smil - - ing,

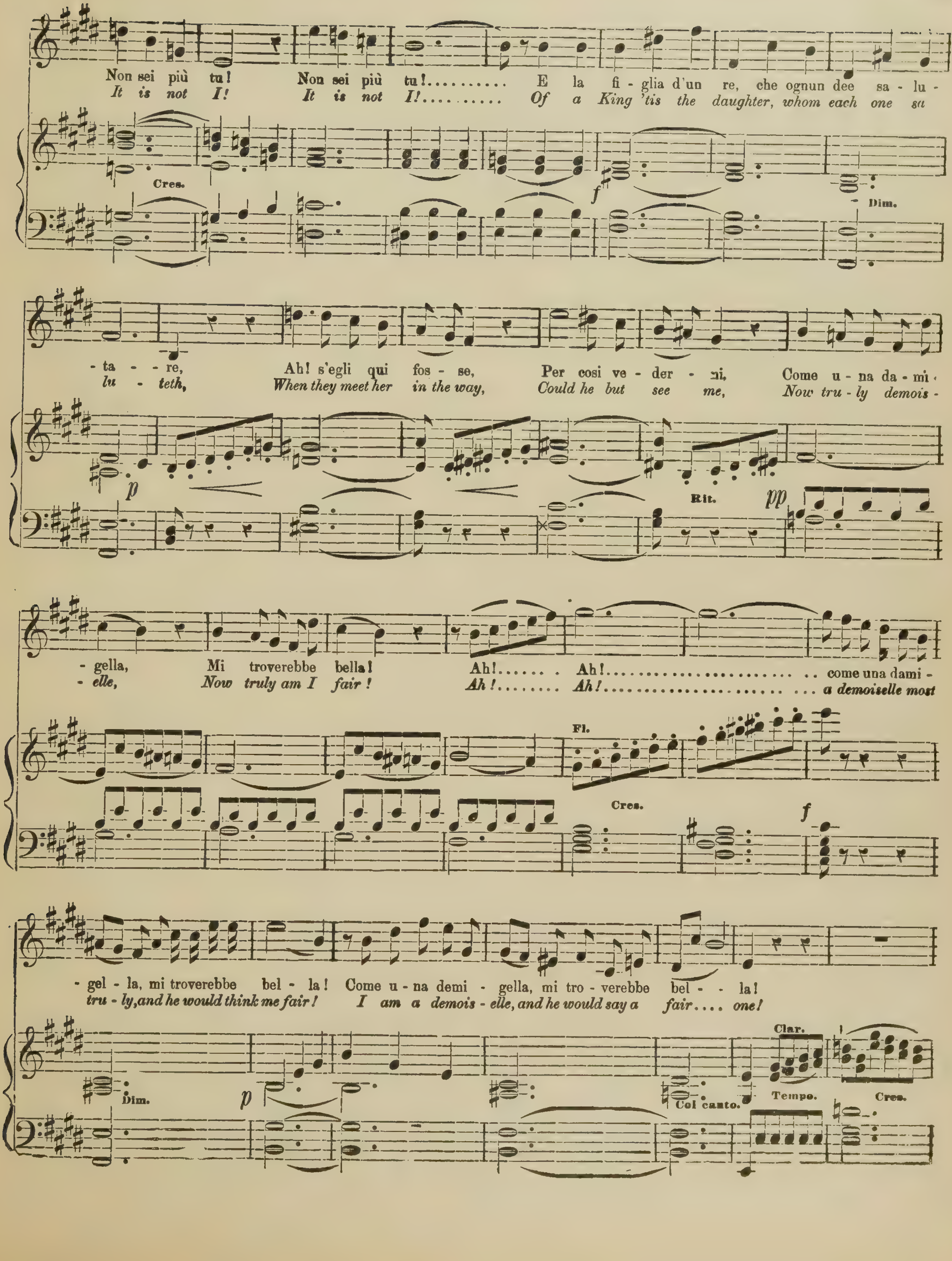

In sov - ve - nir di lei la pres - se, Sino a mor - te a leì fe - del.......
Once mo! e he raised, with great - est ef - fort, To his lips.... the gold - en vase, ...
f
pp
Andante.
(Stopping and speaking to herself.)
Io non sa - pea che dir, Ed ar - ro - sii al - lor!
I knew not what to say,— My face with blushes red!
(Resuming the song.)
Pos - cia in o - nor della sua
And then, in her praise and her
1o. Tempo.
da - ma, Pos - cia in on - or della sua da - ma, L'ulti - ma vol - ta beve il re,....
hon - or; And when, he to hon - or his la - dy, Drank from the cup the last, last time, ..
Rit.
Piu Lento.
Il nappo allor gli ca - de al piè;.. L'alma va al ciel che a se lo chia - - - ma!
Soon it fell from his tremb - ling grasp, And gent-ly passed his soul a - way. ....
p
pp
Fl.
Carni.

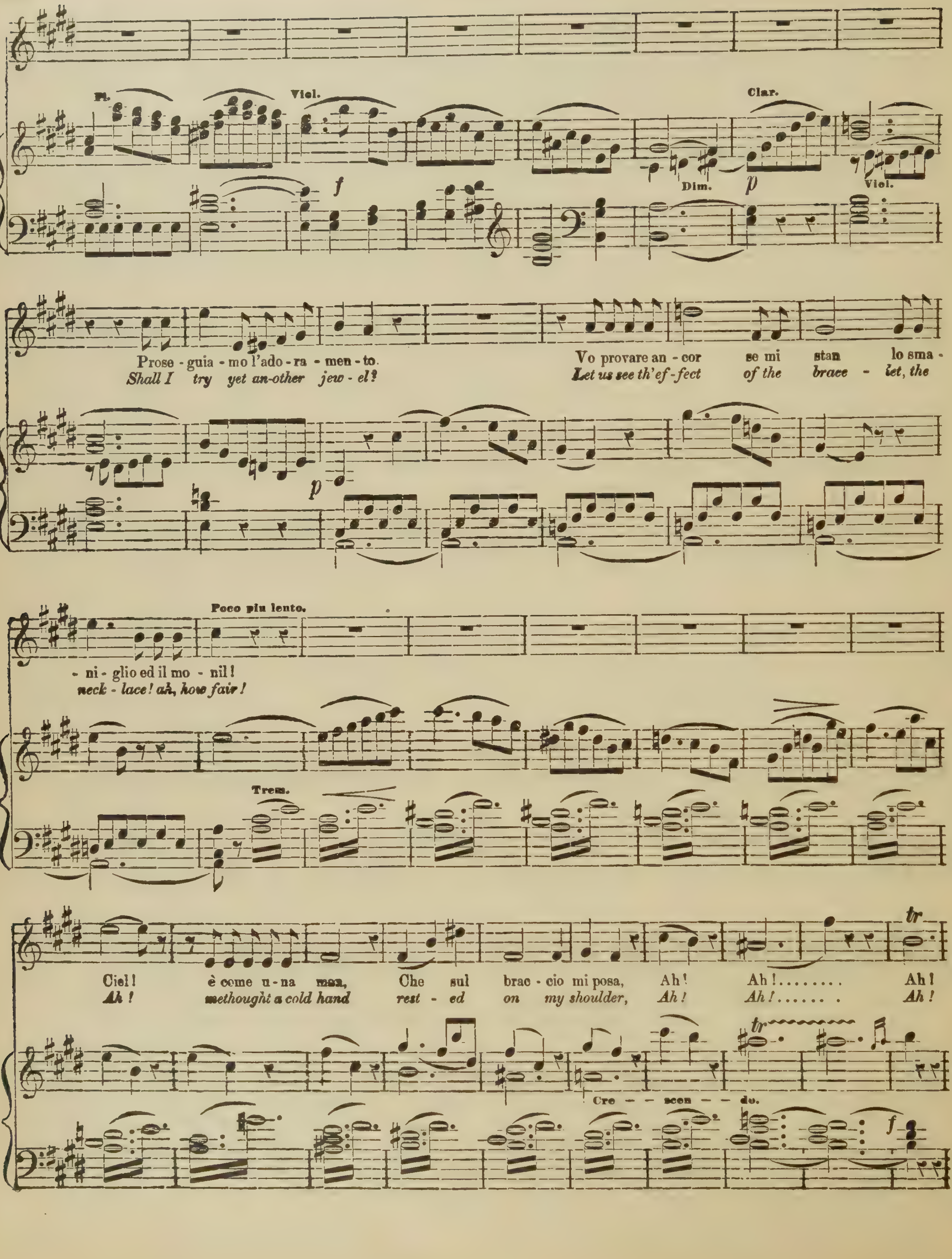

I gran signo - ri sol han quell' altero andar. E il parlar lusingier!
'Tis but a lord who has so brave a mien, So tender all the while!
Viol. Moderato.
Dolce.
Cres.
Ped.
Andante.
Or via, non si pen - siam! Buon Valen - tin! Se il ciel m'as - col - ta, an-cor ti ve -
No more, 'tis i - dle dreaming;— Dear Valen - tine! May Heaven bless thee and bring thee home a-
Dim.
Dim.
Andantino.
(Seeing the flowers.)
Recit.
- drò!...... Ma son quà so - la, so - - la! Ques - ti fior.— son di
- gain!..... I am left here so lone - ly! Ah! flow'rs left there, no
Fl. & Clar.
Siebel al certo! Com'e gentil! Che veggo là? Onde quel ricco scrigno può venir?
doubt, by Siebel, Poor faithful boy! But what is this? And by whom can the casket have been left?
Ob. & Fag.
Cres.

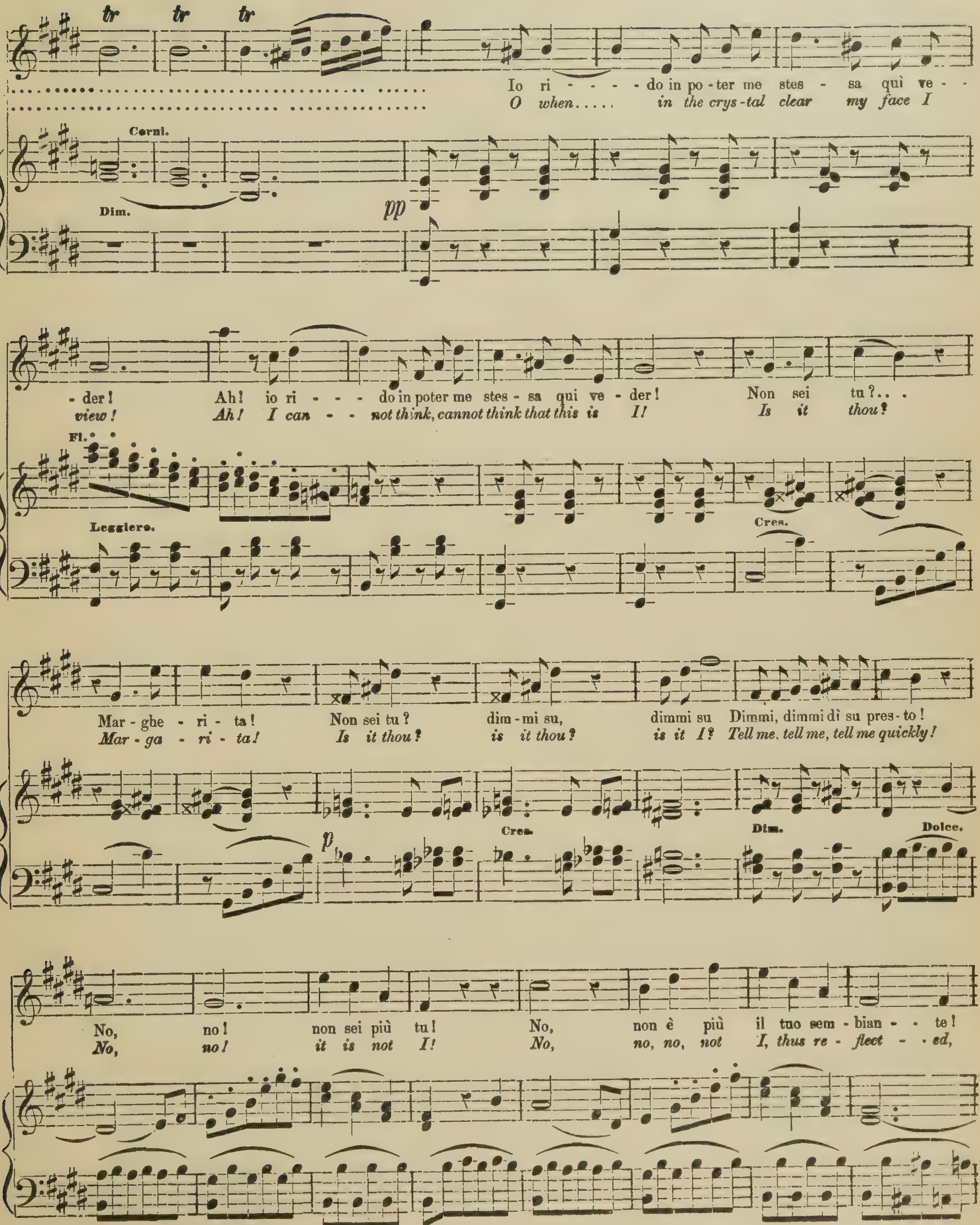

Non l'oso toc-car,....
I dare not touch it!
Mi chi sa! la chiave è la mi par!
Tho' the key is laid be - side it.
Lo deggio a - prir?
What is with - in?
la man tre - ma! Per - chè? Ap-pren-do-lo non fo al - cun ma - le mi pa - re!
will it op - en? Why not? I may op - en, at least, since to look will harm no one!
(Opens casket.)
Cres.
The Bijou Song.
O ciel! quanti gioiel! è un sogno incantator e mentitor, oppur son desta? Non vidi in vita mi - a richezza egual a
O Heav'n! what brilliant gems, With their magical glare deceive my eyes, Can they be real? O never in my sleep did I dream of aught so
f
f
f
f
(Puts down the casket, and kneels down to adorn herself with the jewels.)
Allegro non Troppo.
questa!
love - ly!
p
Cres.
f
Dim.
p

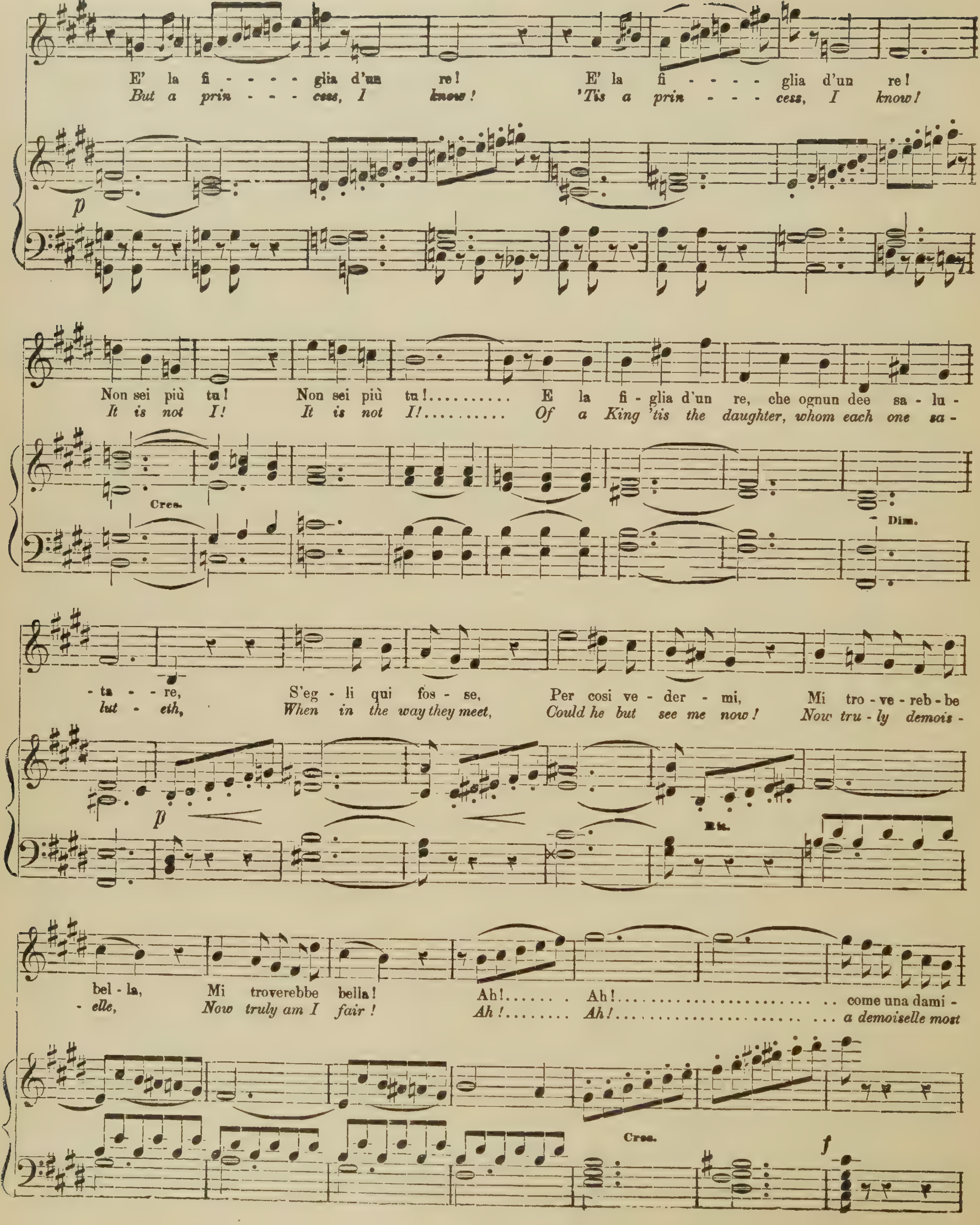

Non v'è alcun come far! posso al - men at - tac - car, questi begli o - rec - chi - ni!
If I dar'd for a mo - ment but to try these ear - rings so splen - did!
Fl.
Viol.
Cres.
Ah! v'è qui bell' e pronto in fondo al casset - ti - no un cri - stal! Per poter mirarmi in esso? Vana - rella sono a
Ah! and here by a chance at the botton of the casket is a glass! Who could resist it longer? Who could, could resist it
f
f
pp
Allegretto. (♩ = 50.)
des - so?
lon - ger?
Viol.
Leggiero.
Fl. & Clar.
Cre - - - - - - scen - - - - - do.
tr tr tr tr
Ah!..
e' stra - - no po - ter il vi - so suo ve -
Ah!.
oh when.... in the crystal clear my face I
Corno.
f
pp
Dim.

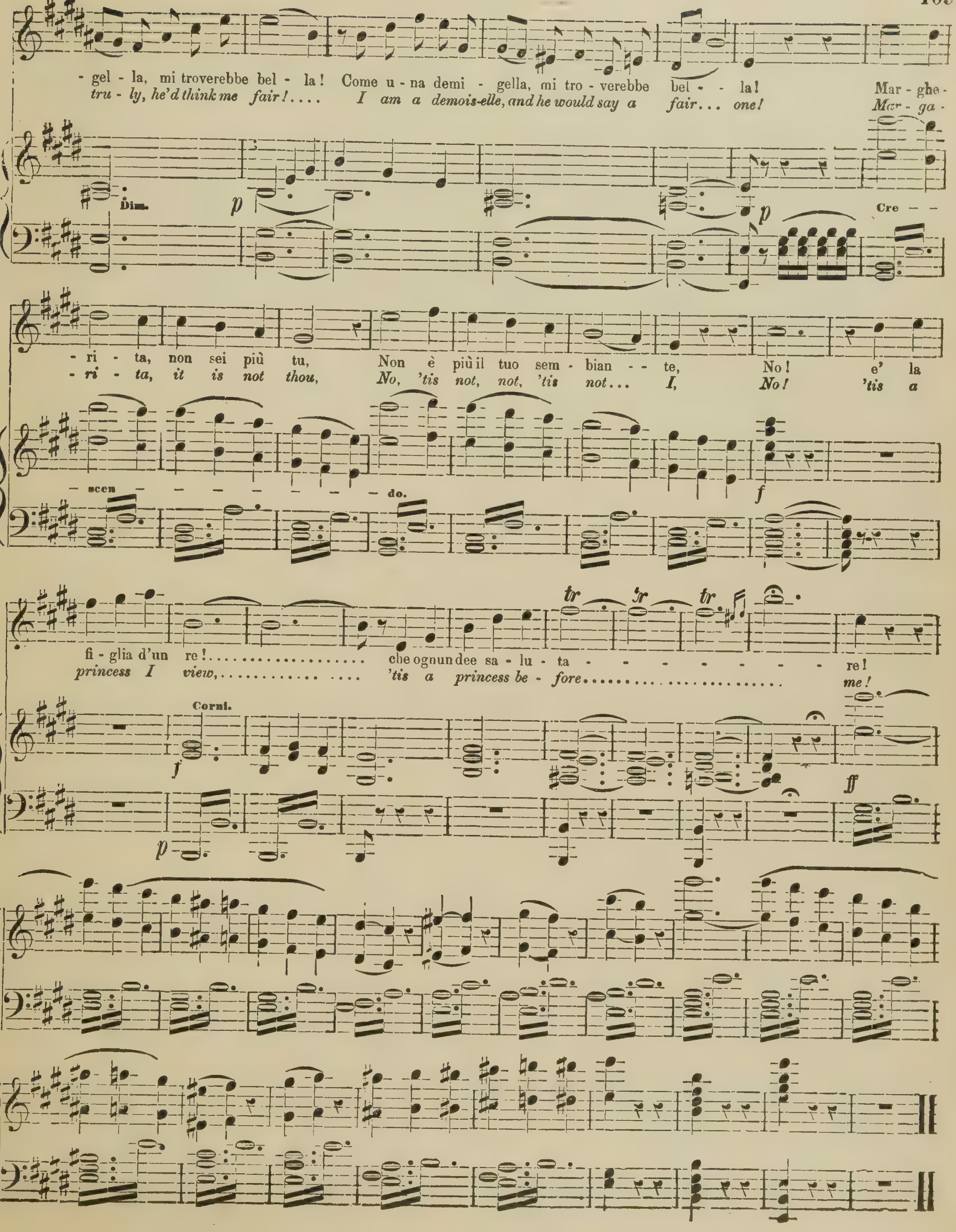

-der! Ah! mi pos- - -so guardar mi pos-so ri-mi-rar, Dì, sei tu?...
view! Ah! I can- - not think, cannot think that this is I! Is it thou?
Fl.
Leggiero.
Cres.
Mar-ghe-ri-ta! Dì sei tu? dim-mi su, dimmi su Dimmi, dimmi dì su pres-to!
Mar-ga-ri-ta! Is it thou? is it thou? is it I? Tell me, tell me, tell me quickly!
p
Cres.
Dim.
p
Dolce.
(Puts on the earrings and looks at herself in the glass.)
No, no! non sei più tu! No, no, non è più il tuo sem-bian- - te!
No, no! it is not I! No, no, no, not I, thus re-flect- - ed,
E' la fi- - - -glia d'un re! E' la fi- - - -glia d'un re!
But a prin- - - cess, I know! 'Tis a prin- - - cess, I know!
p


Non sei più tu! Non sei più tu!.......... E la fi - glia d'un re, che ognun dee sa - lu -
It is not I! It is not I!.......... Of a King 'tis the daughter, whom each one sa
Cres.
Dim.
- ta - - re, Ah! s'egli qui fos - se, Per così ve - der - mi, Come u - na da - mi -
lu - teth, When they meet her in the way, Could he but see me, Now tru - ly demois -
Rit.
- gella, Mi troverebbe bella! Ah!...... Ah!.................... come una dami -
- elle, Now truly am I fair! Ah!........ Ah!.................... a demoiselle most
Fl.
Cres.
- gel - la, mi troverebbe bel - la! Come u - na demi - gella, mi tro - verebbe bel - - la!
tru - ly, and he would think me fair! I am a demois - elle, and he would say a fair.... one!
Dim.
Clar.
Col canto.
Tempo.
Cres.

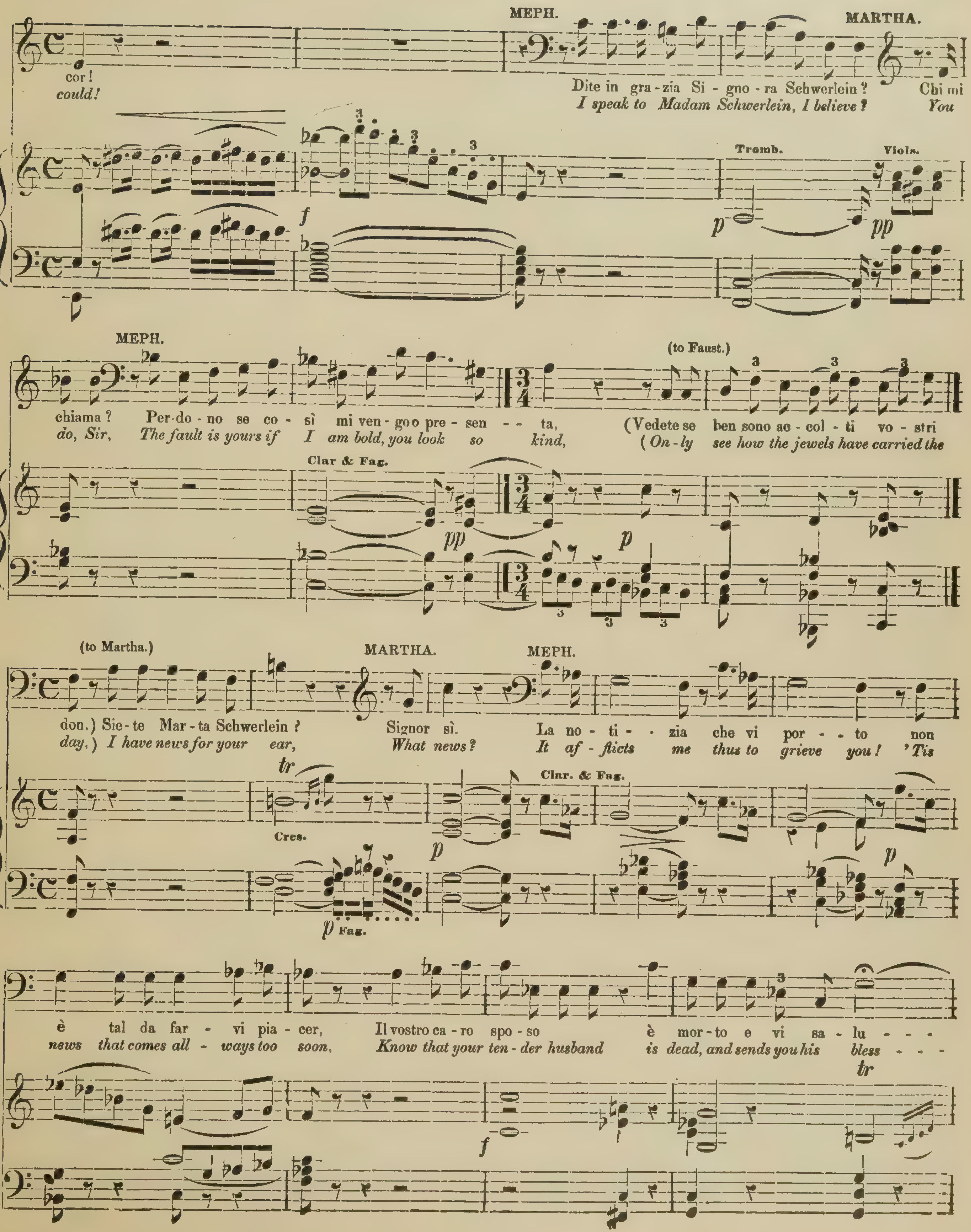

Fl.
Viol.
Clar.
f
Dim.
p
Viol.
Prose - guia - mo l'ado - ra - men - to.
Shall I try yet an-other jew - el?
Vo provare an - cor se mi stan lo sma -
Let us see th'ef - fect of the brace - let, the
p
- ni - glio ed il mo - nil!
neck - lace! ah, how fair!
Poco piu lento.
Trem.
Ciel! è come u - na man, Che sul brac - cio mi posa, Ah! Ah!........ Ah!
Ah! methought a cold hand rest - ed on my shoulder, Ah! Ah!....... Ah!
tr
Cre - - scen - - do.
f


tr
tr
tr
Io ri - - - - do in po - ter me stes - sa quì ve - -
O when..... in the crys - tal clear my face I
Corni.
Dim.
pp
- der! Ah! io ri - - - do in poter me stes - sa qui ve - der! Non sei tu?...
view! Ah! I can - - not think, cannot think that this is I! Is it thou?
Fl.
Leggiero.
Cres.
Mar - ghe - ri - ta! Non sei tu? dim - mi su, dimmi su Dimmi, dimmi dì su pres - to!
Mar - ga - ri - ta! Is it thou? is it thou? is it I? Tell me, tell me, tell me quickly!
p
Cres.
Dim.
Dolce.
No, no! non sei più tu! No, non è più il tuo sem - bian - - te!
No, no! it is not I! No, no, no, not I, thus re - flect - - ed,

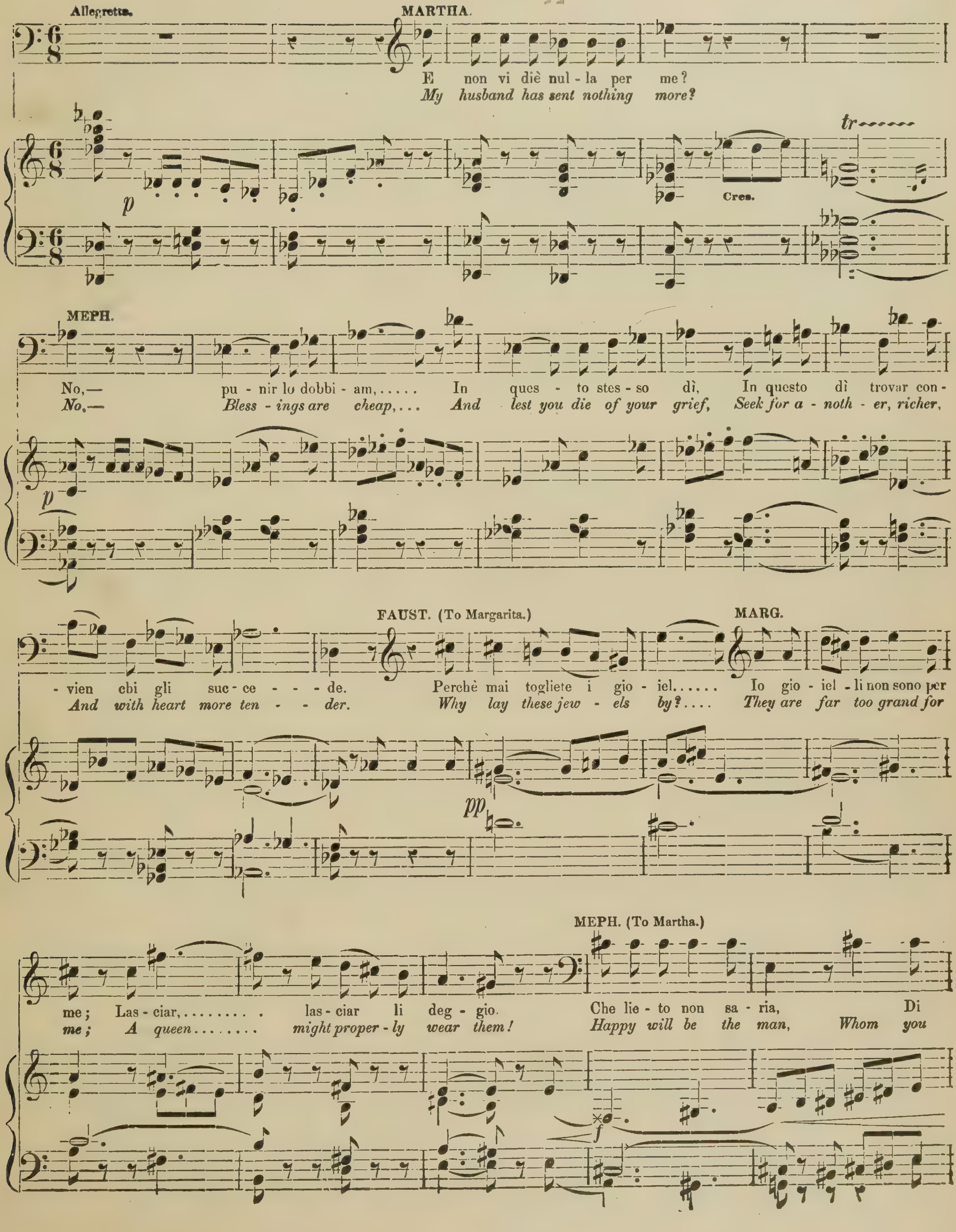

E' la fi - - - - glia d'un re! E' la fi - - - - glia d'un re!
But a prin - - - cess, I know! 'Tis a prin - - - cess, I know!
p
Non sei più tu! Non sei più tu!.......... E la fi - glia d'un re, che ognun dee sa - lu -
It is not I! It is not I!.......... Of a King 'tis the daughter, whom each one sa -
Cres.
Dim.
- ta - re, S'eg - li qui fos - se, Per così ve - der - mi, Mi tro - ve - reb - be
lut - eth, When in the way they meet, Could he but see me now! Now tru - ly demois -
p
Rit.
bel - la, Mi troverebbe bella! Ah!...... Ah!.......................... come una dami -
- elle, Now truly am I fair! Ah!........ Ah!.......................... a demoiselle most
Cres.
f

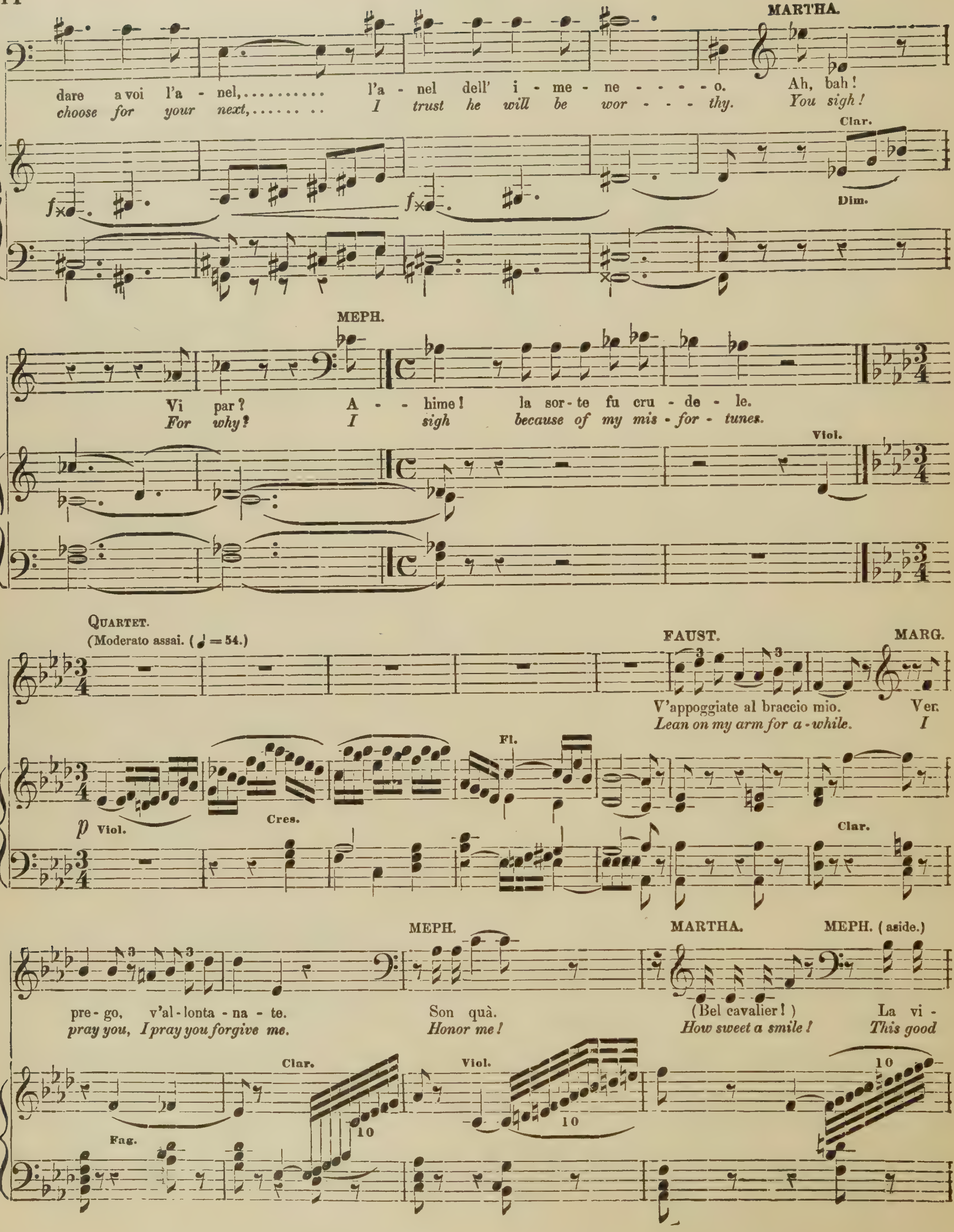

- gel - la, mi troverebbe bel - la! Come u - na demi - gella, mi tro - verebbe bel - - la! Mar - ghe -
tru - ly, he'd think me fair! . . . . I am a demois-elle, and he would say a fair . . . one! Mar - ga -
Dim.
p
p
Cre -
- ri - ta, non sei più tu, Non è più il tuo sem - bian - - te, No! e' la
- ri - ta, it is not thou, No, 'tis not, not, 'tis not . . . I, No! 'tis a
- scen - - - - - - - do.
f
fi - glia d'un re! . . . . che ognun dee sa - lu - ta - - - - - - - - re!
princess I view, ... 'tis a princess be - fore . . . . me!
Corni.
f
p
tr
ff

No. 10. Scena and Quartet.

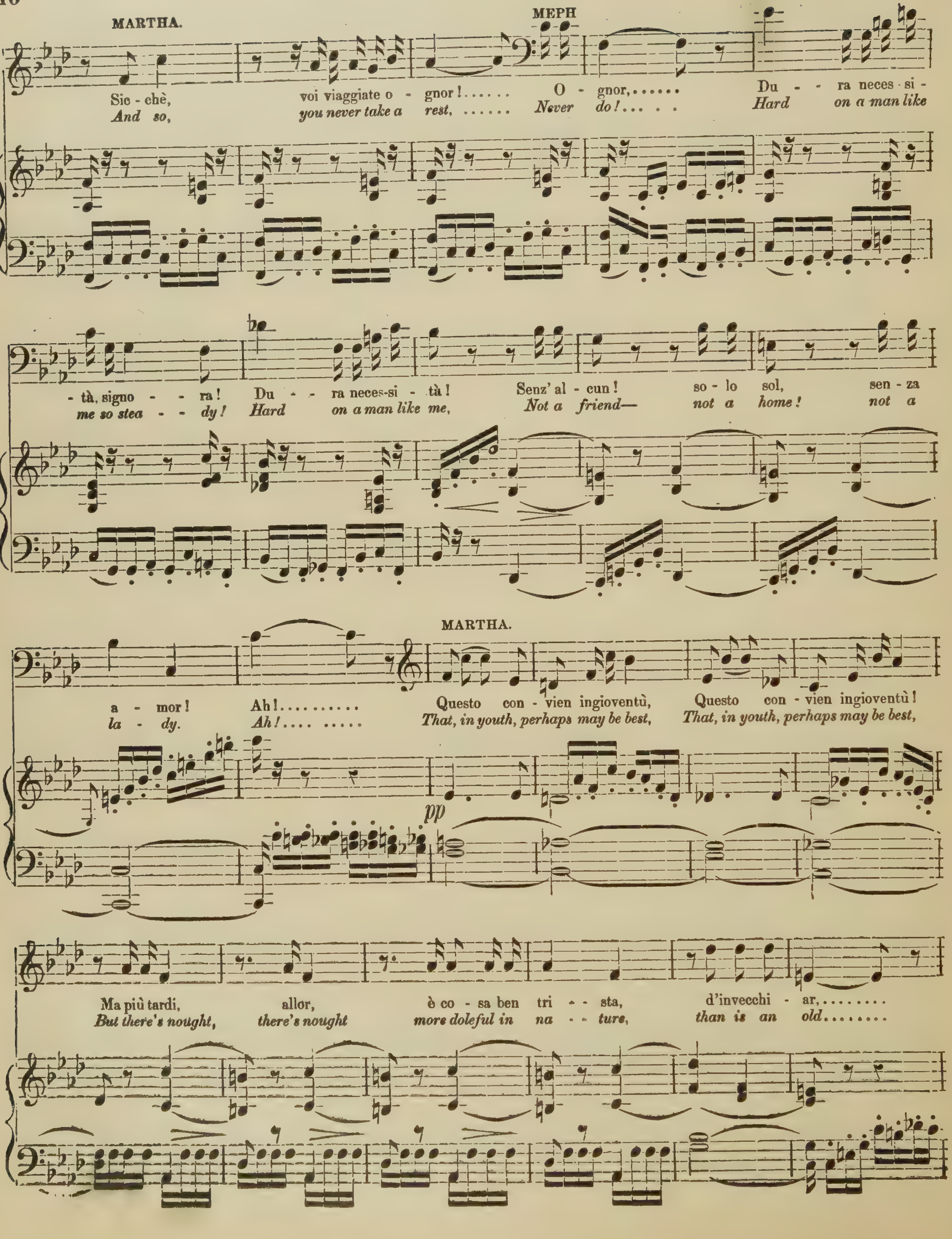

MEPH.
MARTHA.
cor!
could!
Dite in gra - zia Si - gno - ra Schwerlein? Chi mi
I speak to Madam Schwerlein, I believe? You
Tromb.
Viols.
MEPH.
(to Faust.)
chiama? Per-do - no se co - sì mi ven - go o pre - sen - - ta, (Vedete se ben sono ac - col - ti vo - stri
do, Sir, The fault is yours if I am bold, you look so kind, (On - ly see how the jewels have carried the
Clar & Fag.
(to Martha.)
MARTHA.
MEPH.
don.) Sie - te Mar - ta Schwerlein? Signor sì. La no - ti - - zia che vi por - - to non
day,) I have news for your ear, What news? It af - flicts me thus to grieve you! 'Tis
Clar. & Fag.
Cres.
Fag.
è tal da far - vi pia - cer, Il vostro ca - ro spo - so è mor - to e vi sa - lu - - -
news that comes all - ways too soon. Know that your ten - der husband is dead, and sends you his bless - - -

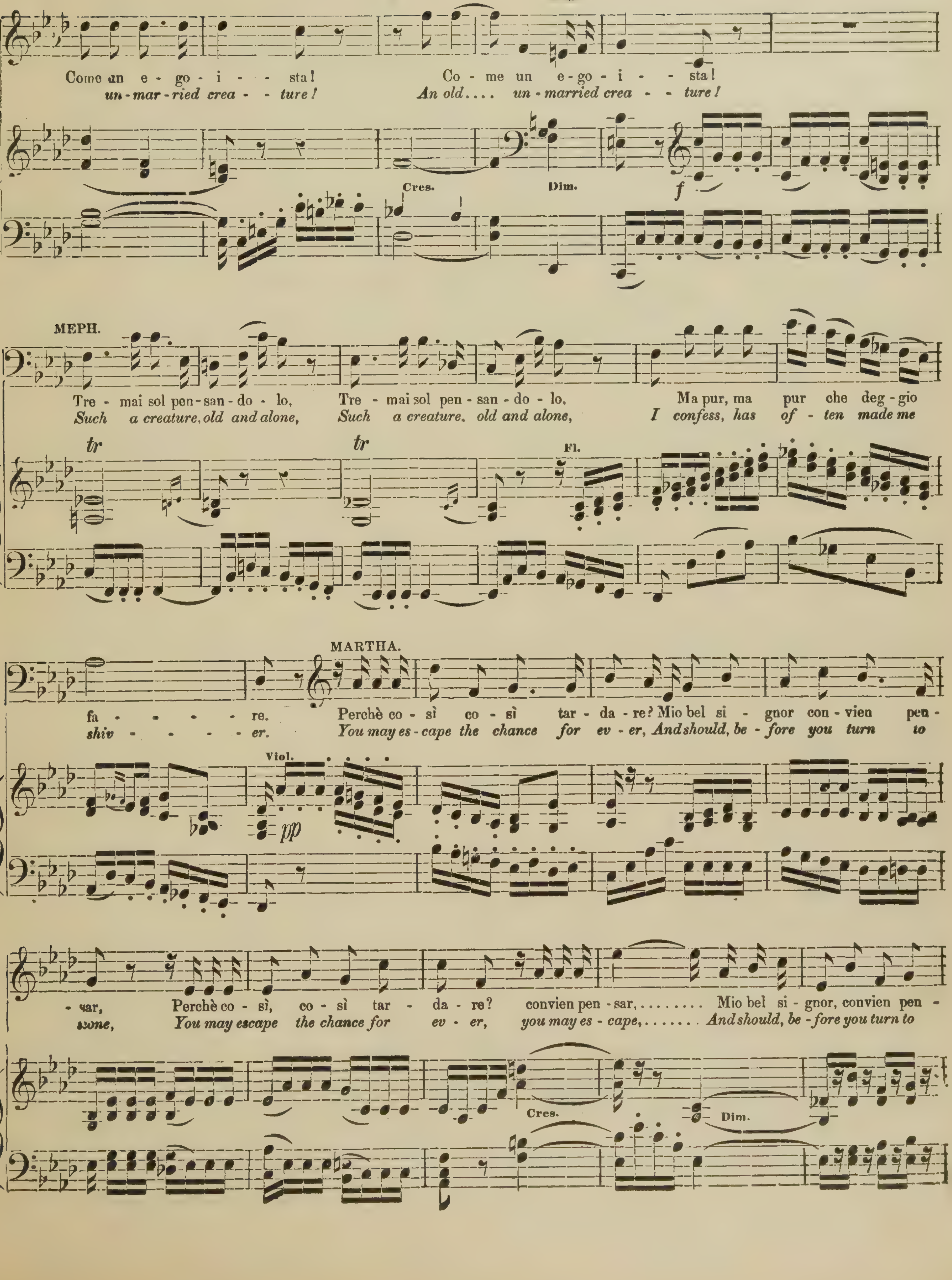
MARTHA.
MARG.
MEPH.
-ta Gius-to ciel! Che mai fu! Bah!
-ing. Ah! great Heav'n! What is this? Nought!
ff
pp
MARGHERITA.
Sento il
Ah! my
MARTHA.
O.... .. cal-am-i-tà! O nuova impreve-du-ta!
O...... distressing news! O distress past ex-pressing!
FAUST.
La
What
p
pp
cor che mi bat-te or ch' eglie a me ... vi-ci-----no!
heart, how it trem-bles With delight past.. re-press----ing!
feb-bre del de--sir, sparisce a lei vi-ci---------no!
joy to meet her eyes, half a-fraid, half ca-ress-------ing!
MEPH.
Il vos--tro ama-to spo-so è mor--to e vi sa-lu-ta!
Know that your ten-der husband is dead,...... .. and sends his bless-ing.
ff
6/8

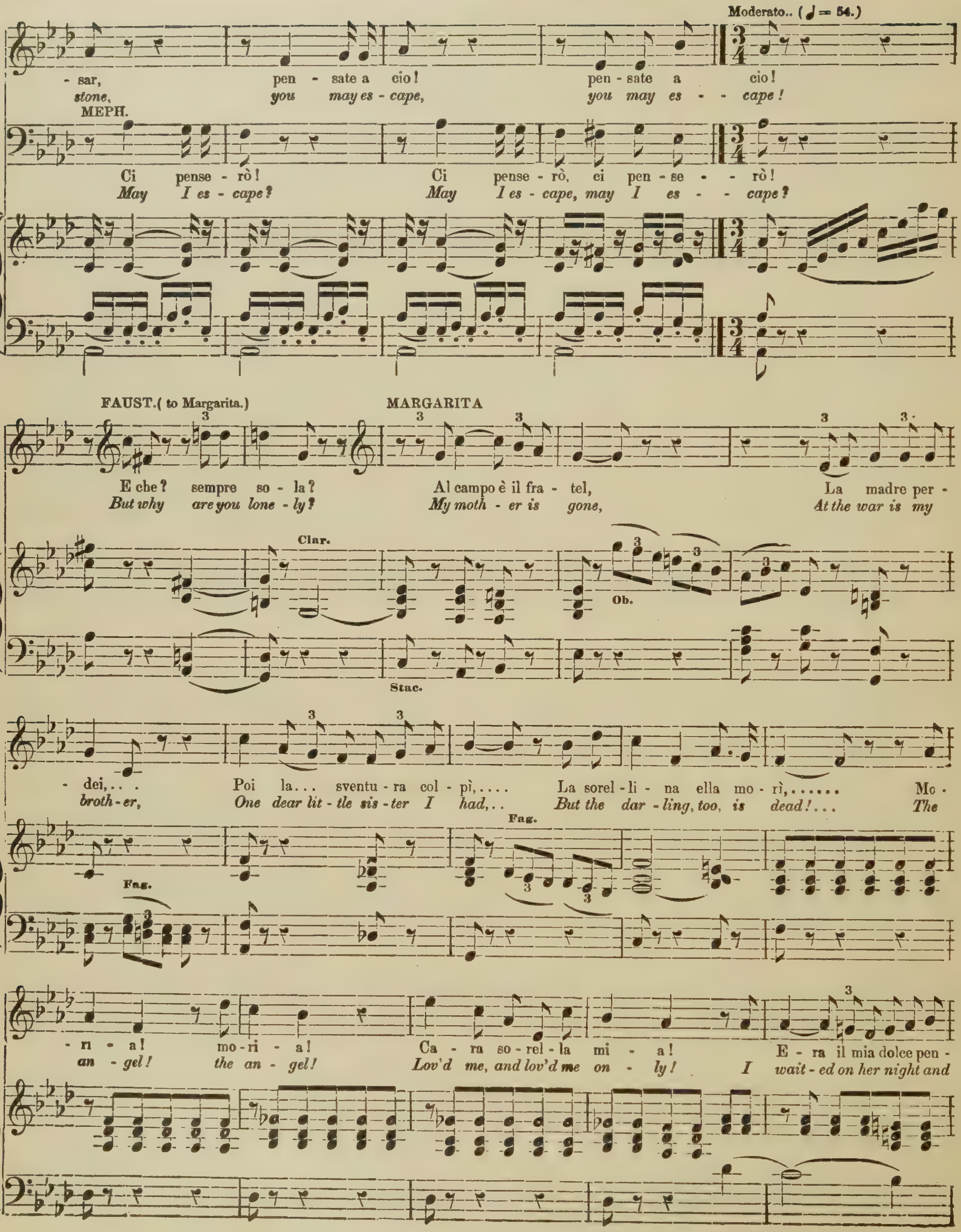

Allegretto.
MARTHA.
E non vi diè nul - la per me?
My husband has sent nothing more?
p
Cres.
tr
MEPH.
No,— pu - nir lo dobbi - am, ... In ques - to stes - so dì, In questo dì trovar con -
No,— Bless - ings are cheap, . . . And lest you die of your grief, Seek for a - noth - er, richer,
p
- vien chi gli suc - ce - - - de.
And with heart more ten - - der.
FAUST. (To Margarita.)
Perchè mai togliete i gio - iel. . . . .
Why lay these jew - els by? . . . .
MARG.
Io gio - iel - li non sono per
They are far too grand for
pp
me; Las - ciar, ... las - ciar li deg - gio.
me; A queen . . . . might proper - ly wear them!
MEPH. (To Martha.)
Che lie - to non sa - ria, Di
Happy will be the man, Whom you
f

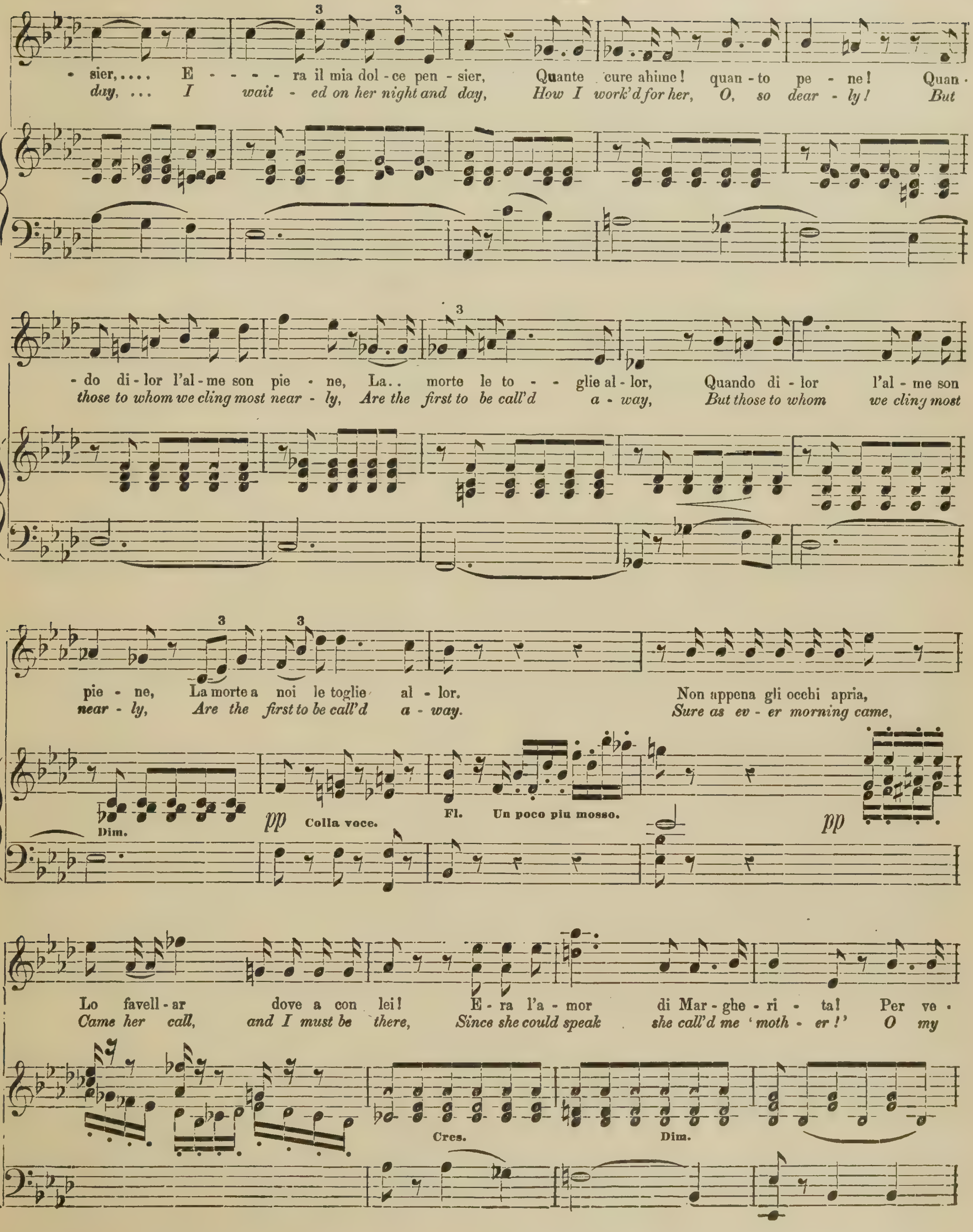

MARTHA.
dare a voi l'a - nel,.......... l'a - nel dell' i - me - ne - - - - o. Ah, bah!
choose for your next,....... I trust he will be wor - - - thy. You sigh!
Clar.
Dim.
MEPH.
Vi par? A - hime! la sor - te fu cru - de - le.
For why? I sigh because of my mis - for - tunes.
Viol.
QUARTET.
(Moderato assai. (♩ = 54.)
FAUST.
MARG.
V'appoggiate al braccio mio. Ver.
Lean on my arm for a - while. I
p Viol.
Cres.
Fl.
Clar.
pre - go, v'al - lonta - na - te.
pray you, I pray you forgive me.
MEPH.
Son quà.
Honor me!
MARTHA.
(Bel cavalier!)
How sweet a smile!
MEPH. (aside.)
La vi -
This good
Clar.
Viol.
Fag.

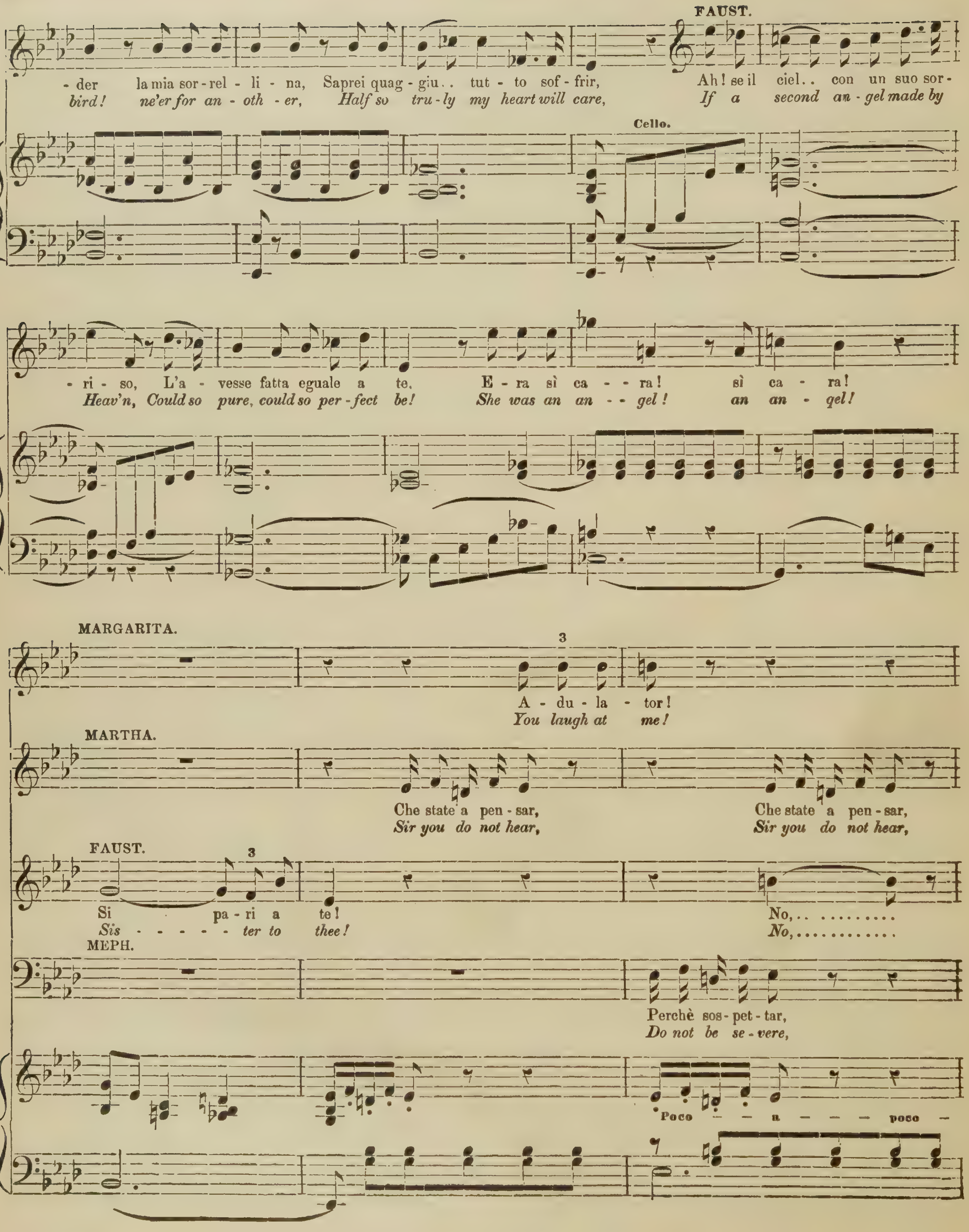
MARGARITA.
Ven prego e scon - giu - ro, Ven............ prego e scon -
Pray you sir for - give me, Pray... ...... you sir ··· for -
MARTHA.
Che bel - la fi - gu - ra, Che bella fi - gu - ra!
Pray you do not leave me, Pray you do not leave me!
FAUST.
Al - ma dolce e pu - ra, Al - ma dolce e
Pray you to for - give me, Pray you to for -
MEPH.
- cina è un po matu - ra, La vi - cina è un po ma - tu - ra! El - la è già ma - tu - ra, Ella è già ma - tu - ra, e ma -
neighbour hopes to steal me, this good neighbour hopes to steal me! Yes, she hopes to steal me, Yes, she hopes to steal me, Yes, to
Clar & Fag.
Cres.
Corno.
- giu - - - - - - - ro!
- give............... me!
Che bella figu - ra!
Pray you do not leave me!
pu - - - - - - - ra!
- give.... .... me!
- tu - - - - - - - ra!
steal me!
Ob.
Allegretto. (♩ = 60.)
Viol.
f
p
Dim.

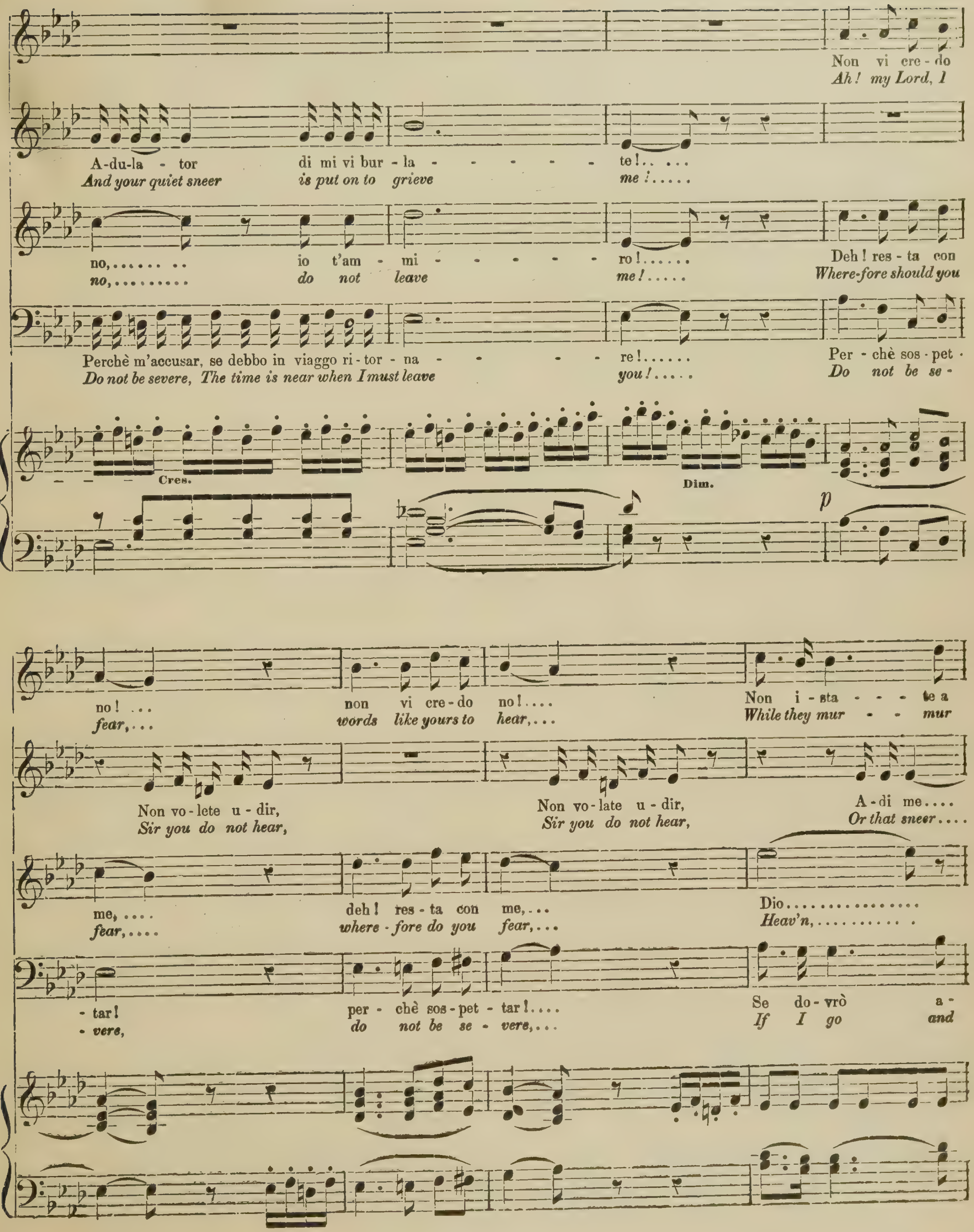

MARTHA.
MEPH
Sic - chè, voi viaggiate o - gnor! ...... O - gnor, ... Du - - ra neces - si -
And so, you never take a rest, ... Never do! ..... Hard on a man like
- tà, signo - - ra! Du - - ra neces-si - tà! Senz' al - cun! so - lo sol, sen - za
me so stea - - dy! Hard on a man like me, Not a friend— not a home! not a
a - mor! Ah! .... Questo con - vien ingioventù, Questo con - vien ingioventù!
la - dy. Ah! .... That, in youth, perhaps may be best, That, in youth, perhaps may be best,
MARTHA.
pp
Ma più tardi, allor, è co - sa ben tri - - sta, d'invecchi - ar, ...
But there's nought, there's nought more doleful in na - - ture, than is an old ....

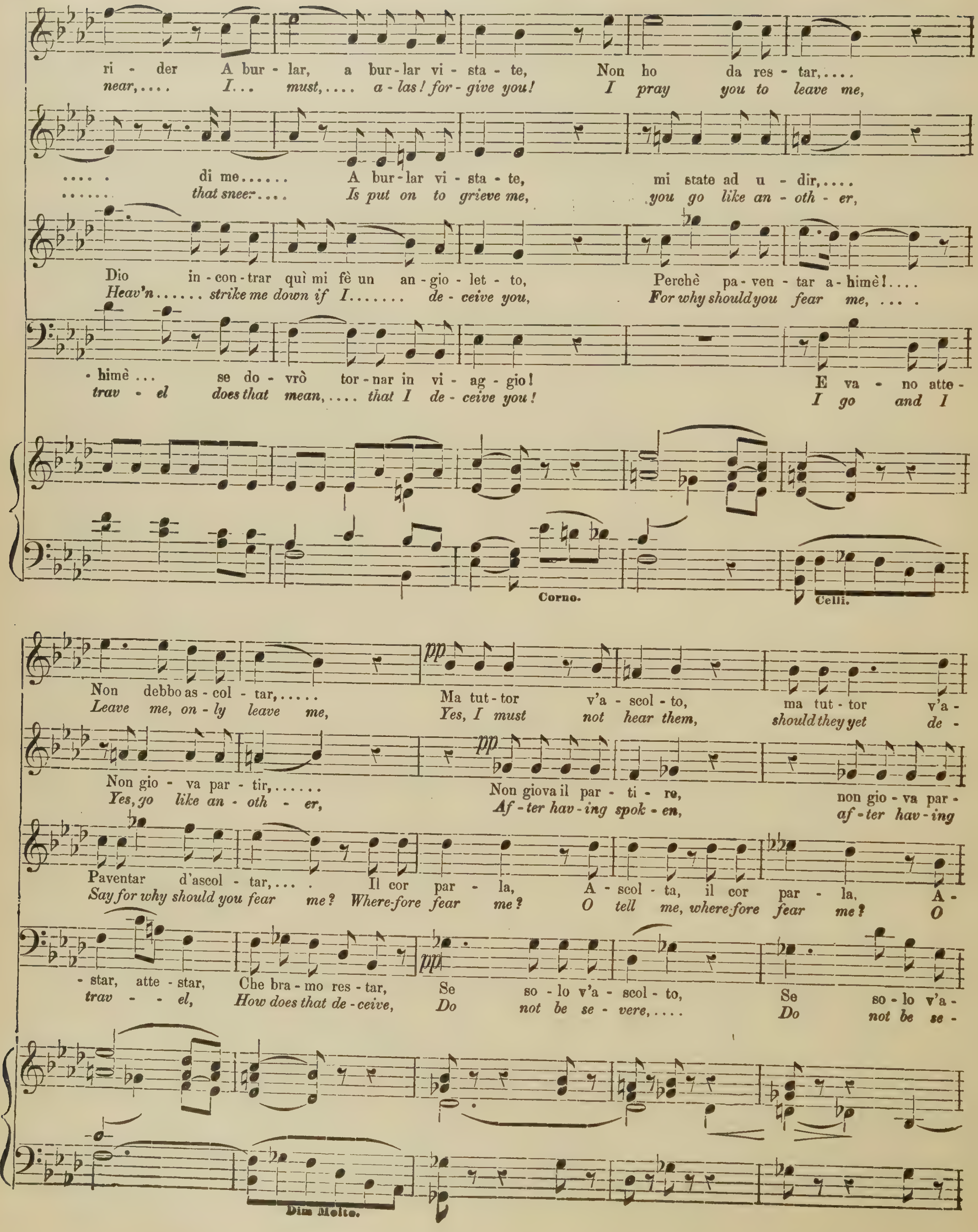

Come un e - go - i - - - sta! Co - me un e - go - i - - - sta!
un - mar - ried crea - - ture! An old.... un - married crea - - ture!
Cres.
Dim.
f
MEPH.
Tre - mai sol pen - san - do - lo, Tre - mai sol pen - san - do - lo, Ma pur, ma pur che deg - gio
Such a creature, old and alone, Such a creature, old and alone, I confess, has of - ten made me
tr
tr
Fl.
MARTHA.
fa - - - - - re. Perchè co - sì co - sì tar - da - re? Mio bel si - gnor con - vien pen -
shiv - - - - - er. You may es - cape the chance for ev - er, And should, be - fore you turn to
Viol.
pp
- sar, Perchè co - sì, co - sì tar - da - re? convien pen - sar,........ Mio bel si - gnor, convien pen -
stone, You may escape the chance for ev - er, you may es - cape,....... And should, be - fore you turn to
Cres.
Dim.

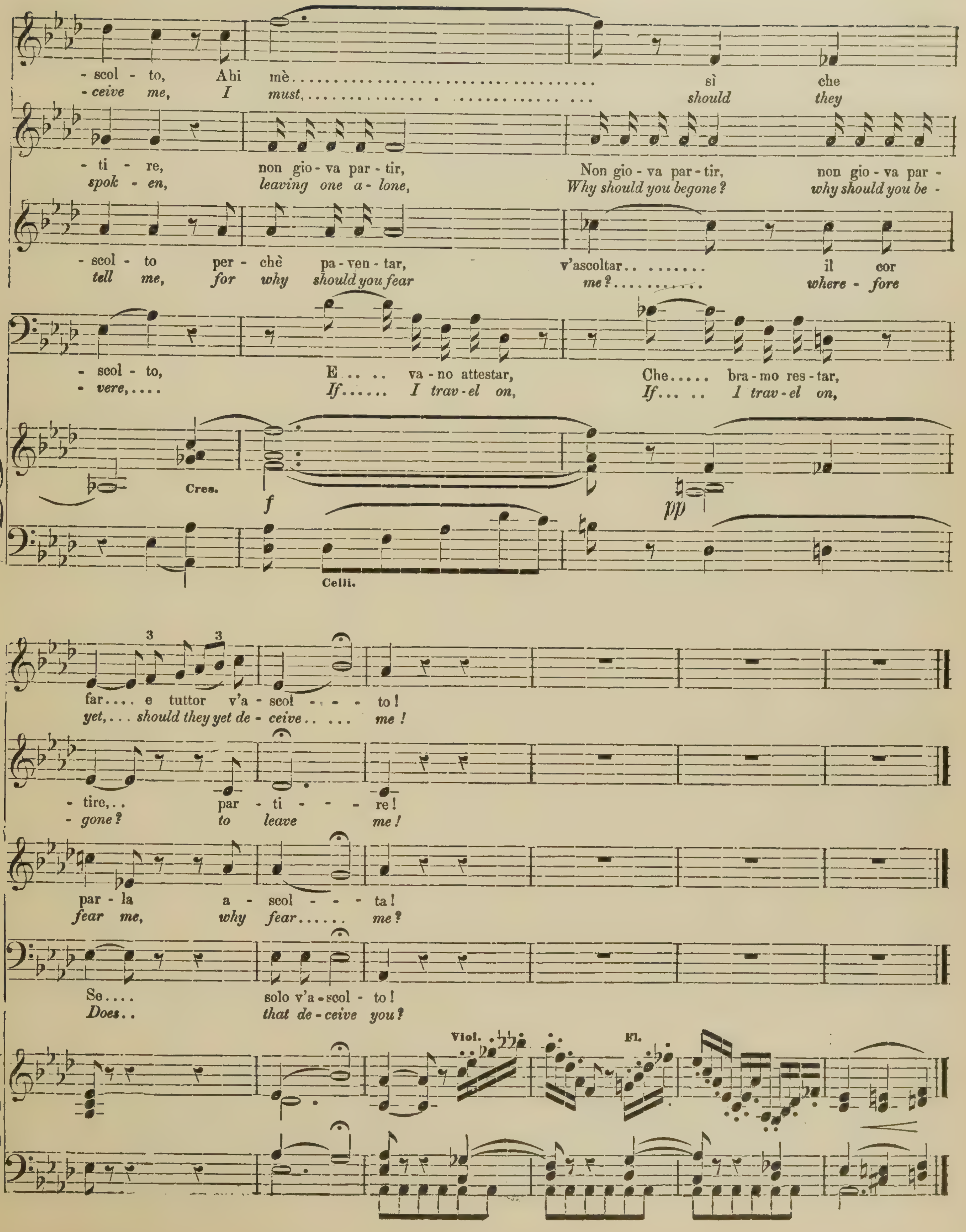

Moderato.. (♩= 54.)
- sar, pen - sate a cio! pen - sate a cio!
stone, you may es - cape, you may es - - cape!
MEPH.
Ci pense - rò! Ci pense - rò, ci pen - se - - rò!
May I es - cape? May I es - cape, may I es - - cape?
FAUST.(to Margarita.)
MARGARITA
E che? sempre so - la? Al campo è il fra - tel, La madre per -
But why are you lone - ly? My moth - er is gone, At the war is my
Clar.
Ob.
Stac.
- dei,... Poi la... sventu - ra col - pì,.... La sorel - li - na ella mo - rì,...... Mo -
broth - er, One dear lit - tle sis - ter I had,.. But the dar - ling, too, is dead!... The
Fag.
Fag.
- ri - a! mo - ri - a! Ca - ra so - rel - la mi - a! E - ra il mia dolce pen -
an - gel! the an - gel! Lov'd me, and lov'd me on - ly! I wait - ed on her night and

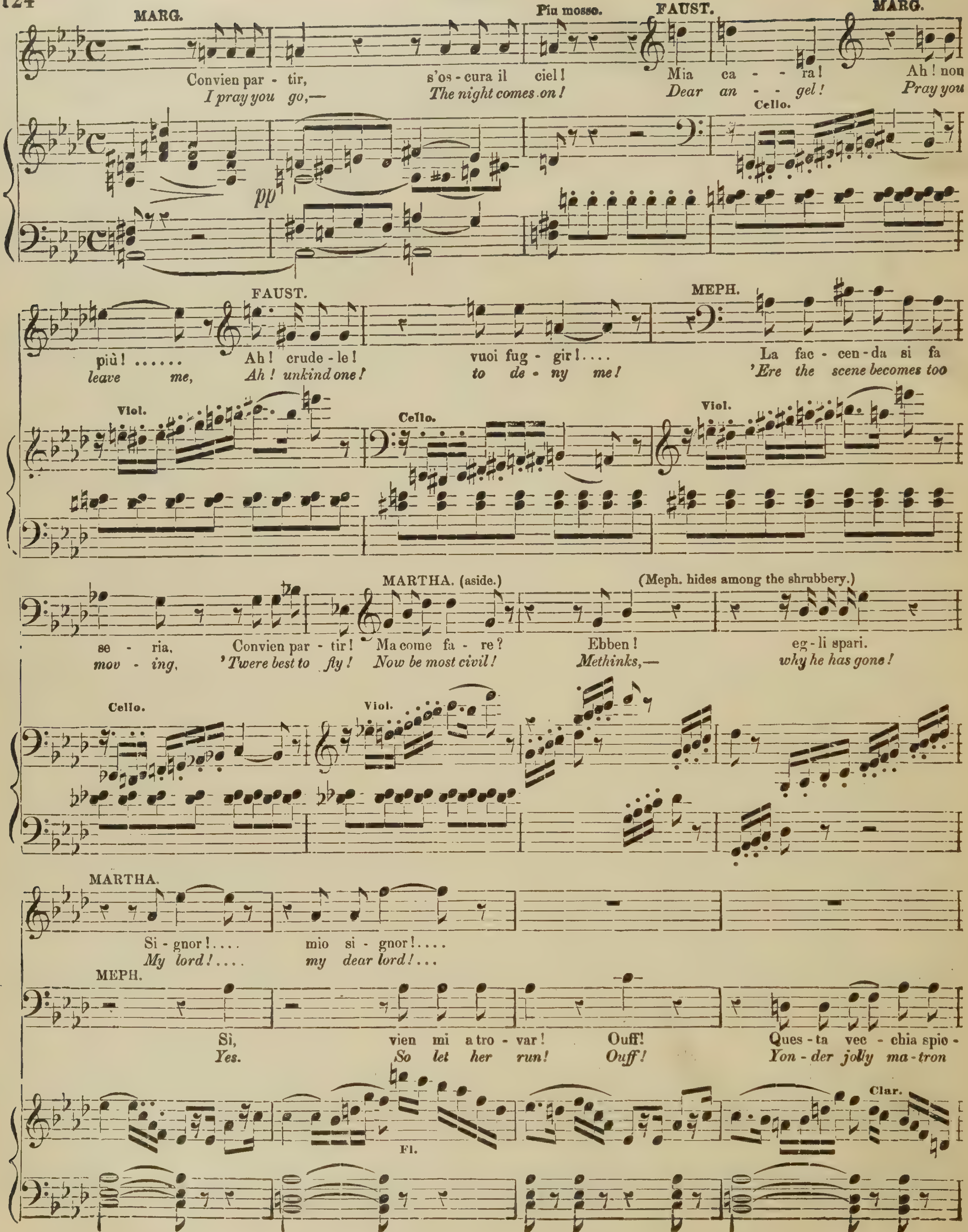

- sier, ... E - - - - ra il mia dol - ce pen - sier, Quante cure ahime! quan - to pe - ne! Quan -
day, . . . I wait - ed on her night and day, How I work'd for her, O, so dear - ly! But
- do di - lor l'al - me son pie - ne, La. . morte le to - - glie al - lor, Quando di - lor l'al - me son
those to whom we cling most near - ly, Are the first to be call'd a - way, But those to whom we cling most
pie - ne, La morte a noi le toglie al - lor. Non appena gli occhi apria,
near - ly, Are the first to be call'd a - way. Sure as ev - er morning came,
Dim.
pp
Colla voce.
Fl.
Un poco piu mosso.
pp
Lo favell - ar dove a con lei! E - ra l'a - mor di Mar - ghe - ri - ta! Per ve -
Came her call, and I must be there, Since she could speak she call'd me 'moth - er!' O my
Cres.
Dim.

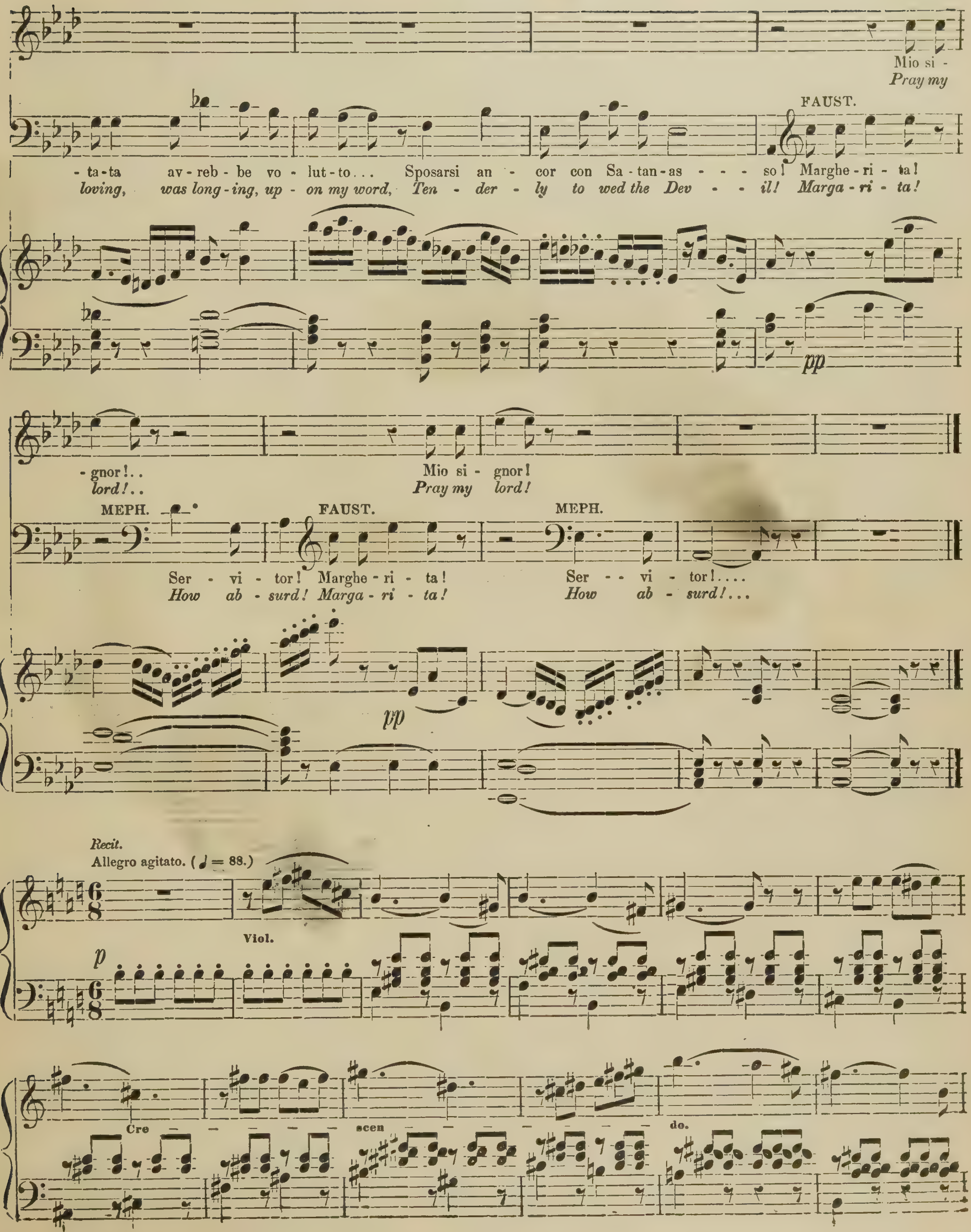

FAUST.
- der la mia sor - rel - li - na, Saprei quag - giu . . tut - to sof - frir, Ah! se il ciel . . con un suo sor -
bird! ne'er for an - oth - er, Half so tru - ly my heart will care, If a second an - gel made by
Cello.
- ri - so, L'a - vesse fatta eguale a te. E - ra sì ca - - ra! sì ca - ra!
Heav'n, Could so pure, could so per - fect be! She was an an - - gel! an an - gel!
MARGARITA.
3
A - du - la - tor!
You laugh at me!
MARTHA.
Che state a pen - sar, Che state a pen - sar,
Sir you do not hear, Sir you do not hear,
FAUST.
3
Si pa - ri a te! No, ...
Sis - - - - - ter to thee! No, ...
MEPH.
Perchè sos - pet - tar,
Do not be se - vere,
Poco - a - poco -


Non vi cre - do
Ah! my Lord, I
A-du-la - tor di mi vi bur - la - - - - - te!.. ...
And your quiet sneer is put on to grieve me!.....
no,....... .. io t'am - mi - - - - - ro!......
no,.......... do not leave me!.....
Deh! res - ta con
Where-fore should you
Perchè m'accusar, se debbo in viaggo ri - tor - na - - - re!......
Do not be severe, The time is near when I must leave you!.....
Per - chè sos - pet -
Do not be se -
Cres.
Dim.
p
no! ... non vi cre - do no!.... Non i - sta - - - te a
fear,... words like yours to hear,... While they mur - - mur
Non vo - lete u - dir, Non vo - late u - dir, A - di me....
Sir you do not hear, Sir you do not hear, Or that sneer....
me,.... deh! res - ta con me,... Dio................
fear,.... where - fore do you fear,... Heav'n,............ .
- tar! per - chè sos - pet - tar!.... Se do - vrò a -
- vere, do not be se - vere,... If I go and

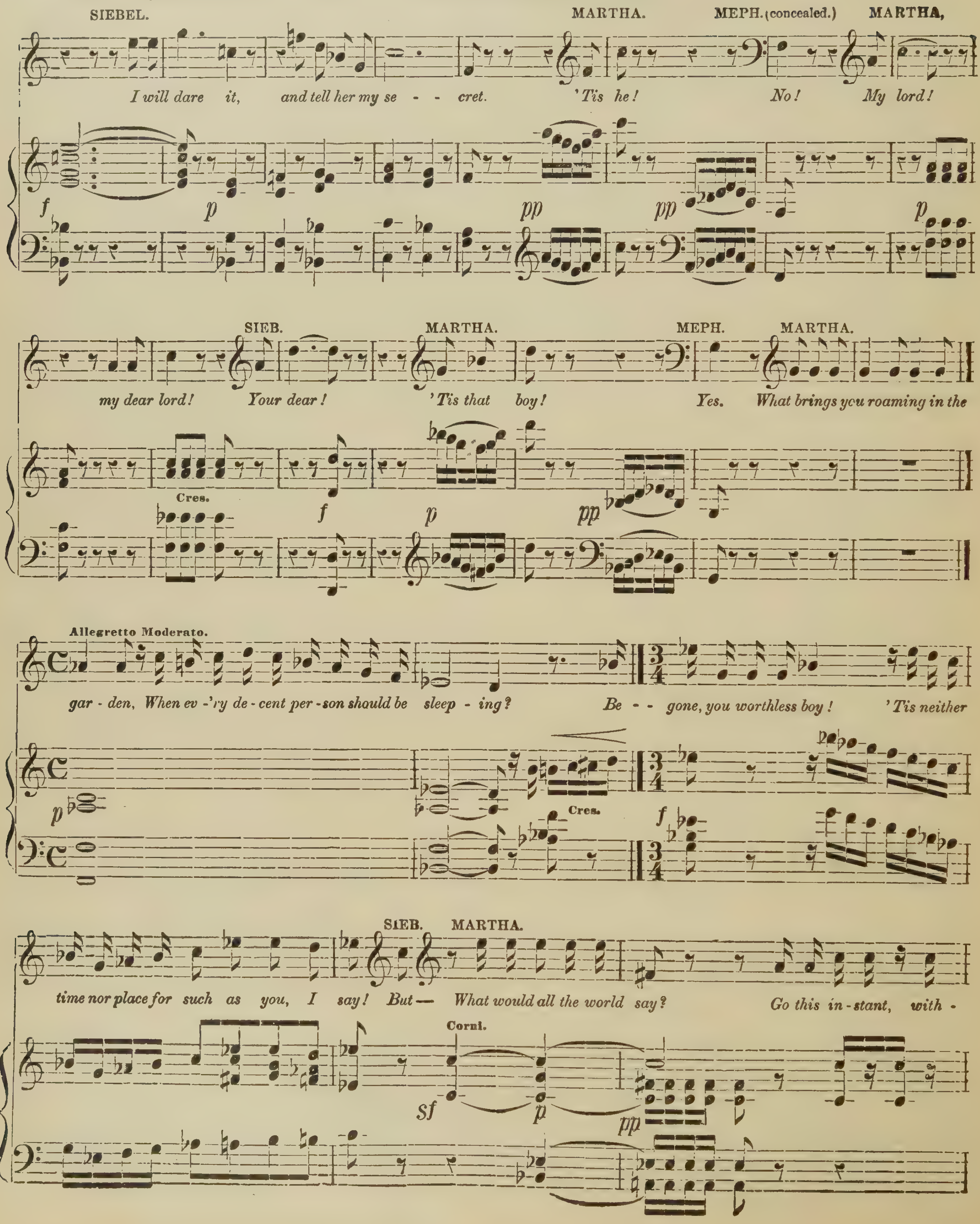

ri - der A bur - lar, a bur - lar vi - sta - te, Non ho da res - tar, ...
near, ... I . . . must, ... a - las! for - give you! I pray you to leave me,
. . . . . di me . . . . . . A bur - lar vi - sta - te, mi state ad u - dir, ...
. . . . . . that sneer . . . . Is put on to grieve me, you go like an - oth - er,
Dio in - con - trar qui mi fè un an - gio - let - to, Perchè pa - ven - tar a - himè! . . . .
Heav'n . . . . . . strike me down if I . . . . de - ceive you, For why should you fear me, ...
- himè . . . se do - vrò tor - nar in vi - ag - gio! E va - no atte -
trav - el does that mean, ... that I de - ceive you! I go and I
Corno.
Celli.
Non debbo as - col - tar, ... Ma tut - tor v'a - scol - to, ma tut - tor v'a -
Leave me, on - ly leave me, Yes, I must not hear them, should they yet de -
Non gio - va par - tir, ... Non giova il par - ti - re, non gio - va par -
Yes, go like an - oth - er, Af - ter hav - ing spok - en, af - ter hav - ing
Paventar d'ascol - tar, ... Il cor par - la, A - scol - ta, il cor par - la, A -
Say for why should you fear me? Where - fore fear me? O tell me, where - fore fear me? O
- star, atte - star, Che bra - mo res - tar, Se so - lo v'a - scol - to, Se so - lo v'a -
trav - - el, How does that de - ceive, Do not be se - vere, ... Do not be se -
pp
Dim Molto.

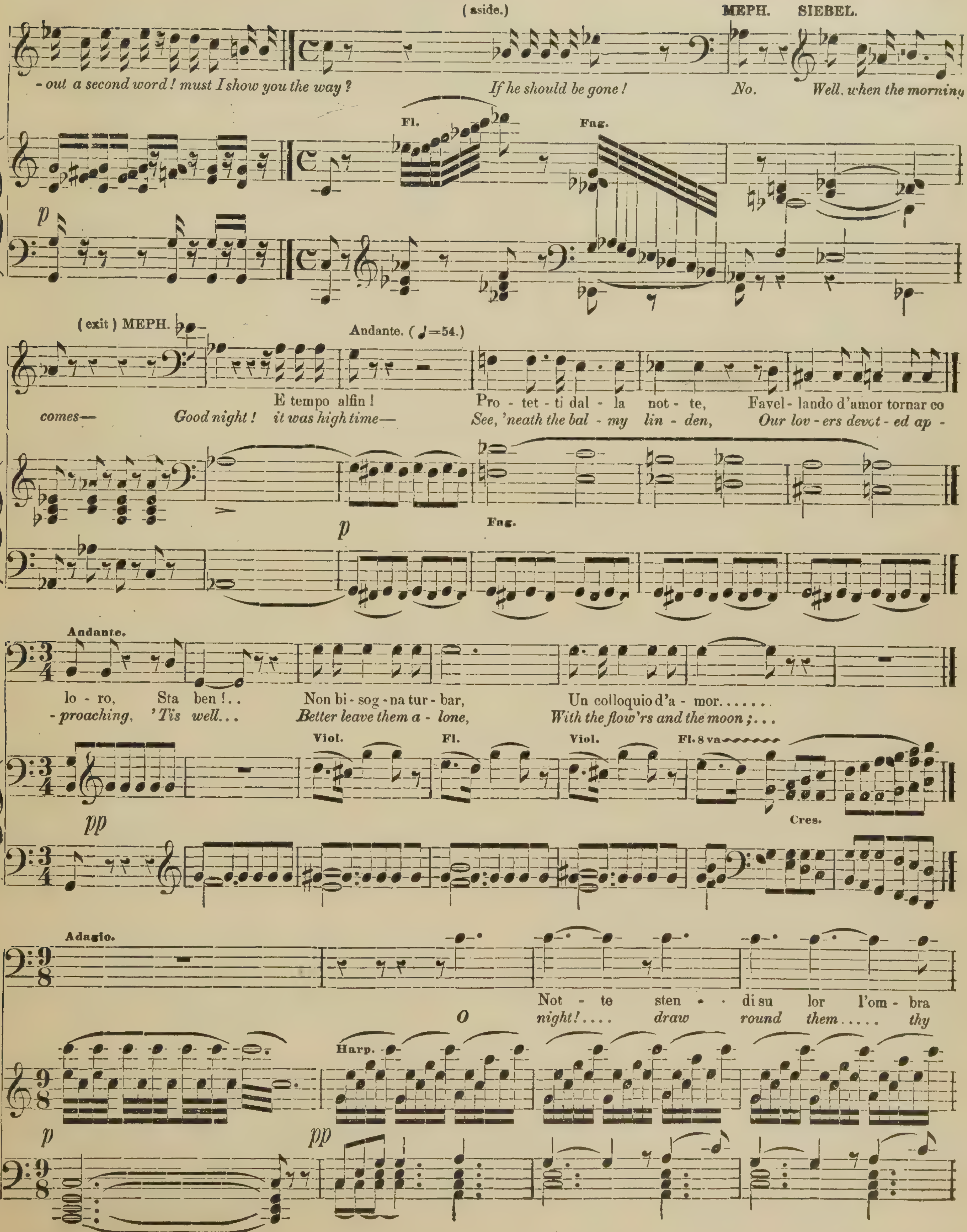

- scol - to, Ahi mè.................................... sì che
- ceive me, I must,.............................. should they
- ti - re, non gio - va par - tir, Non gio - va par - tir, non gio - va par -
spok - en, leaving one a - lone, Why should you begone? why should you be -
- scol - to per - chè pa - ven - tar, v'ascoltar........ il cor
tell me, for why should you fear me?.......... where - fore
- scol - to, E.... va - no attestar, Che..... bra - mo res - tar,
- vere,.... If...... I trav - el on, If..... I trav - el on,
Cres.
f
pp
Celli.
far.... e tuttor v'a - scol - - - to!
yet,... should they yet de - ceive..... me!
- tire,.. par - ti - - - re!
- gone? to leave me!
par - la a - scol - - - ta!
fear me, why fear...... me?
Se.... solo v'a - scol - to!
Does.. that de - ceive you?
Viol.
Fl.

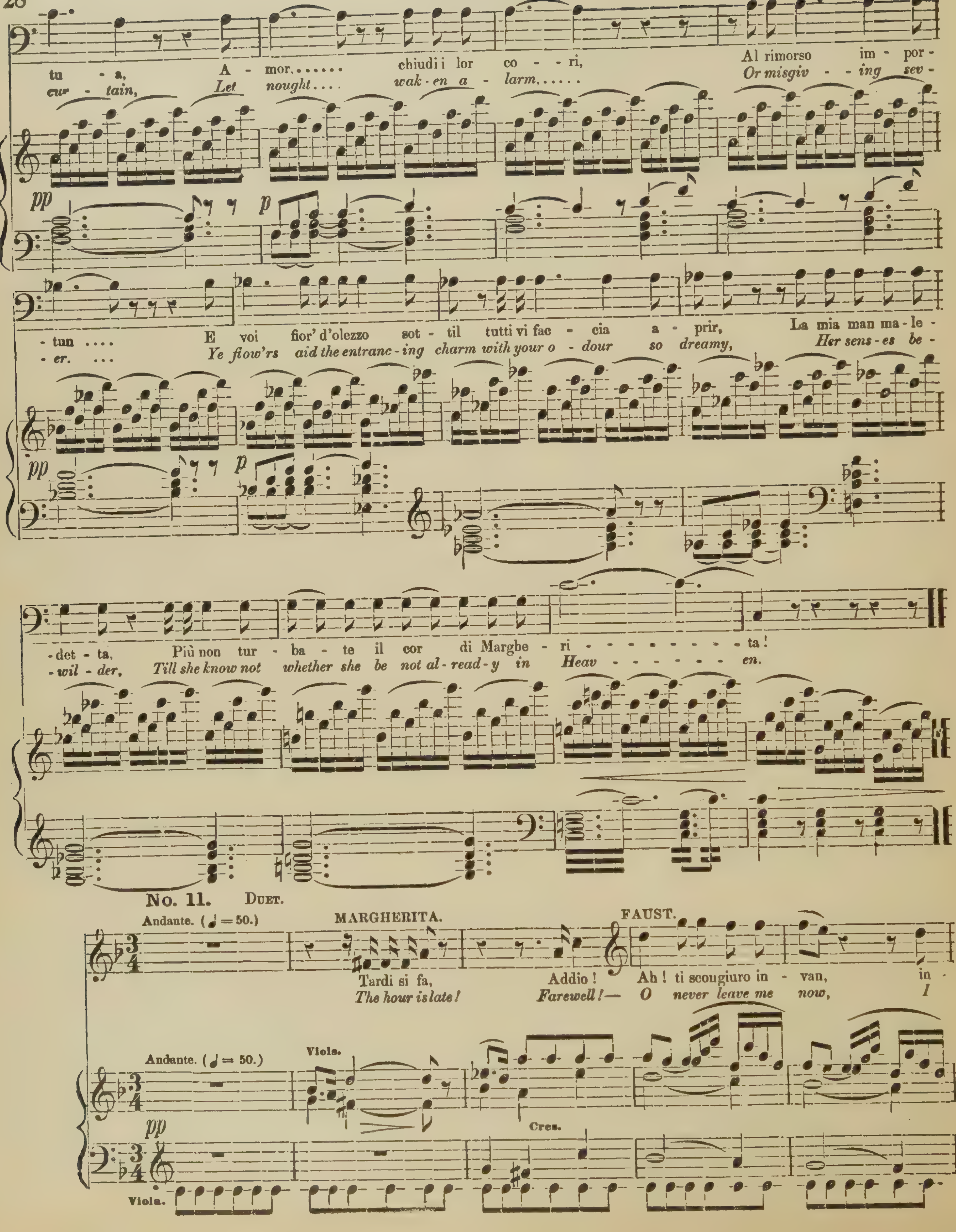

MARG.
Convien par - tir, s'os - cura il ciel!
I pray you go,— The night comes on!
Più mosso.
FAUST.
Mia ca - - ra!
Dear an - - gel!
MARG.
Ah! non più! ......
Pray you leave me,
Cello.
FAUST.
Ah! crude - le! vuoi fug - gir! ....
Ah! unkind one! to de - ny me!
Viol.
Cello.
MEPH.
La fac - cen - da si fa se - ria,
'Ere the scene becomes too mov - ing,
Viol.
Convien par - tir!
'Twere best to fly!
MARTHA. (aside.)
Ma come fa - re?
Now be most civil!
Cello.
Viol.
(Meph. hides among the shrubbery.)
Ebben! eg - li spari.
Methinks,— why he has gone!
MARTHA.
Si - gnor! .... mio si - gnor! ....
My lord! .... my dear lord! ...
MEPH.
Sì, vien mi a tro - var! Ouff! Ques - ta vec - chia spio -
Yes. So let her run! Ouff! Yon - der jolly ma - tron
Fl.
Clar.

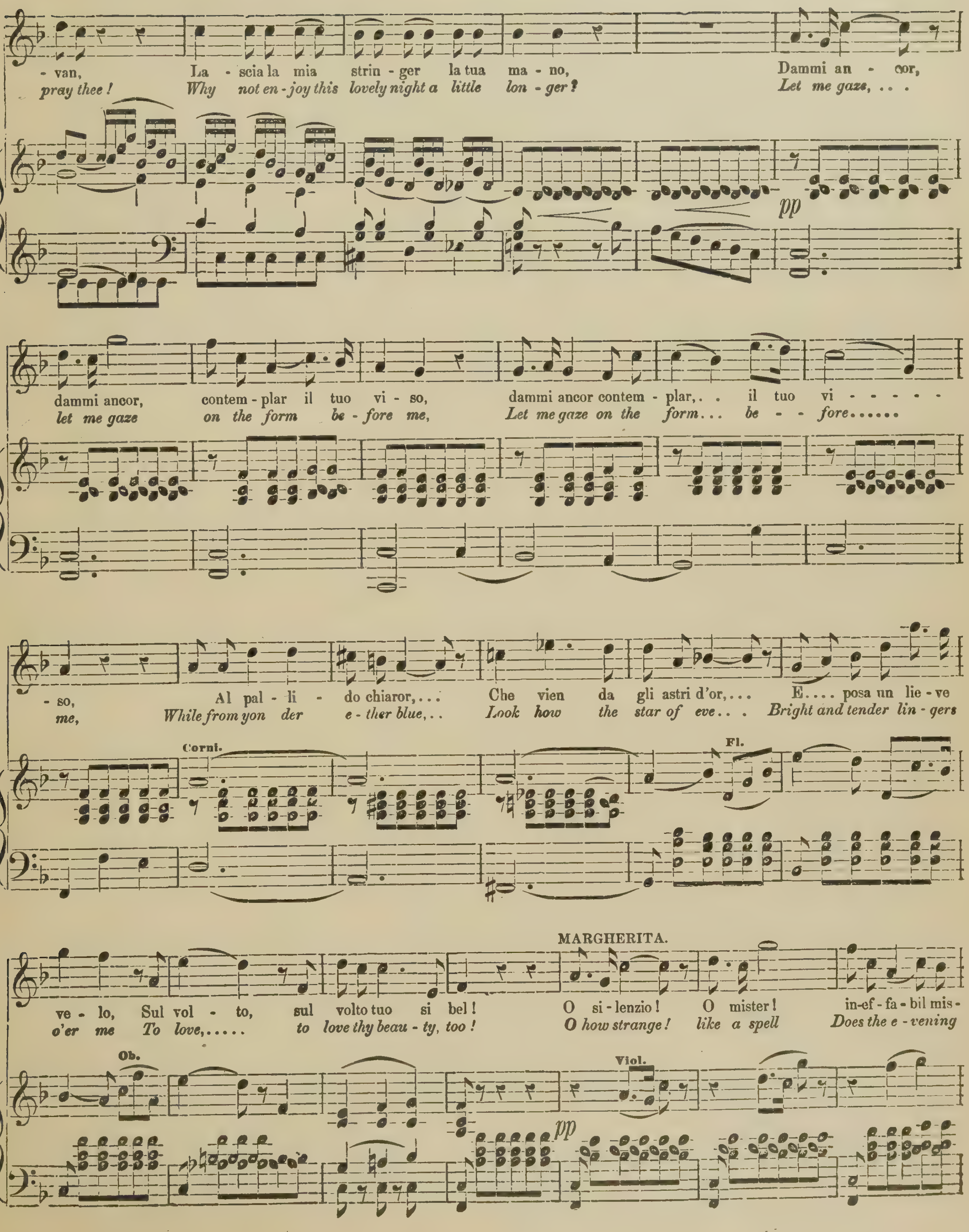

Mio si -
Pray my
FAUST.
- ta-ta av-reb-be vo-lut-to... Sposarsi an - cor con Sa-tan-as - - - so! Marghe-ri-ta!
loving, was long-ing, up - on my word, Ten - der - ly to wed the Dev - - - il! Marga-ri-ta!
pp
- gnor!.. Mio si- gnor!
lord!.. Pray my lord!
MEPH. FAUST. MEPH.
Ser - vi - tor! Marghe-ri - ta! Ser - - vi - tor!....
How ab - surd! Marga - ri - ta! How ab - surd!...
pp
Recit.
Allegro agitato. (♩ = 88.)
Viol.
p
Cre - - - - - scen - - - - - - do.

Note. The following being omitted in the Italian copy of "Faust," only English words are here given.

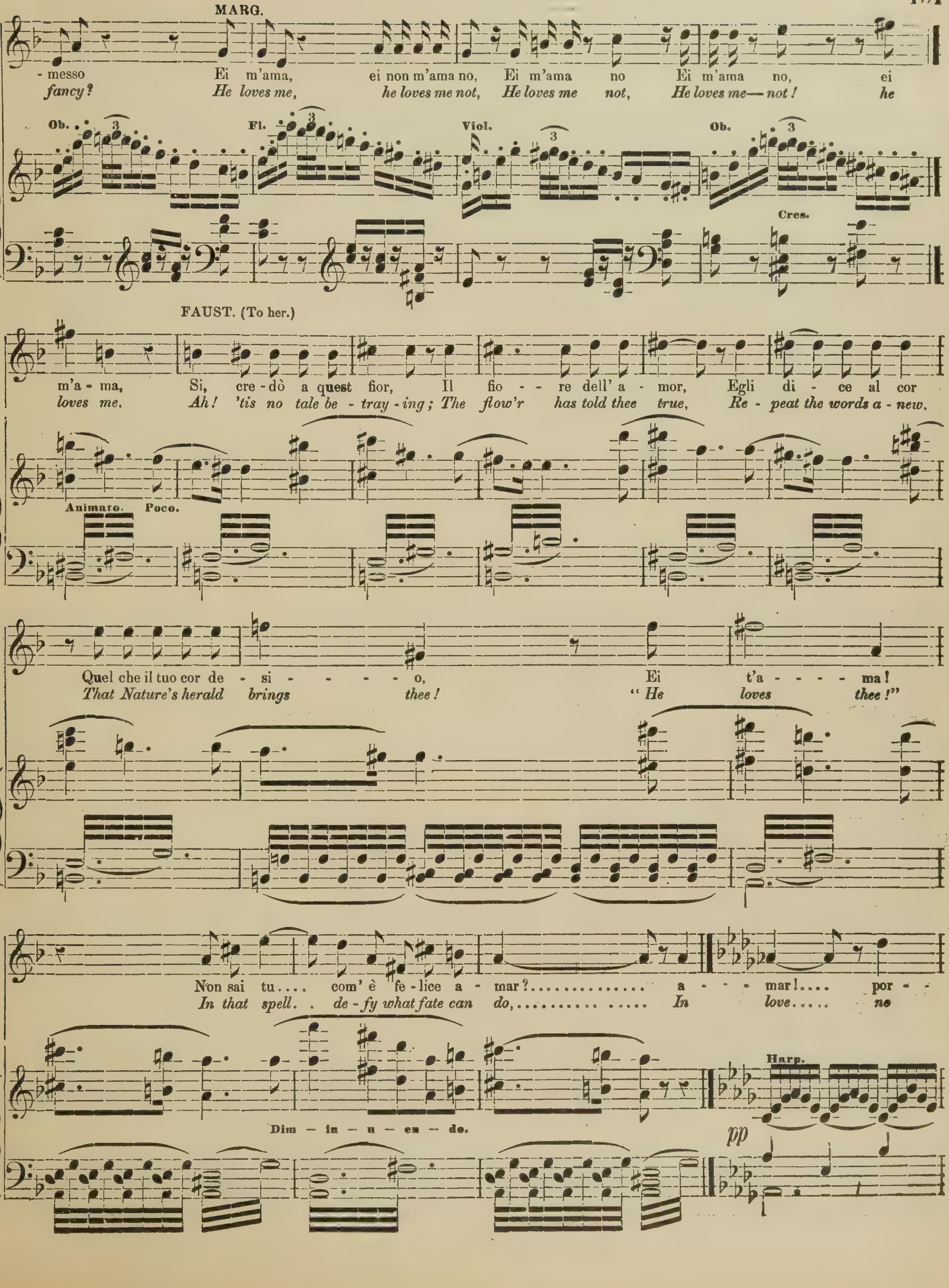


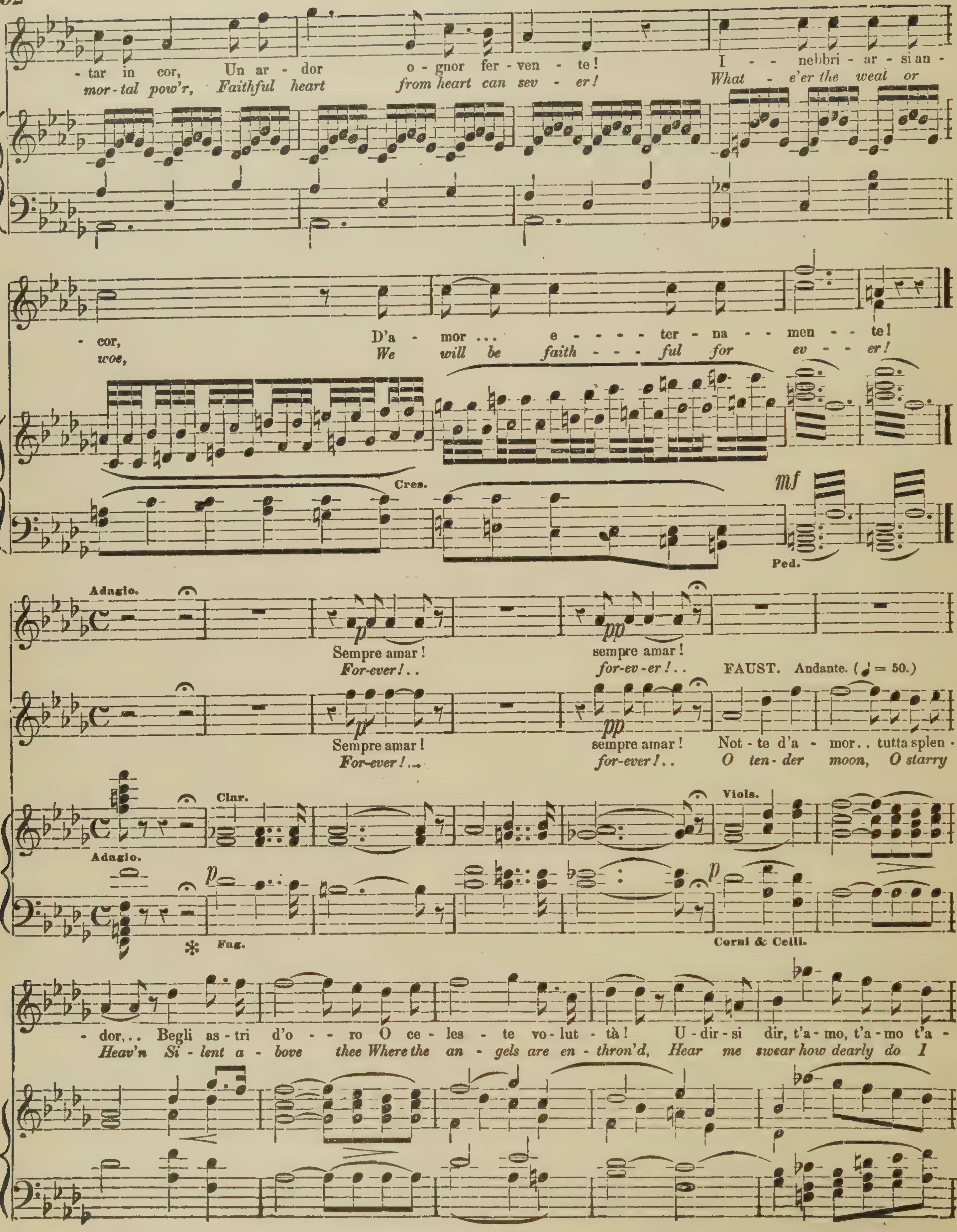

(aside.)
MEPH.
SIEBEL.
-out a second word! must I show you the way?
If he should be gone!
No.
Well, when the morning
Fl.
Fag.
p
(exit) MEPH.
Andante. (♩=54.)
comes—
Good night! it was high time—
E tempo alfin!
Pro - tet - ti dal - la not - te, Favel - lando d'amor tornar co
See, 'neath the bal - my lin - den, Our lov - ers devot - ed ap -
p
Fag.
Andante.
lo - ro, Sta ben!..
- proaching, 'Tis well...
Non bi - sog - na tur - bar,
Better leave them a - lone,
Un colloquio d'a - mor.......
With the flow'rs and the moon;...
Viol.
Fl.
Viol.
Fl. 8va
pp
Cres.
Adagio.
O
Not - te sten - di su lor l'om - bra
night!.... draw round them..... thy
Harp.
p
pp

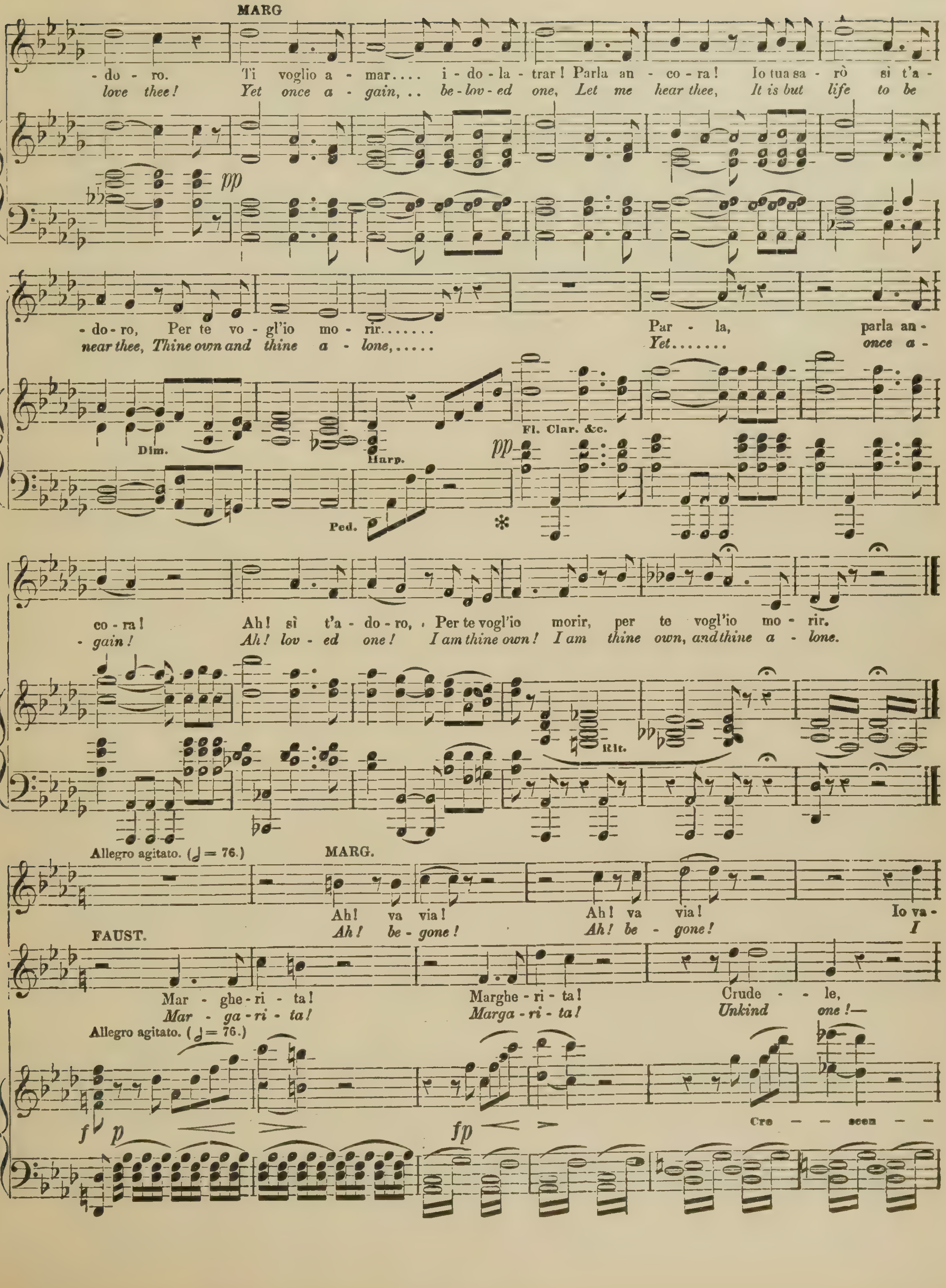

tu - a, A - mor,...... chiudi i lor co - ri, Al rimorso im - por -
cur - tain, Let nought.... wak - en a - larm,..... Or misgiv - - ing sev -
pp p
- tun .... E voi fior' d'olezzo sot - til tutti vi fac - cia a - prir, La mia man ma - le -
- er. ... Ye flow'rs aid the entranc - ing charm with your o - dour so dreamy, Her sens - es be -
pp p
- det - ta, Più non tur - ba - te il cor di Margbe - ri - - - - - - - - - - ta!
- wil - der, Till she know not whether she be not al - read - y in Heav - - - - - - - en.
No. 11. Duet.
Andante. (♩ = 50.)
MARGHERITA.
Tardi si fa, Addio!
The hour is late! Farewell! —
FAUST.
Ah! ti scongiuro in - van, in -
O never leave me now, I
Andante. (♩ = 50.)
Viols.
pp
Cres.
Viola.

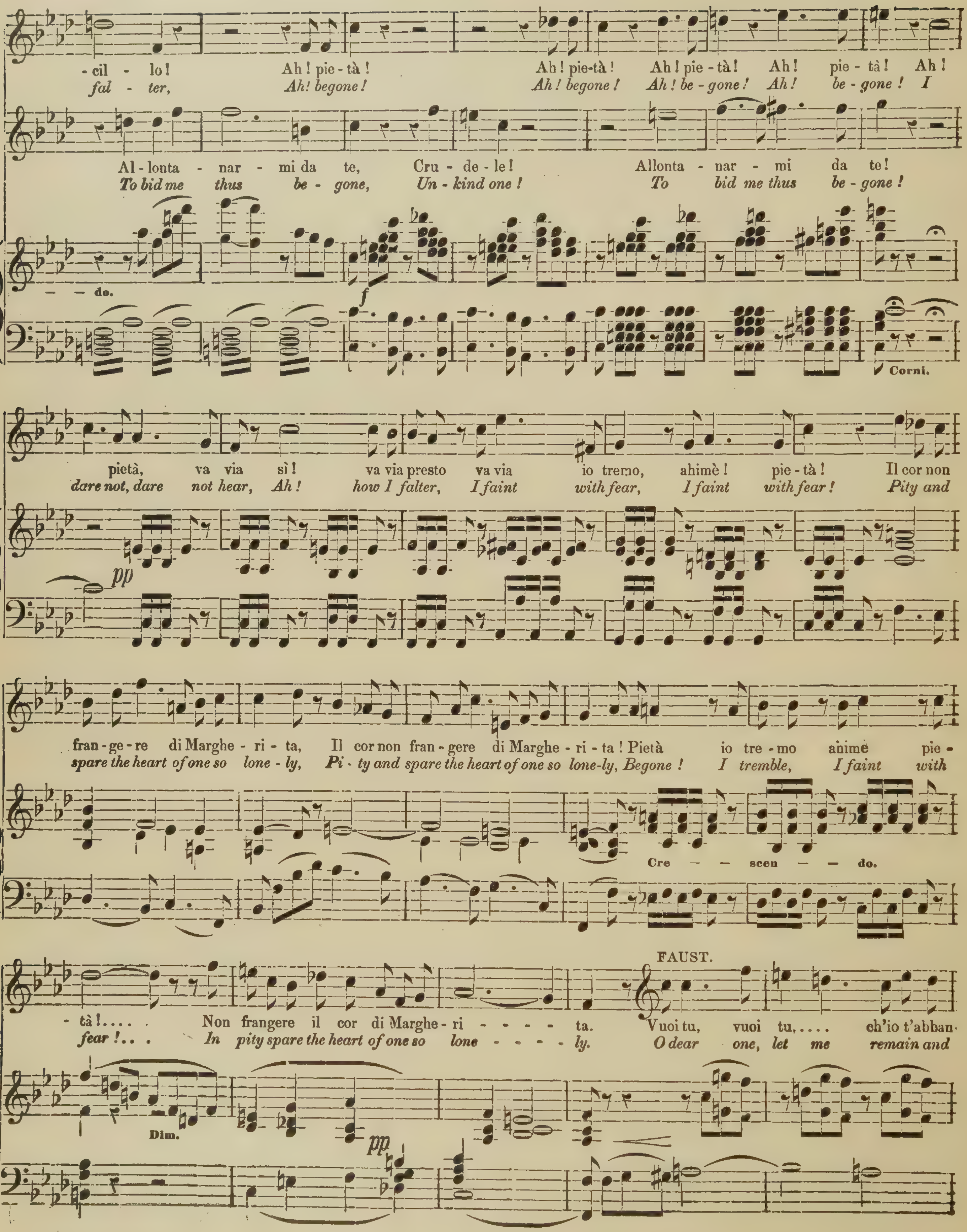

- van, La - scia la mia strin - ger la tua ma - no, Dammi an - cor,
pray thee! Why not en - joy this lovely night a little lon - ger? Let me gaze, . . .
pp
dammi ancor, contem - plar il tuo vi - so, dammi ancor contem - plar, . . il tuo vi - - - - - -
let me gaze on the form be - fore me, Let me gaze on the form . . . be - - fore . . . . . .
- so, Al pal - li - do chiaror, . . . Che vien da gli astri d'or, . . . E . . . . posa un lie - ve
me, While from yon der e - ther blue, . . Look how the star of eve . . . Bright and tender lin - gers
Corni.
Fl.
MARGHERITA.
ve - lo, Sul vol - to, sul volto tuo si bel! O si - lenzio! O mister! in-ef - fa - bil mis -
o'er me To love, ... to love thy beau - ty, too! O how strange! like a spell Does the e - vening
Ob.
Viol.
pp

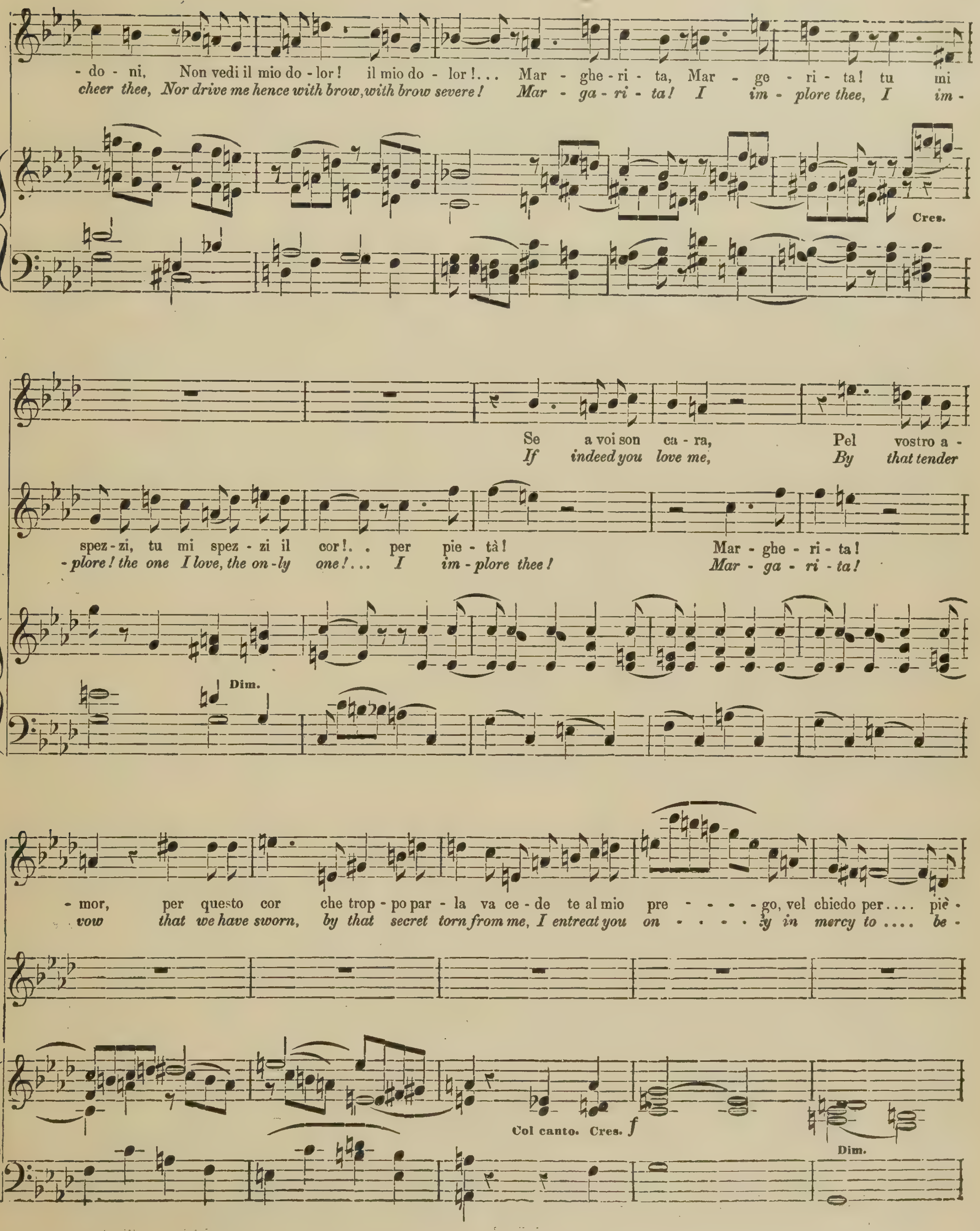
-te - ro! Vo - lut-ta - de dol - cis - si - ma, O mis - te - - - - - ro! Ebbrezza
bind me! O how strange, like a spell.... does evening bind........ me! And a deep
Fag.
ignota a me!.. Ascol - to e colmo ho il cor! O - do una voce ar - ca - na, che can - ta, Che
languid charm— I feel with - out a - larm, With its me - lo - dy en - wind me, en - wind me, And
Fl.
Clar.
can - ta nel mio cor!....... Lasciate un po' ven pre - go, Perchè
all my heart sub - due!...... Let me now try my for - tune;— What is
(Aside.)
FAUST.
pp
MARG. (taking the leaves from a flower.)
far? Consulto un fior. Un sol, un so - lo fior. Che cosa di - ci si som -
this? On - ly a play, Let me, let me but try;— What is her
FAUST.
Fl.
3

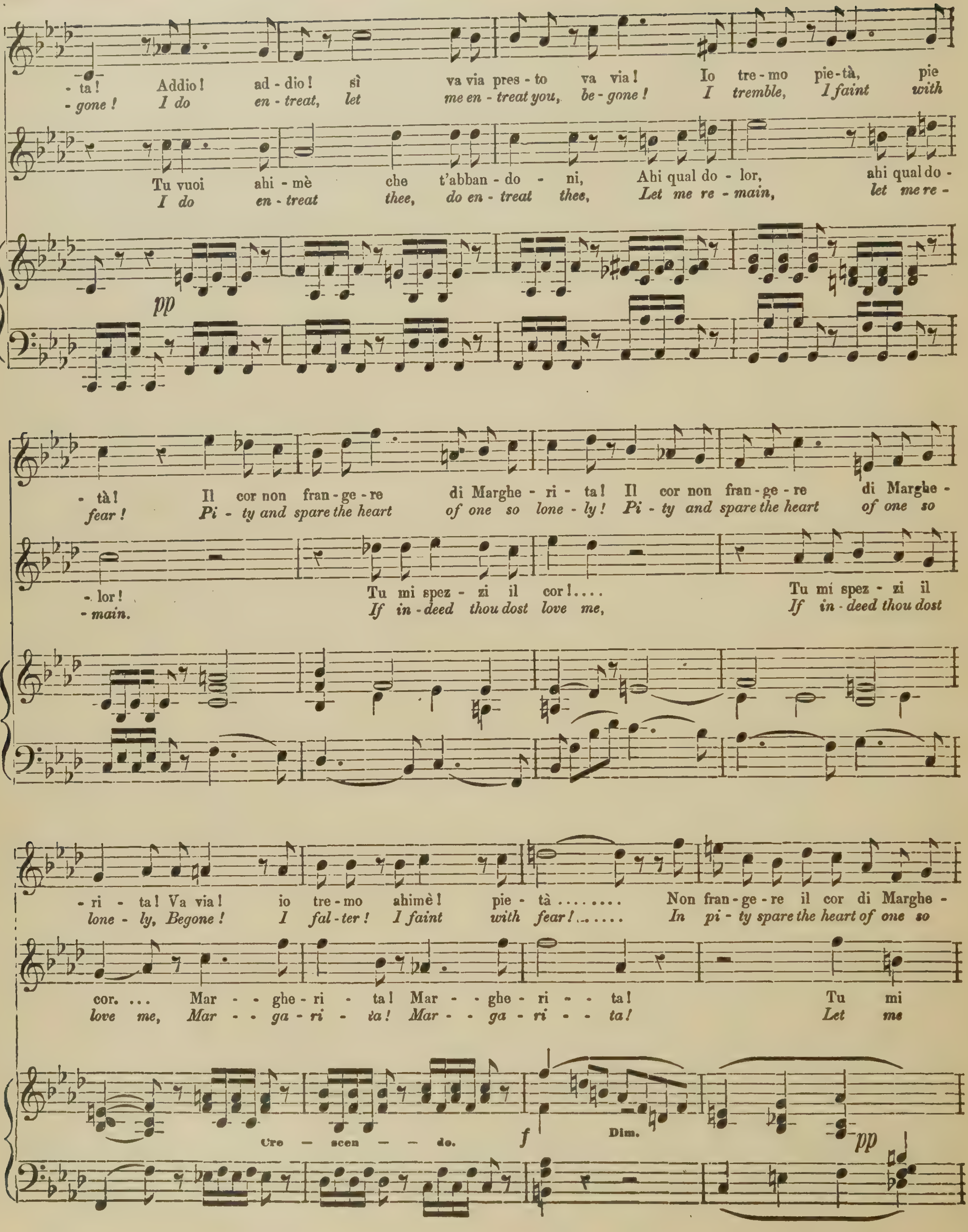

MARG.
-messo Ei m'ama, ei non m'ama no, Ei m'ama no Ei m'ama no, ei
fancy? He loves me, he loves me not, He loves me not, He loves me—not! he
Ob.
Fl.
Viol.
Ob.
Cres.
FAUST. (To her.)
m'a-ma, Si, cre-dò a quest fior, Il fio--re dell' a-mor, Egli di-ce al cor
loves me. Ah! 'tis no tale be-tray-ing; The flow'r has told thee true, Re-peat the words a-new,
Animato. Poco.
Quel che il tuo cor de-si------o, Ei t'a----ma!
That Nature's herald brings thee! "He loves thee!"
Non sai tu.... com' è fe-lice a-mar?.............. a---mar!.... por--
In that spell.. de-fy what fate can do,.......... In love..... no
Dim-in-u-en-do.
Harp.
pp

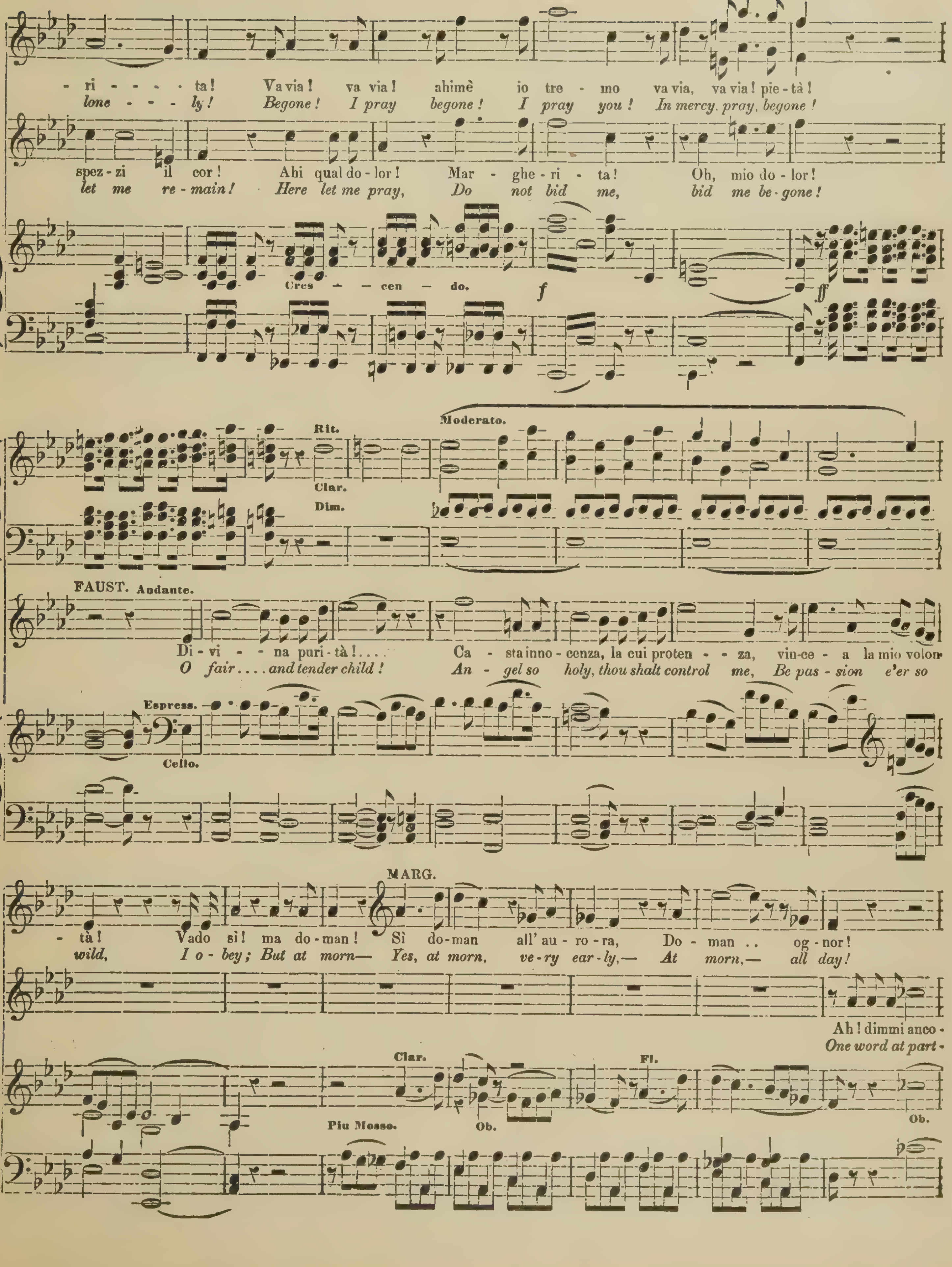

-tar in cor, Un ar-dor o-gnor fer-ven-te! I - - nebbri - ar - si an-
mor-tal pow'r, Faithful heart from heart can sev - er! What - e'er the weal or
-cor, D'a-mor... e - - - - ter - na - - men - - te!
woe, We will be faith - - - ful for ev - - er!
Cres.
mf
Ped.
Adagio.
Sempre amar!
For-ever!..
sempre amar!
for-ev-er!..
FAUST. Andante. (♩ = 50.)
Sempre amar!
For-ever!..
sempre amar!
for-ever!..
Not-te d'a-mor.. tutta splen-
O ten-der moon, O starry
Clar.
Viols.
Adagio.
p
Fag.
Corni & Celli.
-dor,.. Begli as-tri d'o - - ro O ce-les - te vo-lut - tà! U-dir-si dir, t'a-mo, t'a-mo t'a-
Heav'n Si-lent a-bove thee Where the an - gels are en - thron'd, Hear me swear how dearly do I

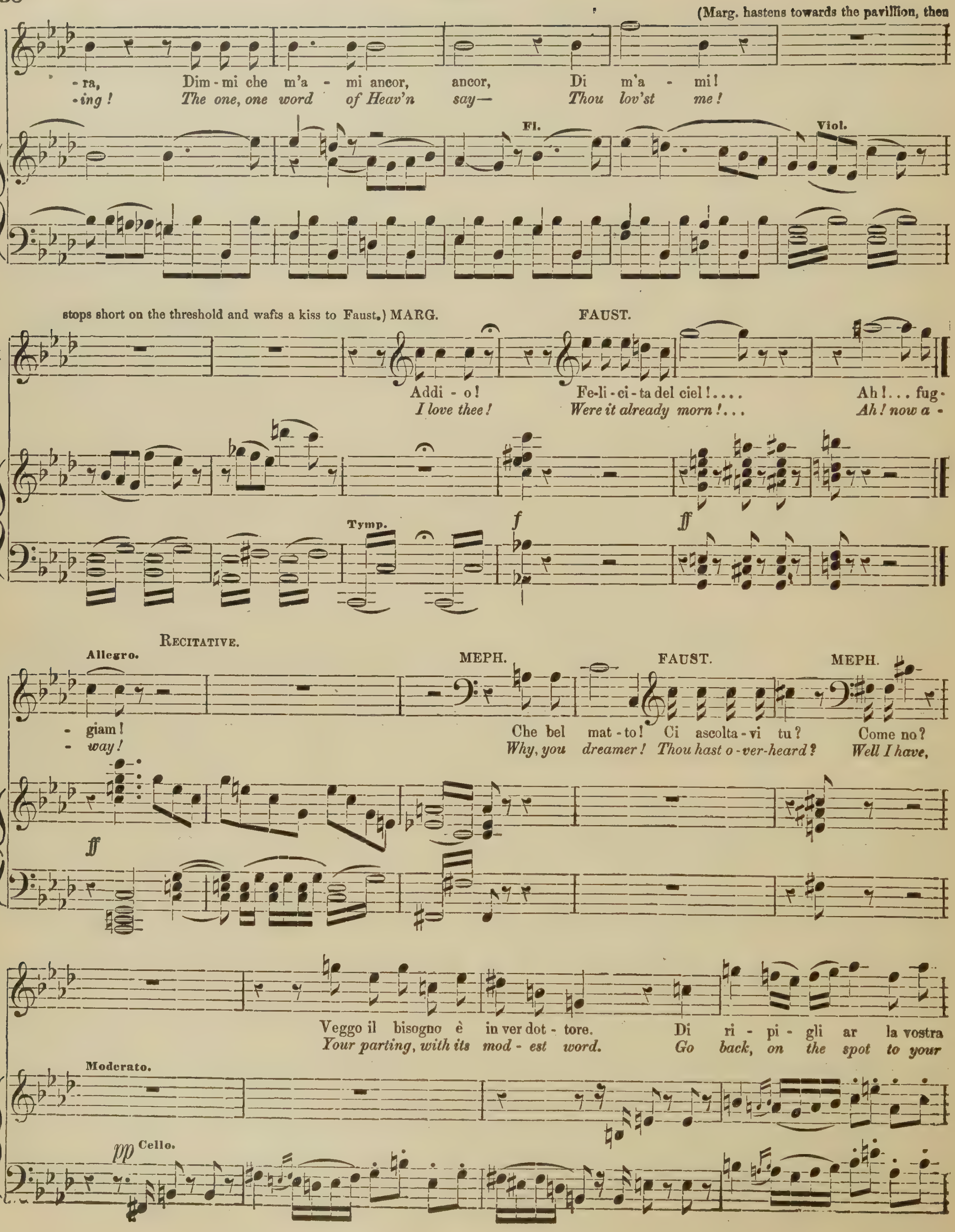

MARG
-do - ro. Ti voglio a - mar.... i - do - la - trar! Parla an - co - ra! Io tua sa - rò si t'a -
love thee! Yet once a - gain, .. be - lov - ed one, Let me hear thee, It is but life to be
pp
-do - ro, Per te vo - gl'io mo - rir.......
near thee, Thine own and thine a - lone,.....
Par - la, parla an -
Yet....... once a -
Dim.
Harp.
Ped.
*
Fl. Clar. &c.
pp
co - ra! Ah! sì t'a - do - ro, Per te vogl'io morir, per te vogl'io mo - rir.
- gain! Ah! lov - ed one! I am thine own! I am thine own, and thine a - lone.
Rit.
Allegro agitato. (𝅗𝅥 = 76.)
MARG.
Ah! va via! Ah! va via! Io va -
Ah! be - gone! Ah! be - gone! I
FAUST.
Mar - ghe - ri - ta! Marghe - ri - ta! Crude - le,
Mar - ga - ri - ta! Marga - ri - ta! Unkind one! —
Allegro agitato. (𝅗𝅥 = 76.)
f p
fp
Cre — — scen — —

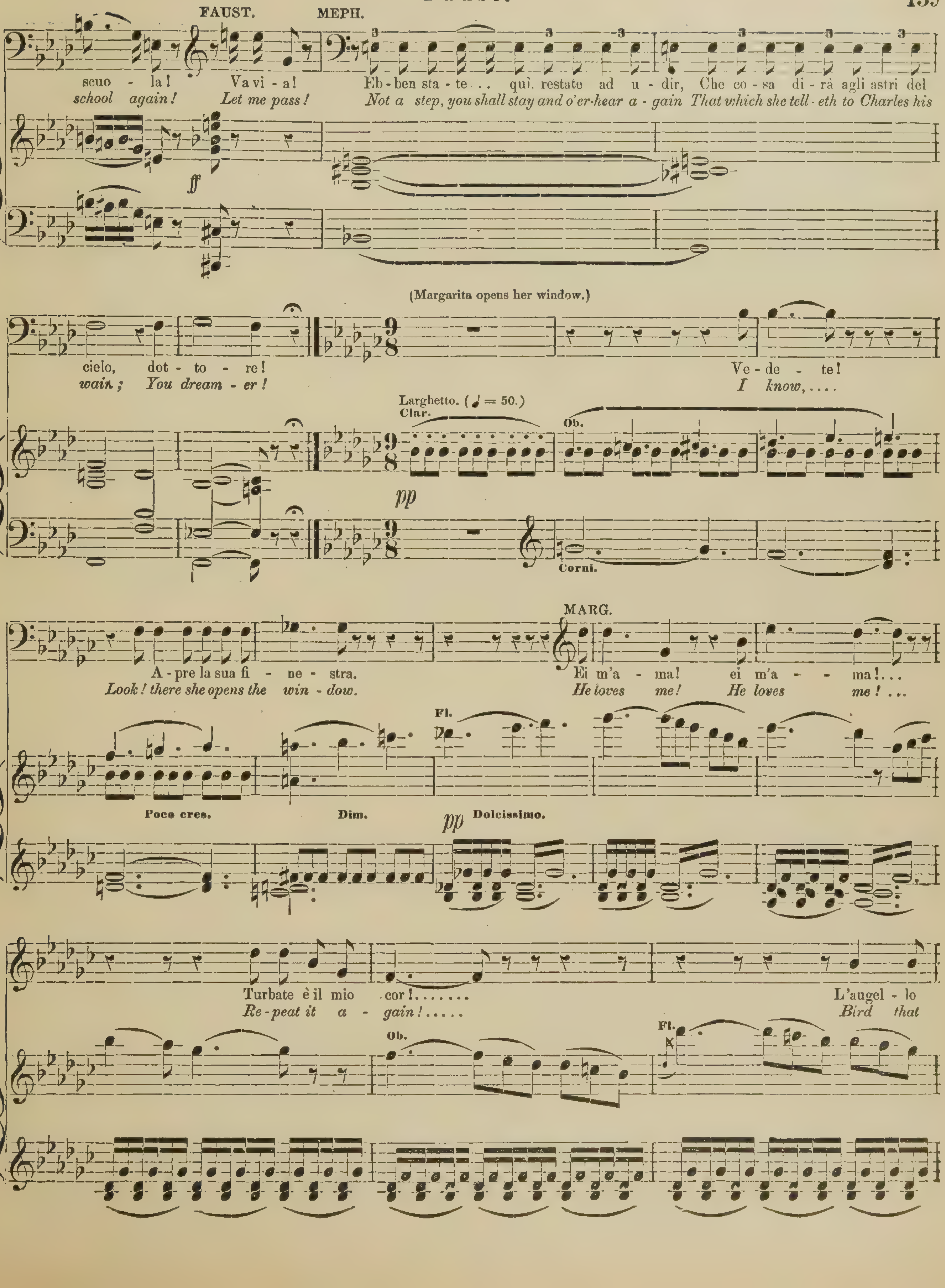

-cil - lo! Ah! pie-tà! Ah! pie-tà! Ah! pie - tà! Ah! pie - tà! Ah!
fal - ter, Ah! begone! Ah! begone! Ah! be - gone! Ah! be - gone! I
Al - lonta - nar - mi da te, Cru - de - le! Allonta - nar - mi da te!
To bid me thus be - gone, Un - kind one! To bid me thus be - gone!
— do.
f
Corni.
pietà, va via sì! va via presto va via io tremo, ahimè! pie - tà! Il cor non
dare not, dare not hear, Ah! how I falter, I faint with fear, I faint with fear! Pity and
pp
fran - ge - re di Marghe - ri - ta, Il cor non fran - gere di Marghe - ri - ta! Pietà io tre - mo ahimè pie -
spare the heart of one so lone - ly, Pi - ty and spare the heart of one so lone - ly, Begone! I tremble, I faint with
Cre — scen — do.
FAUST.
- tà!.... Non frangere il cor di Marghe - ri - - - - - ta. Vuoi tu, vuoi tu,.... ch'io t'abban
fear!... In pity spare the heart of one so lone - - - - ly. O dear one, let me remain and
Dim.
pp

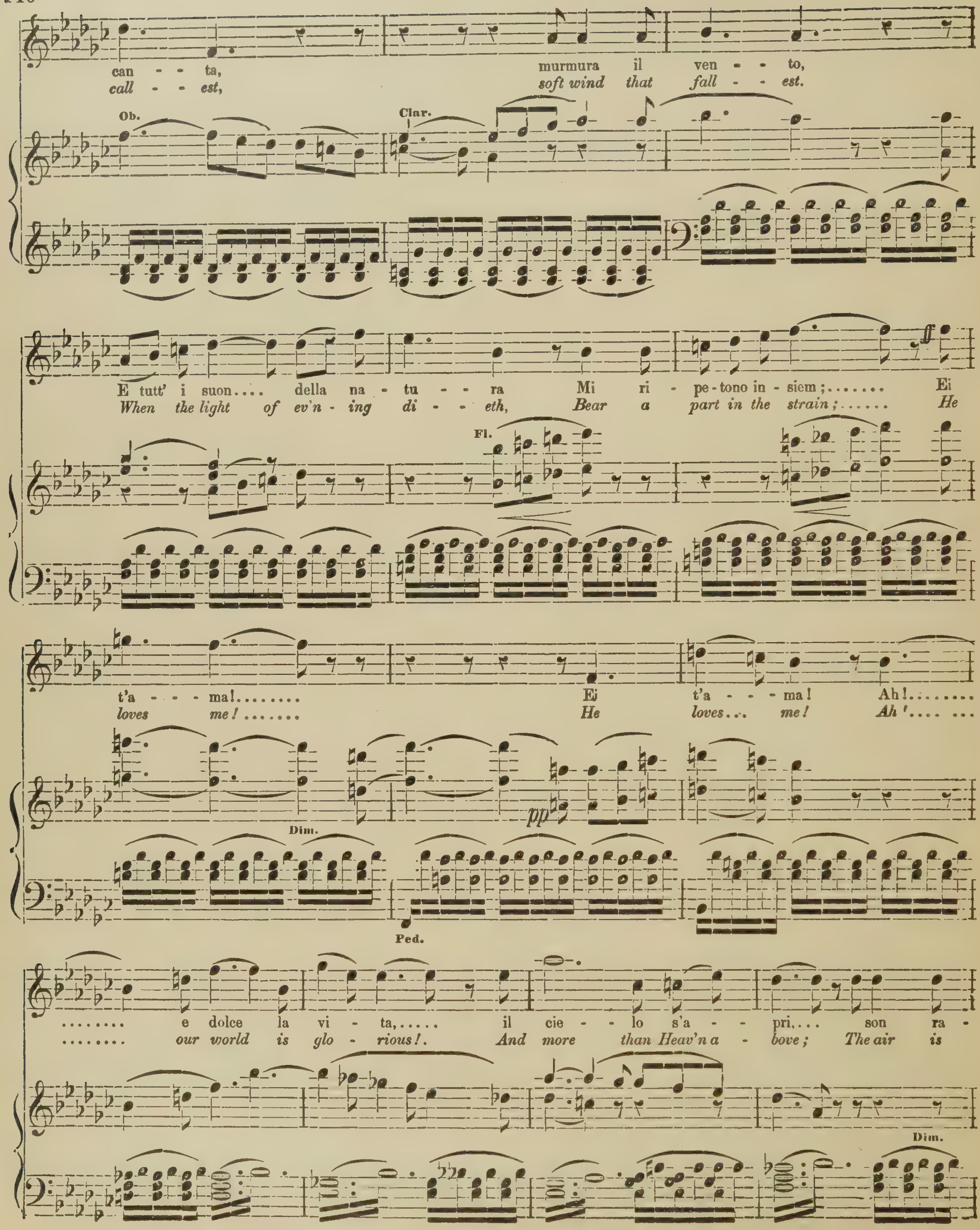

-do - ni, Non vedi il mio do - lor! il mio do - lor!... Mar - ghe - ri - ta, Mar - ghe - ri - ta! tu mi
cheer thee, Nor drive me hence with brow, with brow severe! Mar - ga - ri - ta! I im - plore thee, I im -
Cres.
Se a voi son ca - ra, Pel vostro a -
If indeed you love me, By that tender
spez - zi, tu mi spez - zi il cor!.. per pie - tà! Mar - ghe - ri - ta!
- plore! the one I love, the on - ly one!... I im - plore thee! Mar - ga - ri - ta!
Dim.
- mor, per questo cor che trop - po par - la va ce - de te al mio pre - - - - go, vel chiedo per.... piè -
vow that we have sworn, by that secret torn from me, I entreat you on - - - - ly in mercy to .... be -
Col canto. Cres. f
Dim.


- ta! Addio! ad - dio! sì va via pres - to va via! Io tre - mo pie - tà, pie
- gone! I do en - treat, let me en - treat you, be - gone! I tremble, I faint with
Tu vuoi ahi - mè che t'abban - do - ni, Ahi qual do - lor, ahi qual do -
I do en - treat thee, do en - treat thee, Let me re - main, let me re -
pp
- tà! Il cor non fran - ge - re di Marghe - ri - ta! Il cor non fran - ge - re di Marghe -
fear! Pi - ty and spare the heart of one so lone - ly! Pi - ty and spare the heart of one so
- lor! Tu mi spez - zi il cor!.... Tu mi spez - zi il
- main. If in - deed thou dost love me, If in - deed thou dost
- ri - ta! Va via! io tre - mo ahimè! pie - tà .... Non fran - ge - re il cor di Marghe -
lone - ly, Begone! I fal - ter! I faint with fear! ...... In pi - ty spare the heart of one so
cor. ... Mar - - ghe - ri - ta! Mar - - ghe - ri - - ta! Tu mi
love me, Mar - - ga - ri - ta! Mar - - ga - ri - - ta! Let me
Cre — scen — — do. f Dim. pp

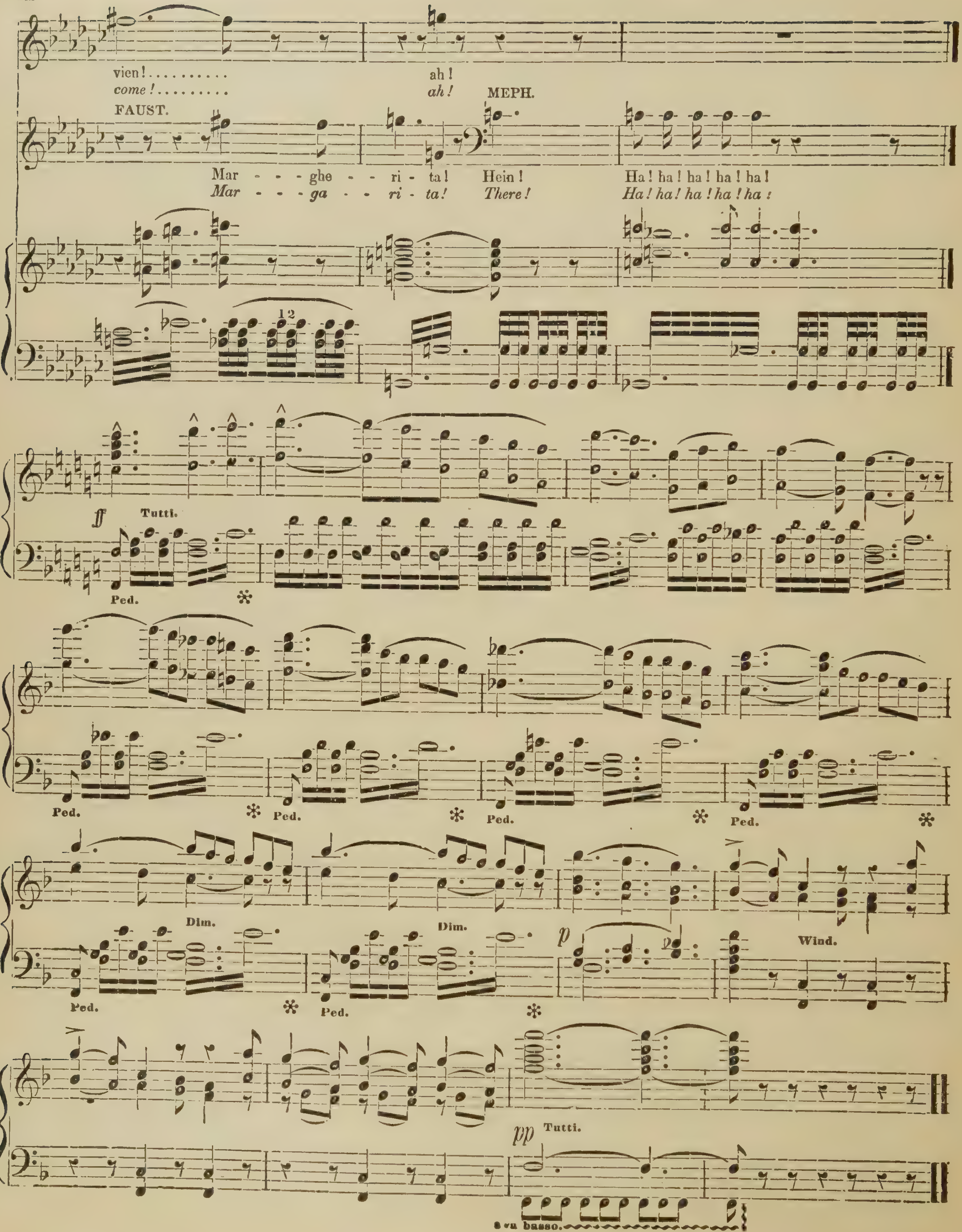

- ri - - - - - ta! Va via! va via! ahimè io tre - mo va via, va via! pie - tà!
lone - - - ly! Begone! I pray begone! I pray you! In mercy, pray, begone!
spez - zi il cor! Ahi qual do - lor! Mar - ghe - ri - ta! Oh, mio do - lor!
let me re - main! Here let me pray, Do not bid me, bid me be - gone!
Cres - cen - do.
f
ff
Rit.
Clar.
Dim.
Moderato.
FAUST. Andante.
Di - vi - na puri - tà!.... Ca - sta inno - cenza, la cui proten - - za, vin - ce - a la mio volon
O fair.... and tender child! An - gel so holy, thou shalt control me, Be pas - sion e'er so
Espress.
Cello.
MARG.
- tà! Vado sì! ma do - man! Sì do - man all' au - ro - ra, Do - man .. og - nor!
wild, I o - bey; But at morn— Yes, at morn, ve - ry ear - ly,— At morn,— all day!
Ah! dimmi anco -
One word at part -
Clar.
Fl.
Piu Mosso.
Ob.
Ob.


(Marg. hastens towards the pavillion, then
-ra, Dim-mi che m'a - mi ancor, ancor, Di m'a - mi!
-ing! The one, one word of Heav'n say— Thou lov'st me!
Fl.
Viol.
stops short on the threshold and wafts a kiss to Faust.) MARG.
FAUST.
Addi - o!
I love thee!
Fe-li-ci-ta del ciel!....
Were it already morn!...
Ah!... fug-
Ah! now a -
Tymp.
f
ff
RECITATIVE.
Allegro.
MEPH.
FAUST.
MEPH.
- giam!
- way!
Che bel mat-to! Ci ascolta-vi tu? Come no?
Why, you dreamer! Thou hast o-ver-heard? Well I have,
ff
Veggo il bisogno è in ver dot-tore. Di ri - pi - gli ar la vostra
Your parting, with its mod - est word. Go back, on the spot to your
Moderato.
pp Cello.


FAUST.
MEPH.
scuo - la! Va vi - a!
school again! Let me pass!
Eb-ben sta-te . . . quì, restate ad u - dir, Che co - sa di - rà agli astri del
Not a step, you shall stay and o'er-hear a - gain That which she tell - eth to Charles his
ff
(Margarita opens her window.)
cielo, dot - to - re!
wain; You dream - er!
Ve - de - te!
I know, ...
Larghetto. (♩ = 50.)
Clar.
Ob.
pp
Corni.
A - pre la sua fi - ne - stra.
Look! there she opens the win - dow.
MARG.
Ei m'a - ma! ei m'a - - ma!. . .
He loves me! He loves me! . . .
Fl.
Poco cres.
Dim.
pp Dolcissimo.
Turbate è il mio cor! . . . .
Re-peat it a - gain! . . . . .
L'augel - lo
Bird that
Ob.
Fl.

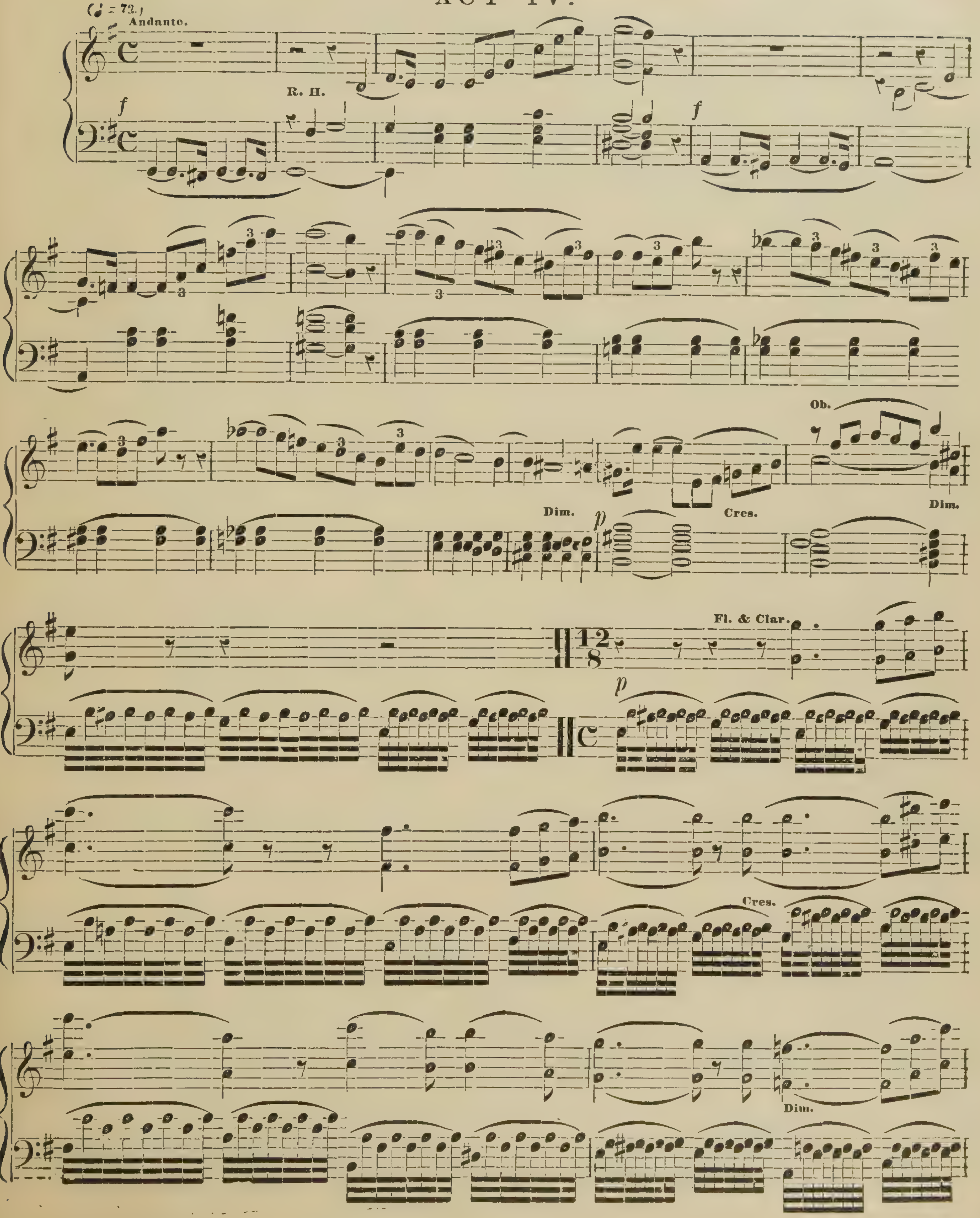

can - - ta, murmura il ven - - to,
call - - est, soft wind that fall - - est.
Ob.
Clar.
E tutt' i suon.... della na - tu - - ra Mi ri - pe-tono in - siem ;....... Ei
When the light of ev'n - ing di - - eth, Bear a part in the strain ;...... He
Fl.
t'a - - - ma!........ Ei t'a - - - ma! Ah!........
loves me! .... He loves... me! Ah!.... ...
Dim.
pp
Ped.
.... e dolce la vi - ta,..... il cie - - lo s'a - - pri,... son ra -
.... our world is glo - rious!. And more than Heav'n a - bove; The air is
Dim.

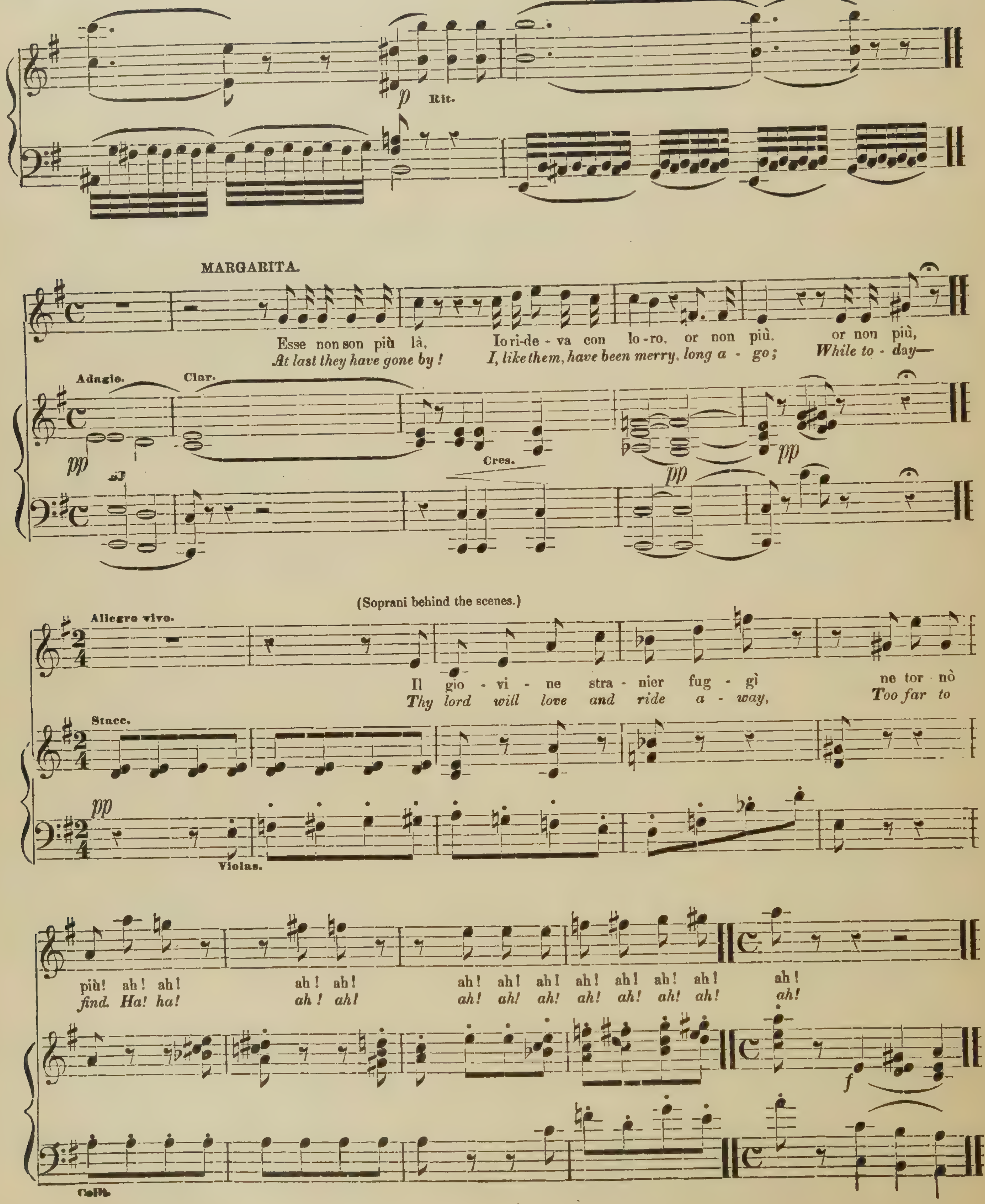
-pi - - - ta,........
balm - - y,..........
son........ ra - pi - - - ta,
the air........ is balm - - y,
E questo l'es - ta - si d'a - mor,........ Tutto d'a - mo - re si ri - con -
With the ve - ry breath of Love!...... How the boughs em - brace........... and
-si - - - glia, Do - man,. .... do - man!........ ....
mur - - mur! At morn!...... at morn!.....................
Cre - - - - - - - - scen - - - - - do.
Poco accel.
Ah! a tor - nar t'af - fretta O mio tes - or! sì!.... .
Ah! speed thou night a - way, He will re - turn! come!...
Cres molto.


vien!..........
come!.........
ah!
ah!
MEPH.
FAUST.
Mar - - - ghe - - ri - ta! Hein!
Mar - - - ga - - ri - ta! There!
Ha! ha! ha! ha! ha!
Ha! ha! ha! ha! ha!
12
ff
Tutti.
Ped.
Dim.
p
Wind.
pp
Tutti.
8va basso.

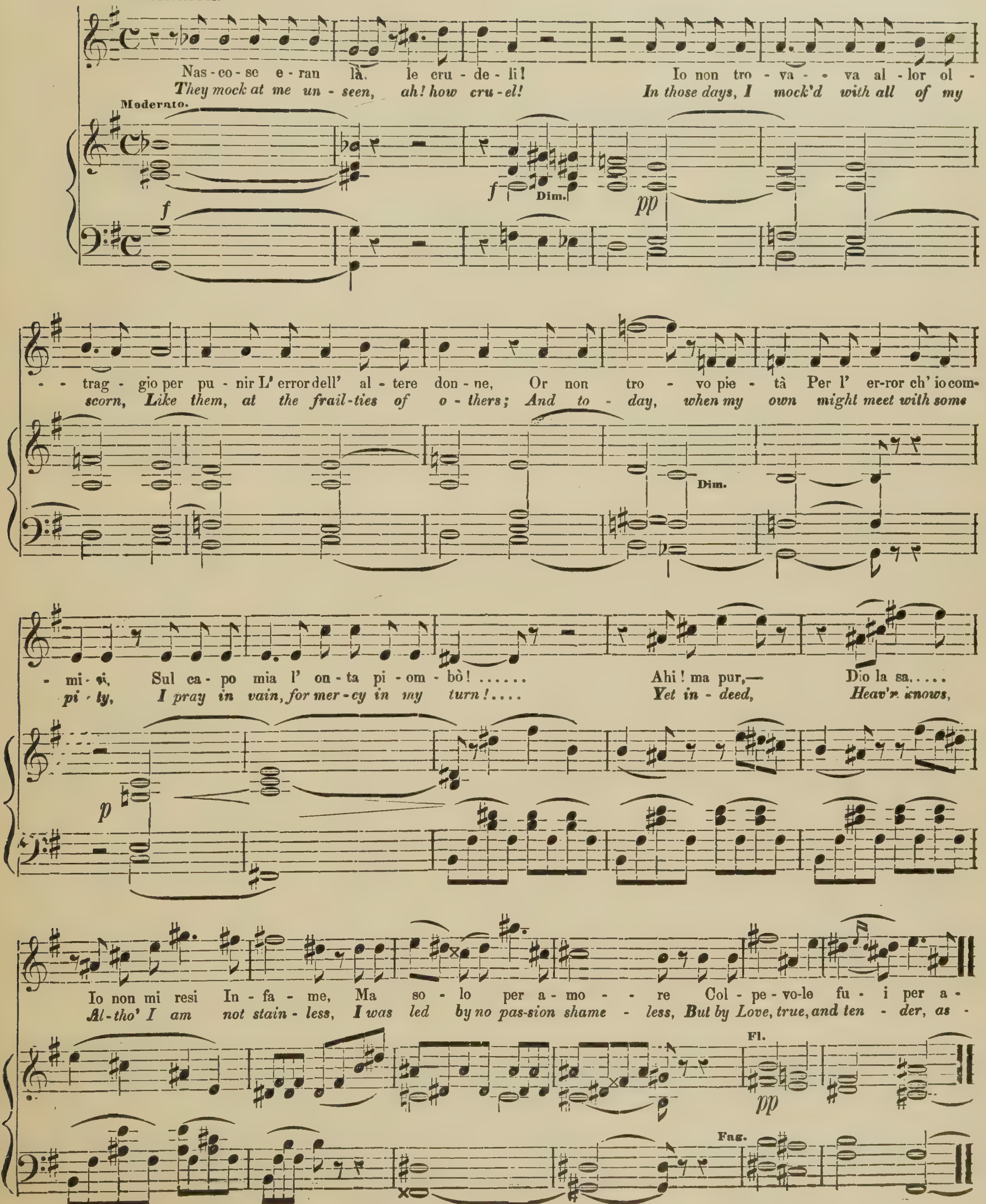
No. 12. Introduction and Recitative.

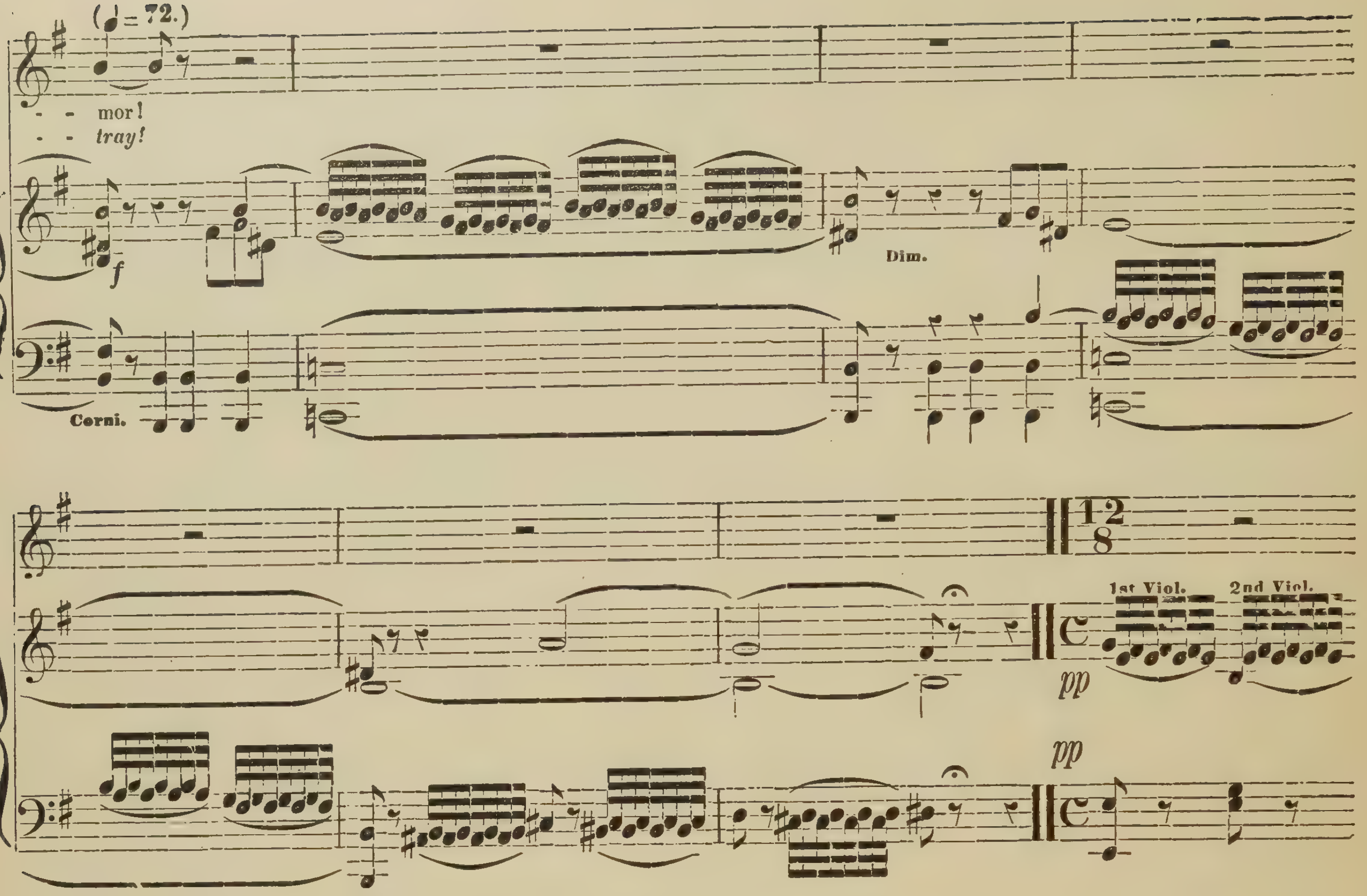
ACT IV.



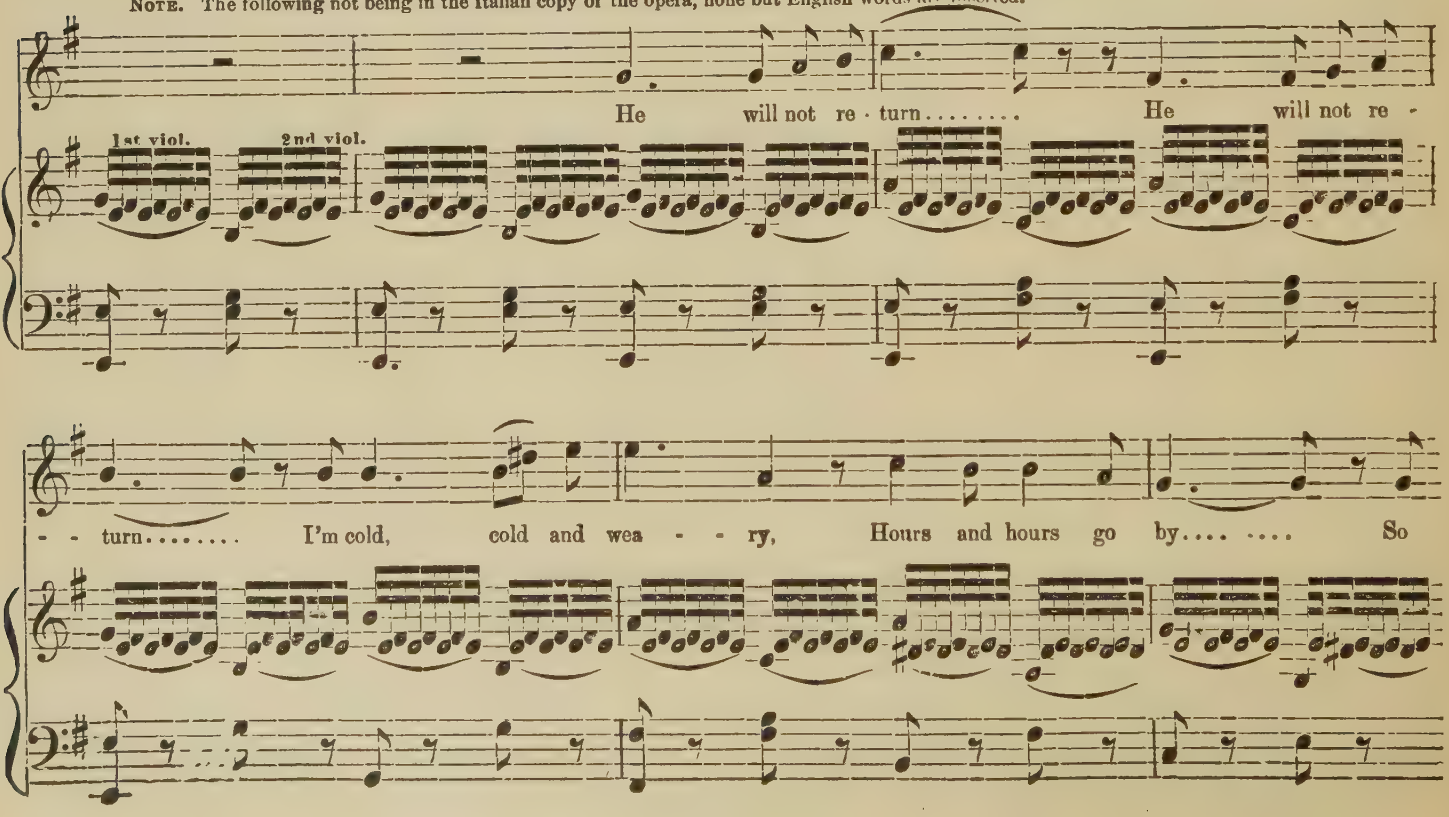

Rit.
MARGARITA.
Esse non son più là, Io ri-de - va con lo-ro, or non più. or non più,
At last they have gone by! I, like them, have been merry, long a - go; While to - day—
Adagio.
Clar.
Cres.
Allegro vivo.
(Soprani behind the scenes.)
Il gio - vi - ne stra - nier fug - gì ne tor - nò
Thy lord will love and ride a - way, Too far to
Stacc.
Violas.
più! ah! ah! ah! ah! ah! ah! ah! ah! ah! ah!
find. Ha! ha! ah! ah! ah! ah! ah! ah! ah! ah! ah! ah!
Celli.

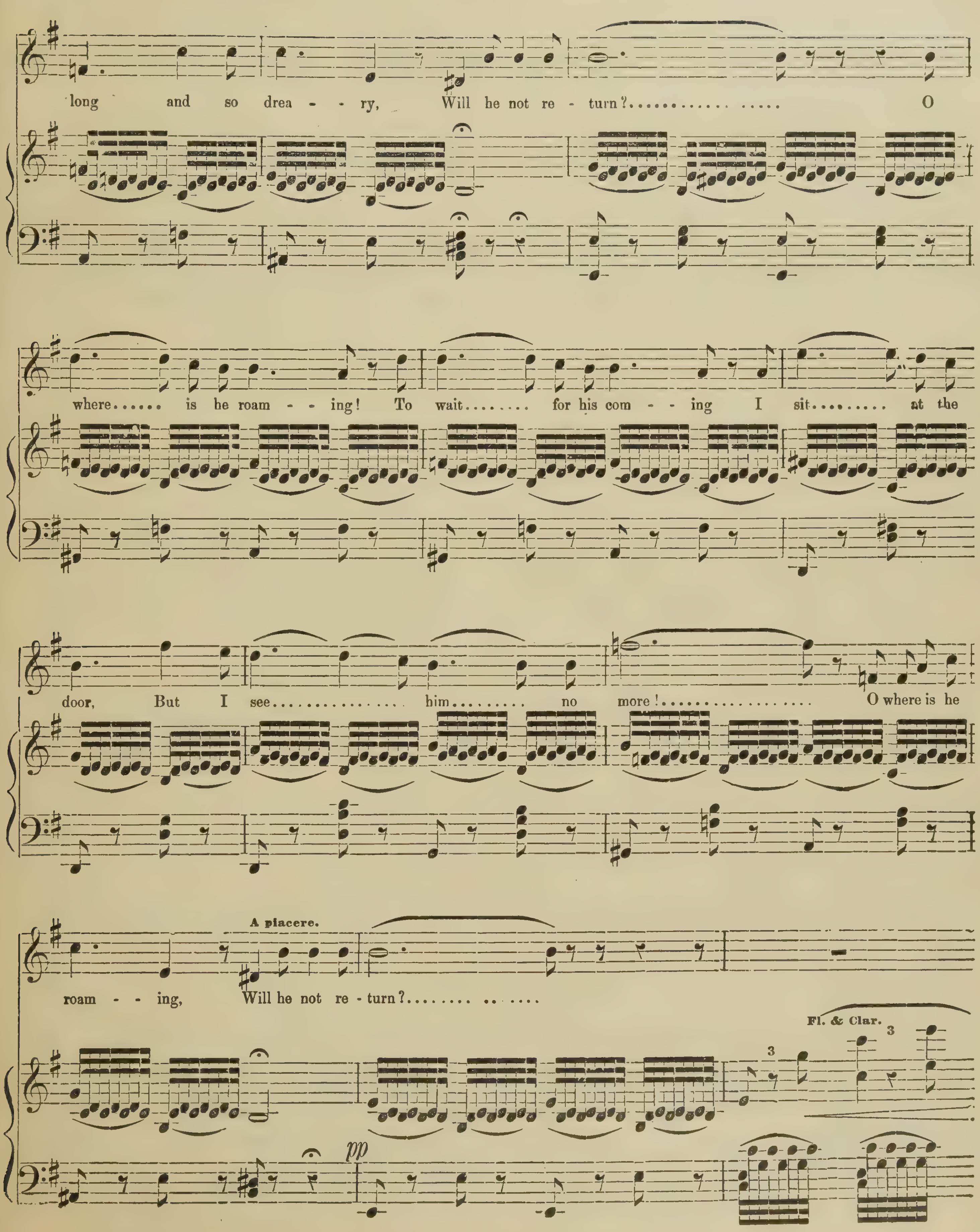
The Spinning Wheel Song.
MARGARITA.

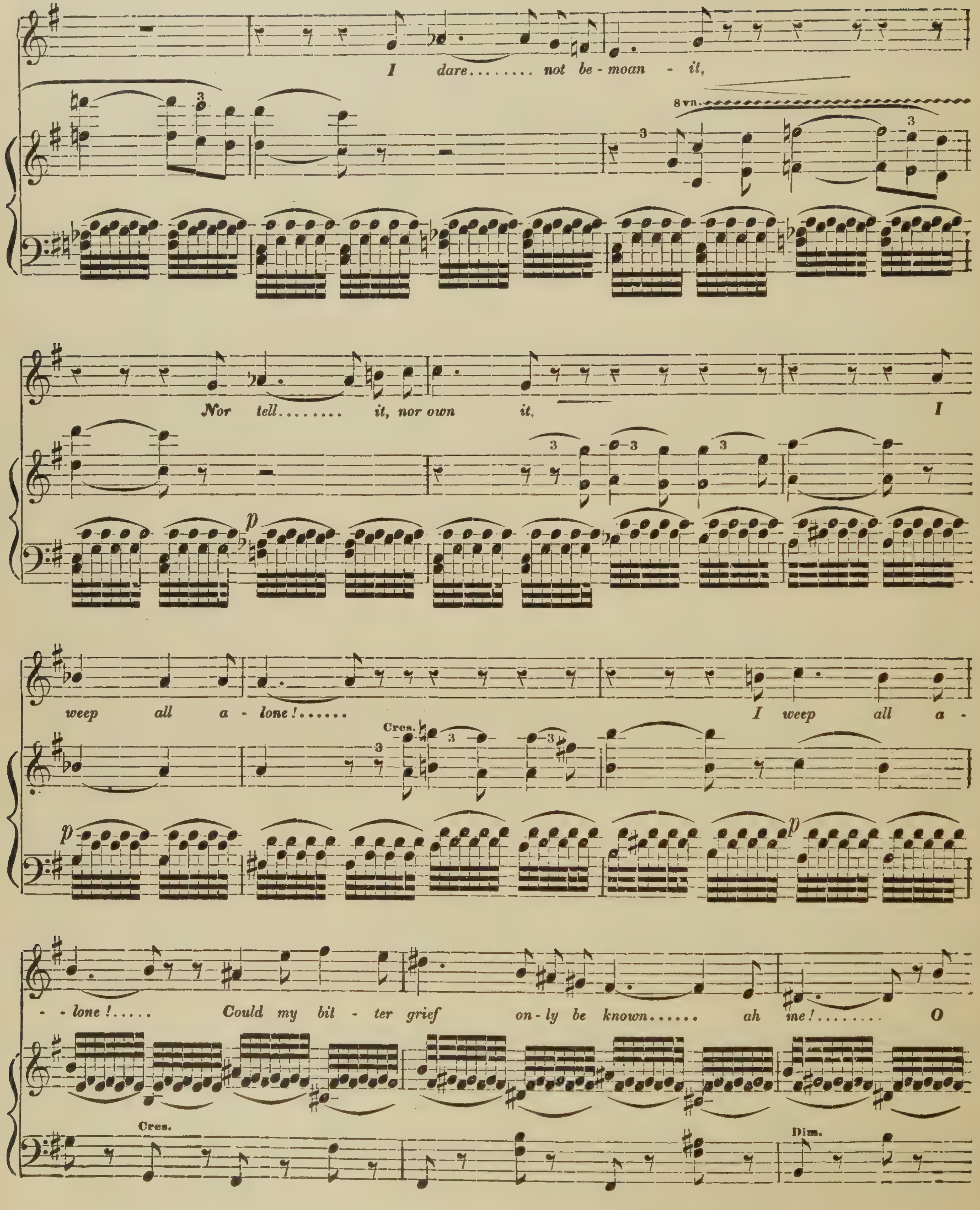


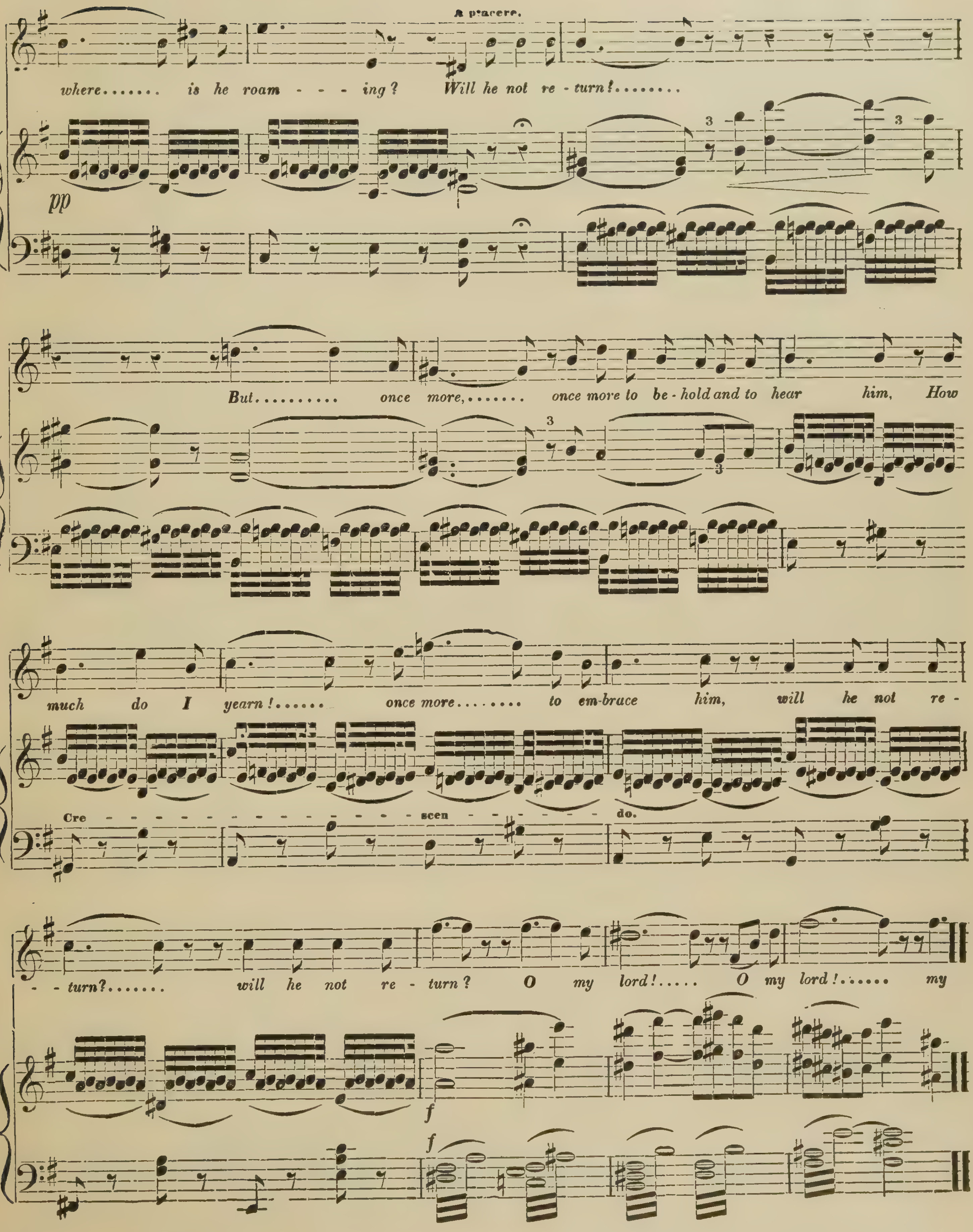


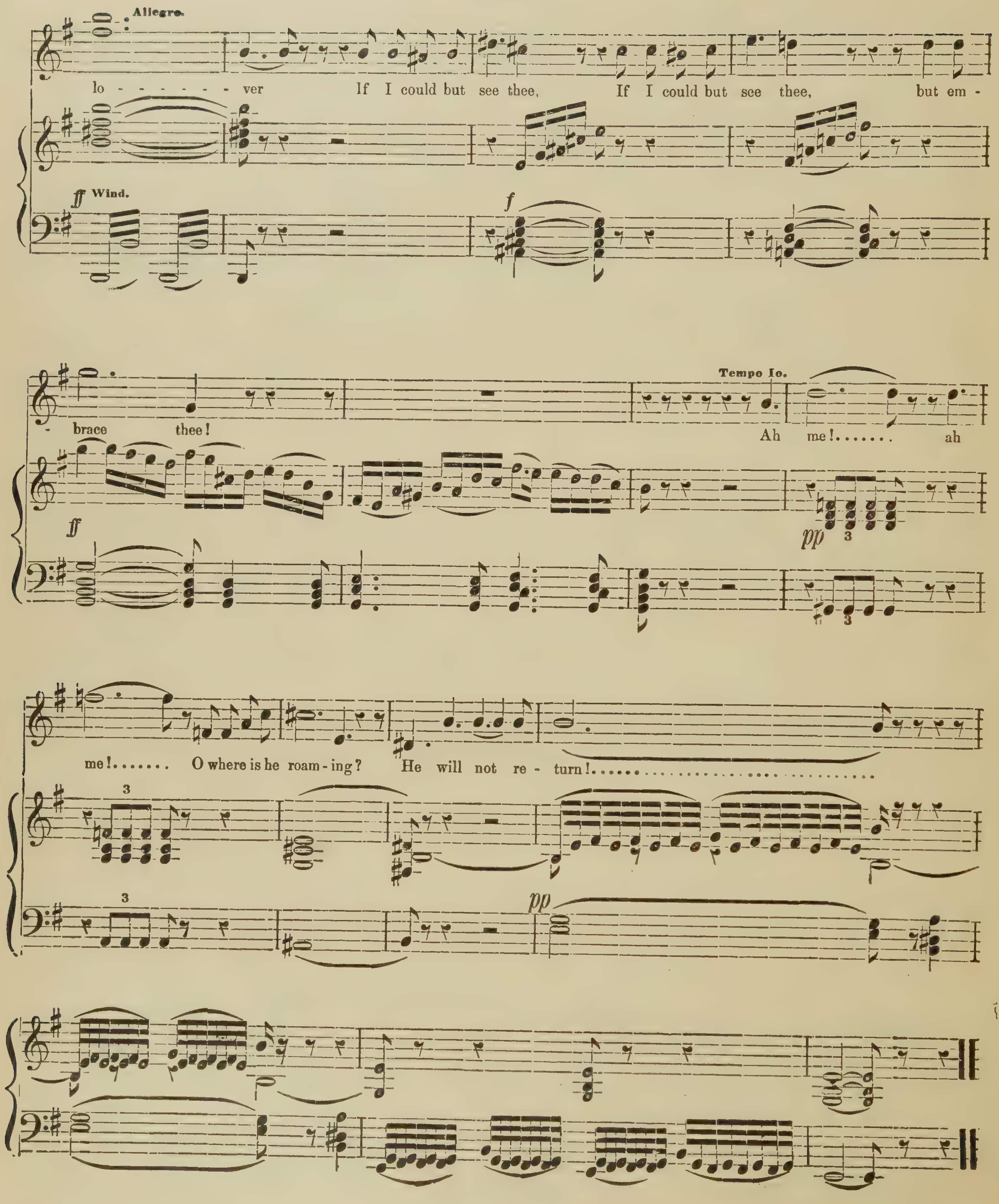
Note. The following not being in the Italian copy of the opera, none but English words are inserted.

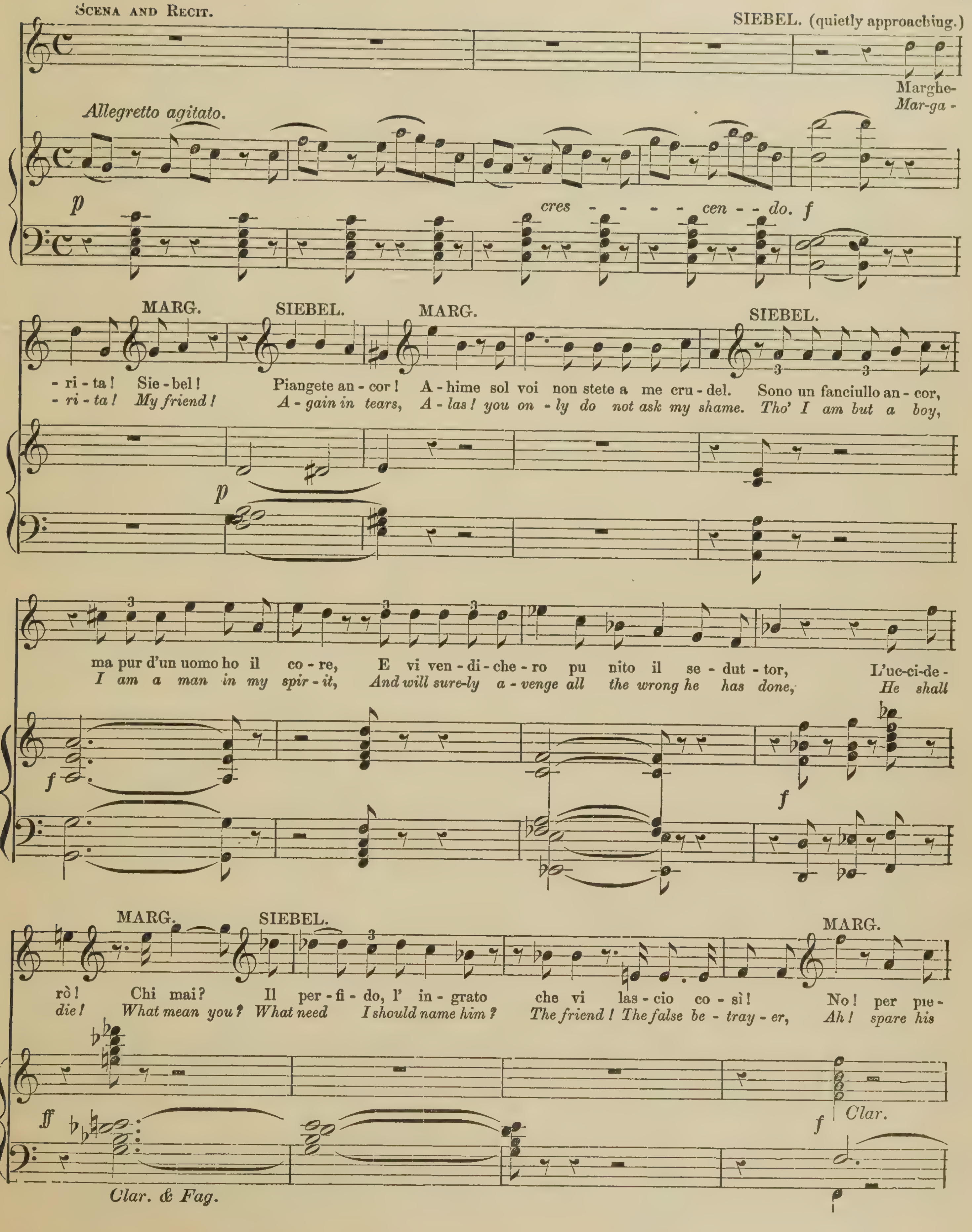



long and so drea - - ry, Will he not re - turn?........... ..... O
where...... is he roam - - ing! To wait........ for his com - - ing I sit......... at the
door, But I see............... him......... no more!................ O where is he
A piacere.
roam - - ing, Will he not re - turn?........ ......
Fl. & Clar.
3
3
pp

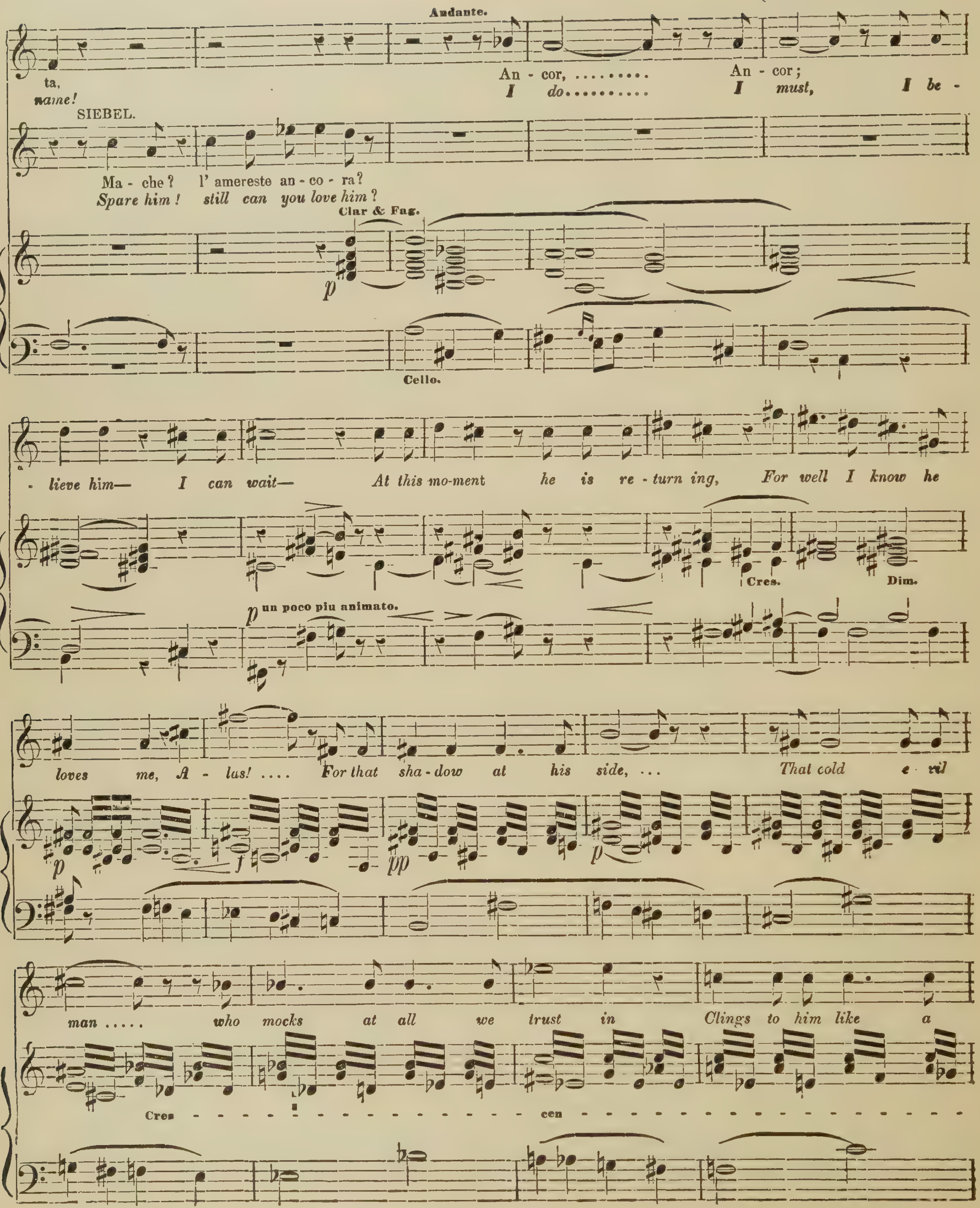

I dare........ not be - moan - it,
8va
Nor tell........ it, nor own it,
I
weep all a - lone!......
Cres.
I weep all a -
p
- lone!..... Could my bit - ter grief on - ly be known...... ah me!........ O
Cres.
Dim.

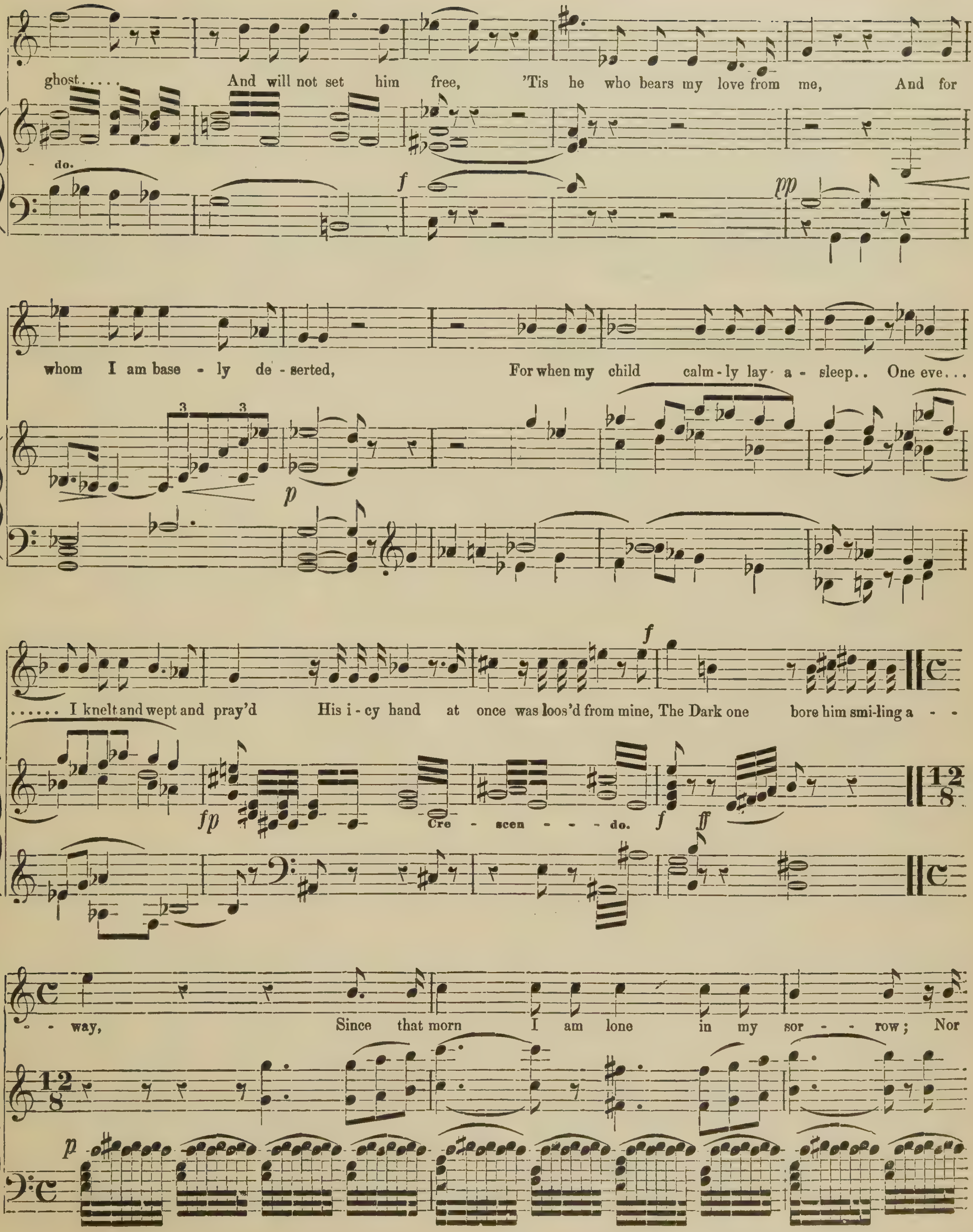

A piacere.
where....... is he roam - - - ing? Will he not re - turn!........
pp
But.......... once more,....... once more to be - hold and to hear him, How
much do I yearn!...... once more........ to em-brace him, will he not re -
Cre - - - - - - - - - - - - - - scen - - - - - - - - do.
- turn?....... will he not re - turn? O my lord!..... O my lord!...... my
f
f

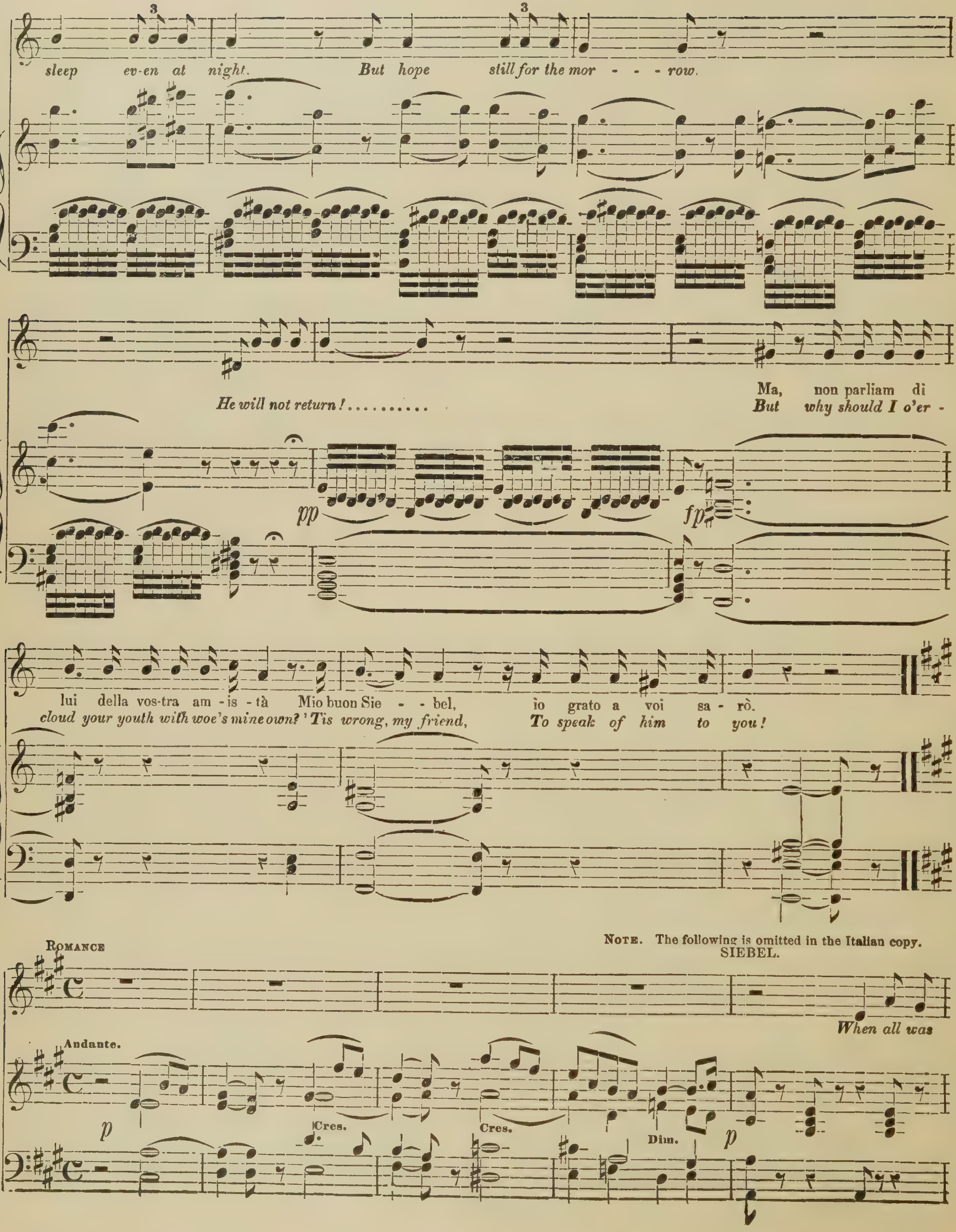

Allegro.
lo - - - - - - - ver If I could but see thee, If I could but see thee, but em -
ff Wind.
f
- brace thee!
Tempo Io.
Ah me!....... ah
ff
pp
me!....... O where is he roam - ing? He will not re - turn!.......................
pp

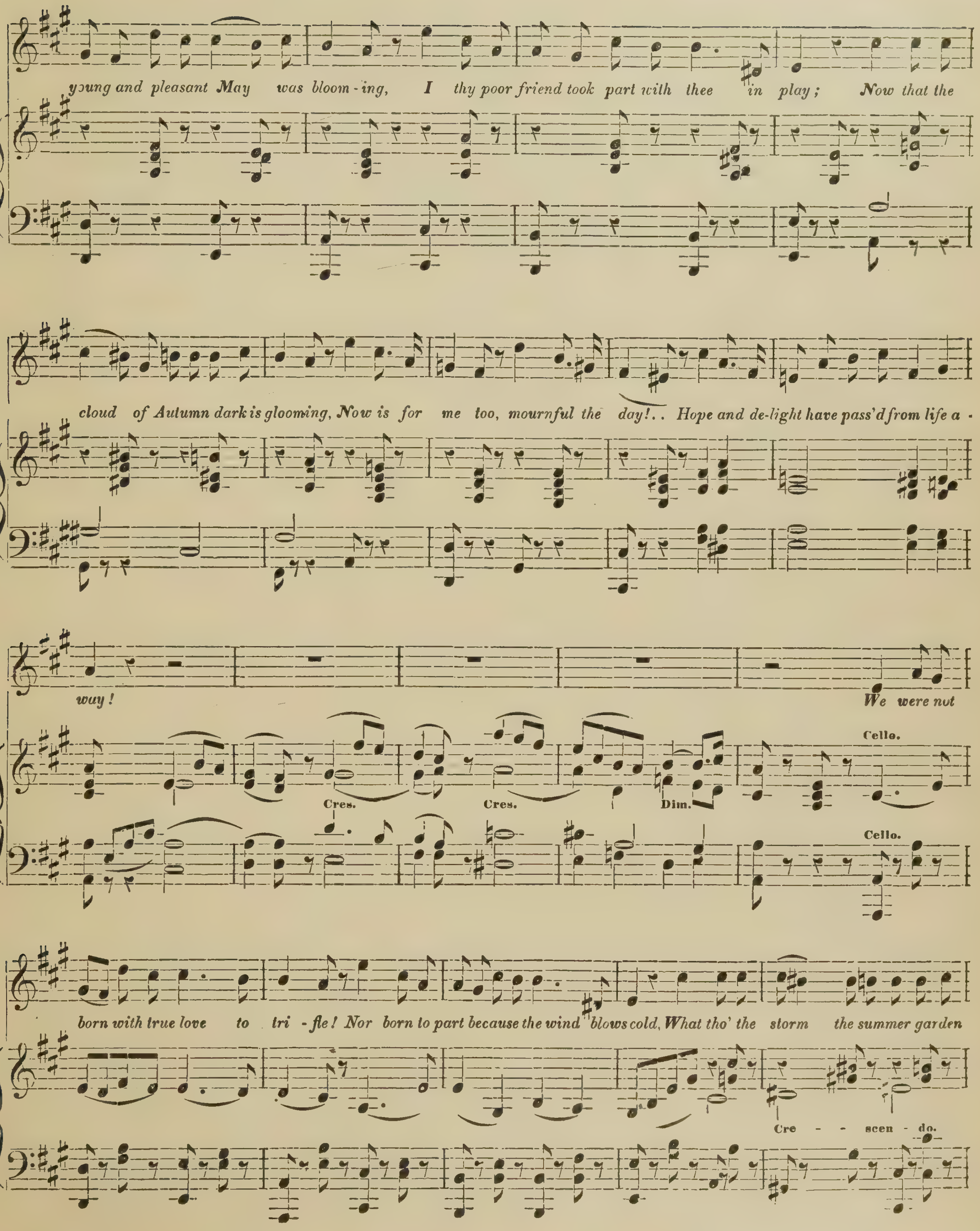

Scena and Recit.
SIEBEL. (quietly approaching.)
Allegretto agitato.
p
cres - - - - cen - - do. f
Marghe- -ri-ta! Sie-bel! Piangete an-cor! A-hime sol voi non stete a me cru-del. Sono un fanciullo an-cor,
Mar-ga- -ri-ta! My friend! A-gain in tears, A-las! you on-ly do not ask my shame. Tho' I am but a boy,
MARG.
SIEBEL.
MARG.
SIEBEL.
p
ma pur d'un uomo ho il co-re, E vi ven-di-che-ro pu nito il se-dut-tor, L'uc-ci-de-
I am a man in my spir-it, And will sure-ly a-venge all the wrong he has done, He shall
f
f
MARG.
SIEBEL.
rò! Chi mai? Il per-fi-do, l' in-grato che vi las-cio co-sì! No! per pie-
die! What mean you? What need I should name him? The friend! The false be-tray-er, Ah! spare his
MARG.
ff
f
Clar.
Clar. & Fag.

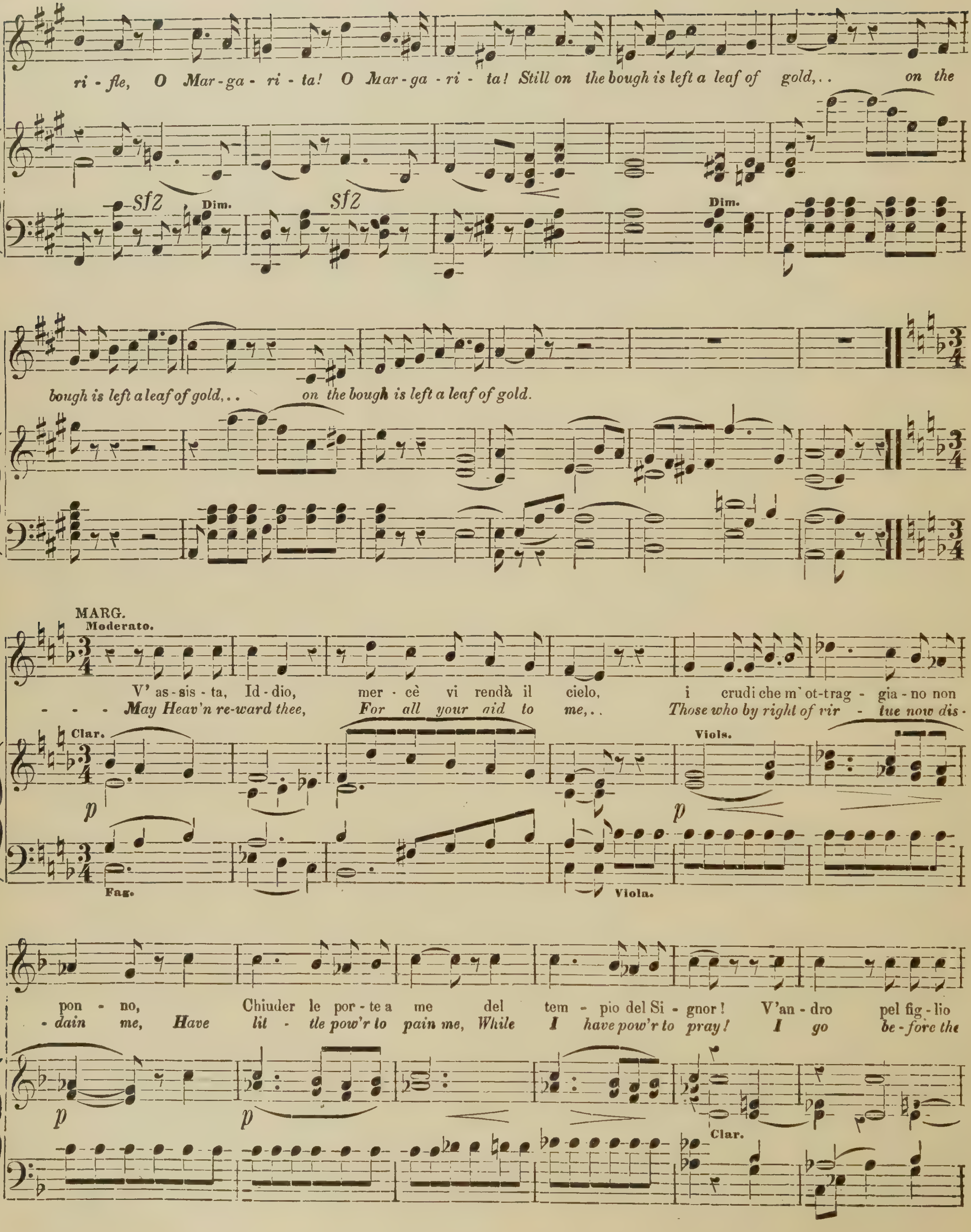
(*Omitted in the Italian copy.*)

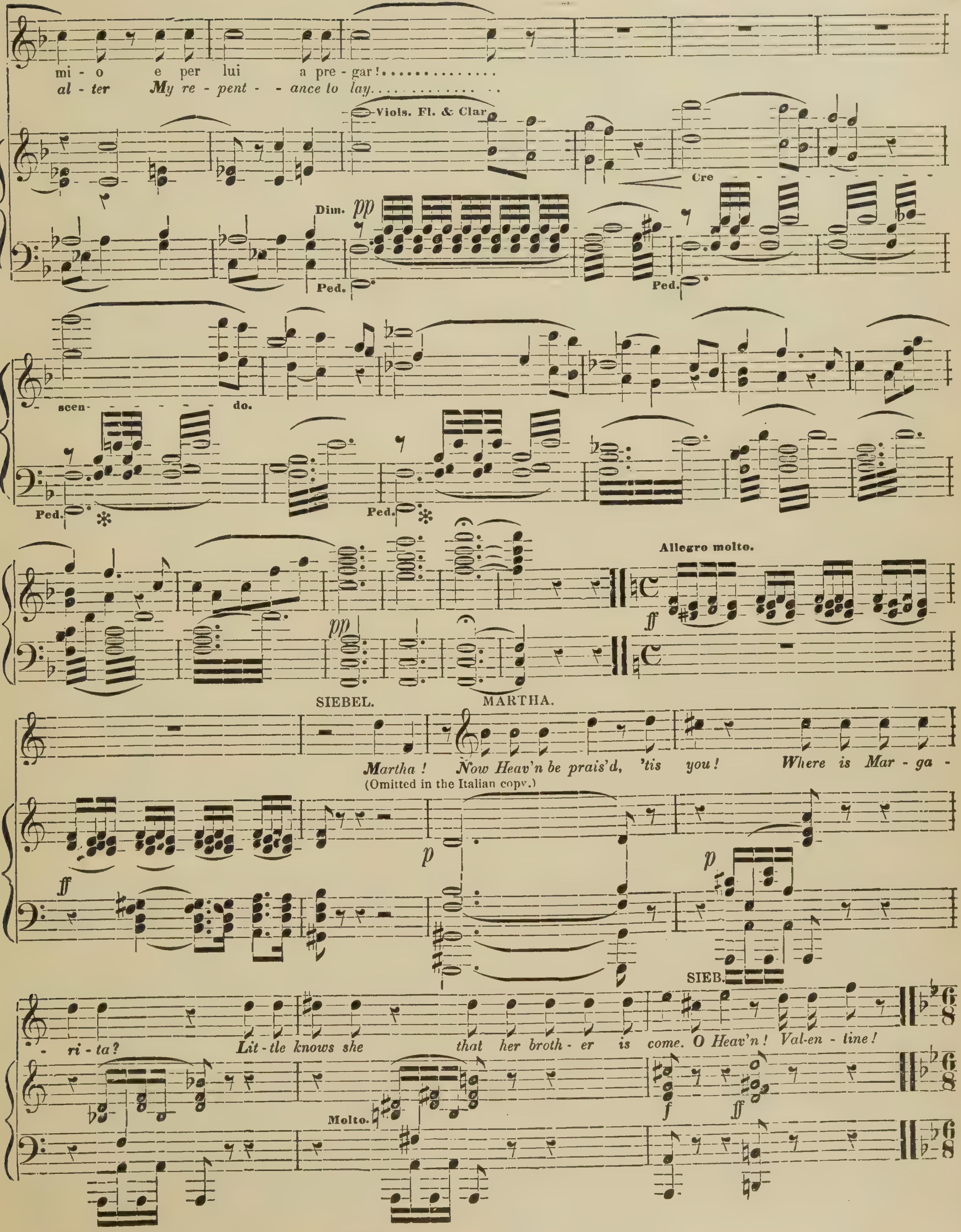



ghost..... And will not set him free, 'Tis he who bears my love from me, And for
do.
f
pp
whom I am base - ly de - serted, For when my child calm - ly lay - a - sleep.. One eve...
p
...... I knelt and wept and pray'd His i - cy hand at once was loos'd from mine, The Dark one bore him smi-ling a - -
f
fp
Cre - scen - - - do.
f ff
- - way, Since that morn I am lone in my sor - - row; Nor
p

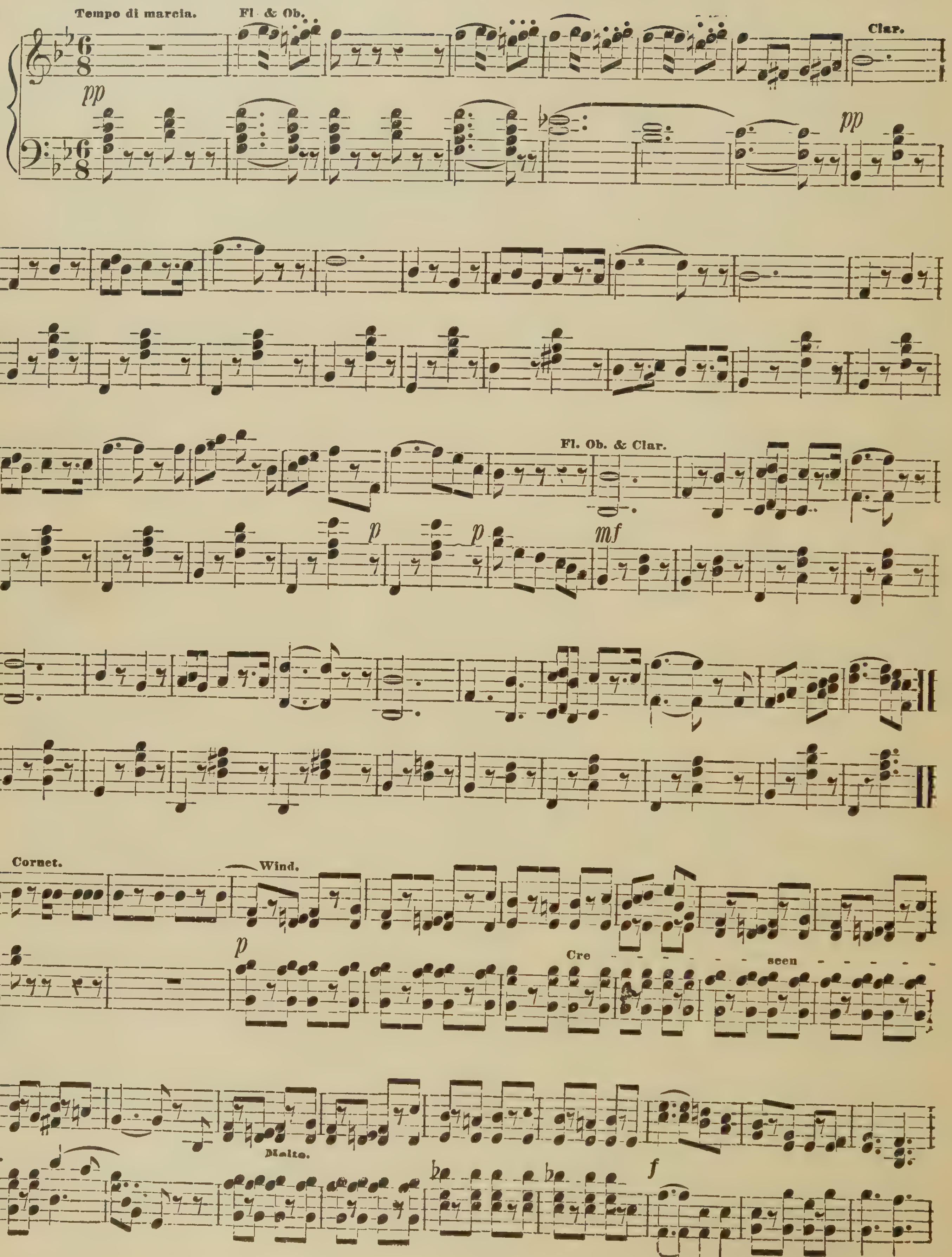

sleep ev-en at night. But hope still for the mor - - - row.
He will not return! ....
Ma, non parliam di
But why should I o'er -
pp
fp
lui della vos-tra am - is - tà Mio buon Sie - - bel, io grato a voi sa - rò.
cloud your youth with woe's mine own? 'Tis wrong, my friend, To speak of him to you!
Romance
Note. The following is omitted in the Italian copy.
SIEBEL.
When all was
Andante.
p
Cres.
Cres.
Dim.
p

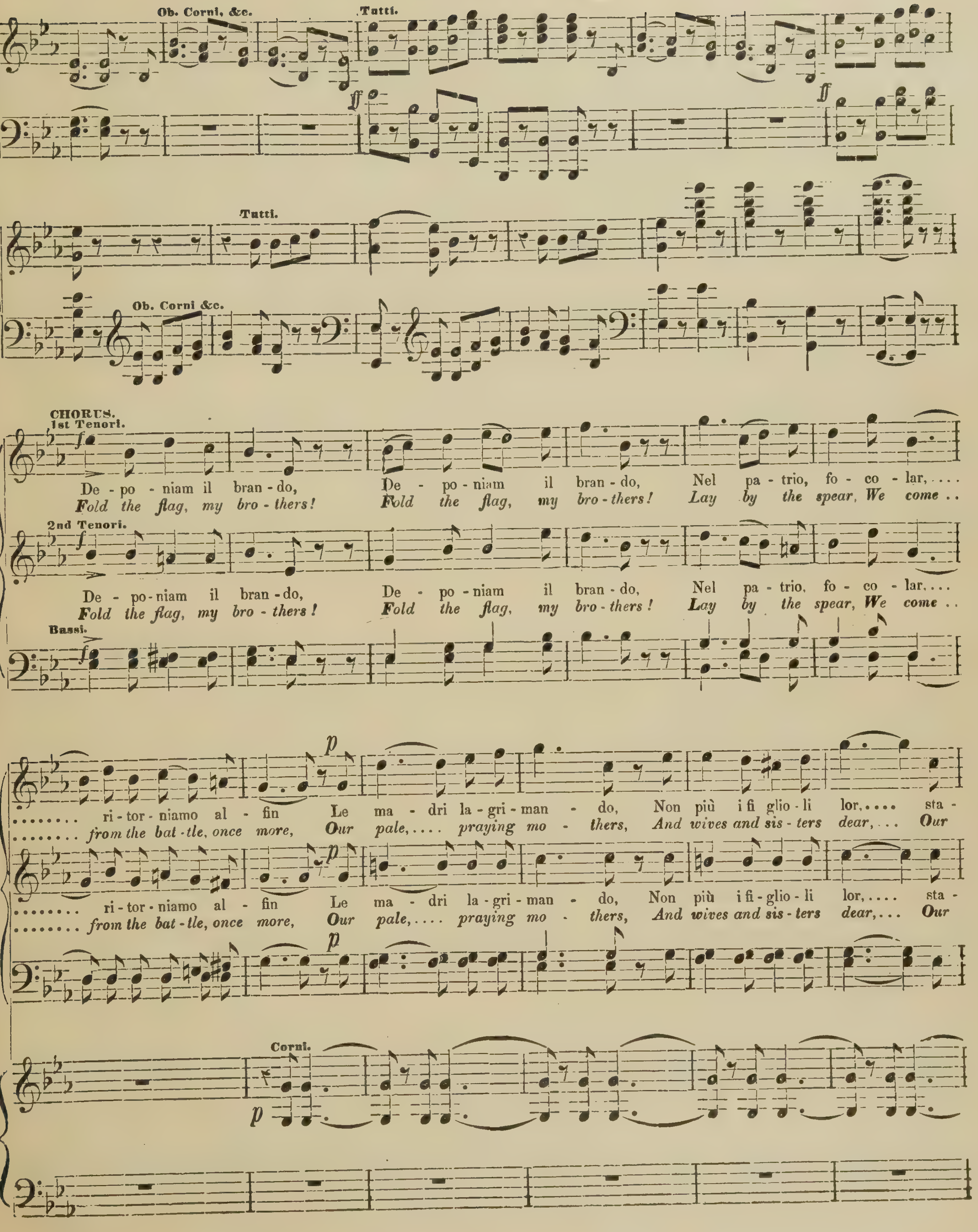

young and pleasant May was bloom - ing, I thy poor friend took part with thee in play; Now that the
cloud of Autumn dark is glooming, Now is for me too, mournful the day!.. Hope and de-light have pass'd from life a -
way! We were not
Cres.
Cres.
Dim.
Cello.
Cello.
born with true love to tri - fle! Nor born to part because the wind blows cold, What tho' the storm the summer garden
Cre - - scen - do.

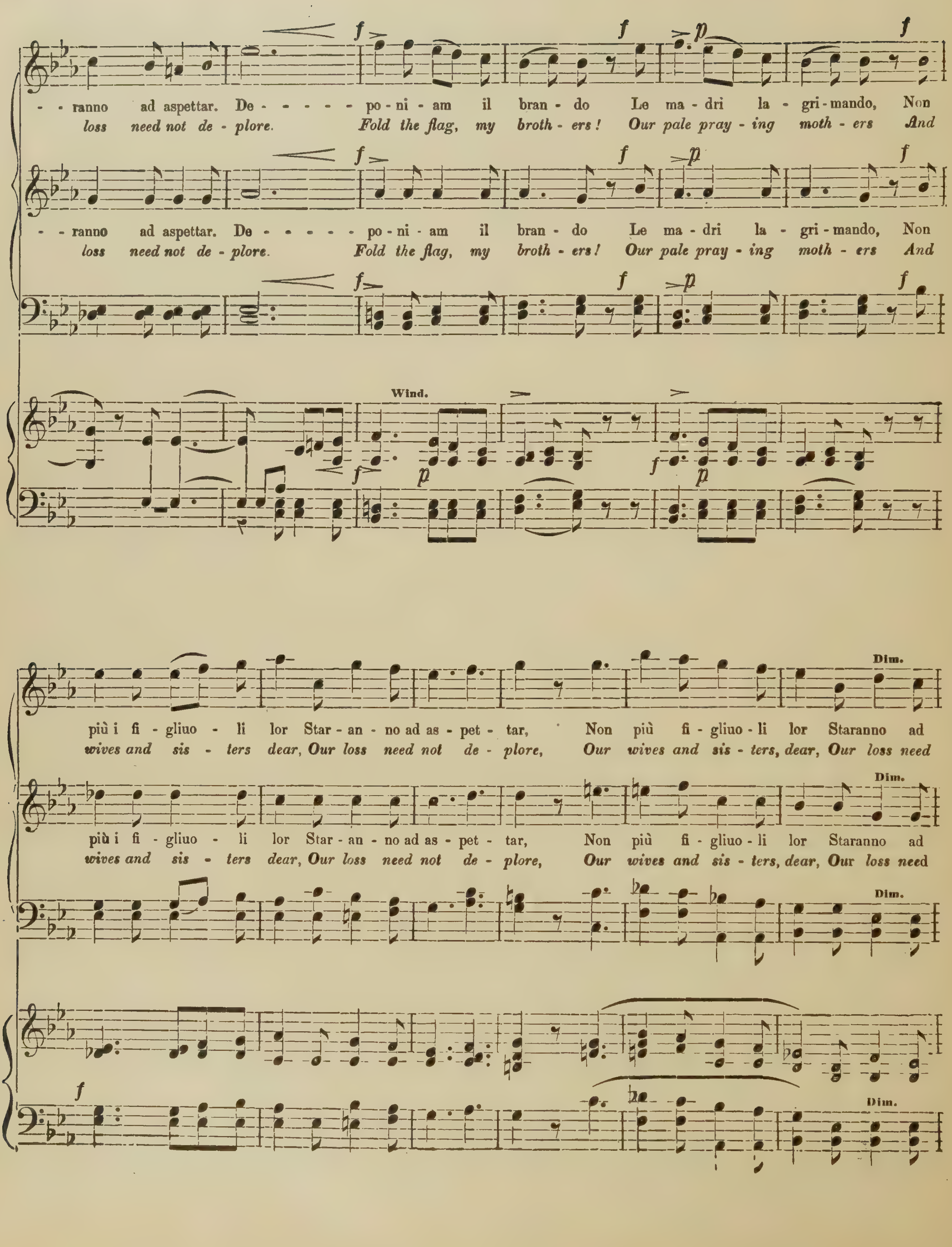

ri - fle, O Mar-ga - ri - ta! O Mar-ga - ri - ta! Still on the bough is left a leaf of gold, . . on the
Sfz
Dim.
Sfz
Dim.
bough is left a leaf of gold, . . on the bough is left a leaf of gold.
MARG.
Moderato.
V' as-sis - ta, Id - dio, mer - cè vi rendà il cielo, i crudi che m' ot-trag - gia - no non
- - - May Heav'n re-ward thee, For all your aid to me, . . Those who by right of vir - tue now dis -
Clar.
p
Viols.
p
Fag.
Viola.
pon - no, Chiuder le por - te a me del tem - pio del Si - gnor! V'an - dro pel fig - lio
- dain me, Have lit - tle pow'r to pain me, While I have pow'r to pray! I go be - fore the
p
p
Clar.

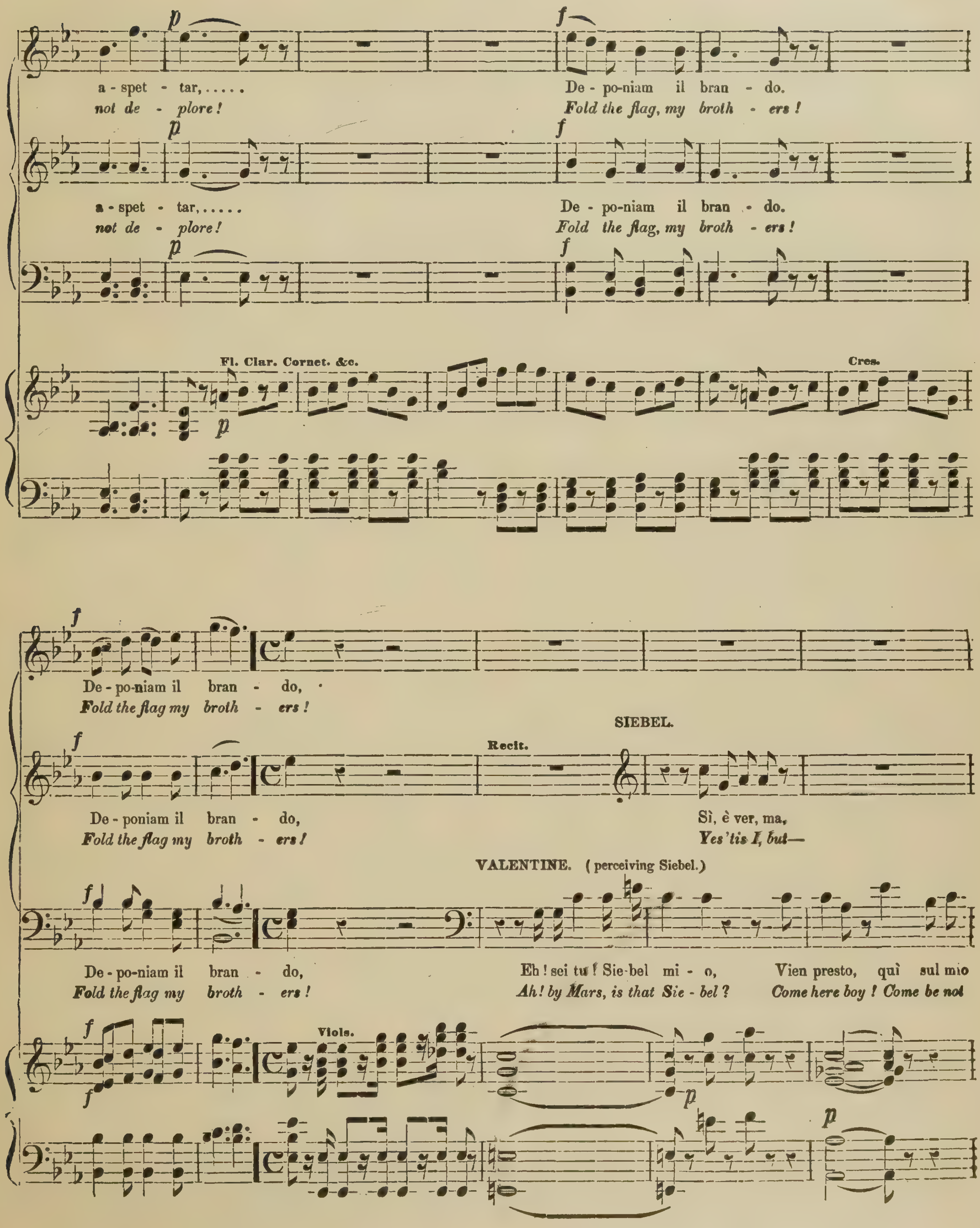

mi - o e per lui a pre - gar!
al - ter My re - pent - - ance to lay.
Viols. Fl. & Clar.
Dim.
pp
Ped.
Cre - - - - - - scen - - - - - - do.
Ped.
Ped.
Allegro molto.
pp
ff
SIEBEL.
MARTHA.
Martha! Now Heav'n be prais'd, 'tis you! Where is Mar - ga -
(Omitted in the Italian copy.)
p
p
ff
- ri - ta? Lit - tle knows she that her broth - er is come. O Heav'n! Val - en - tine!
SIEB.
Molto.
f
ff

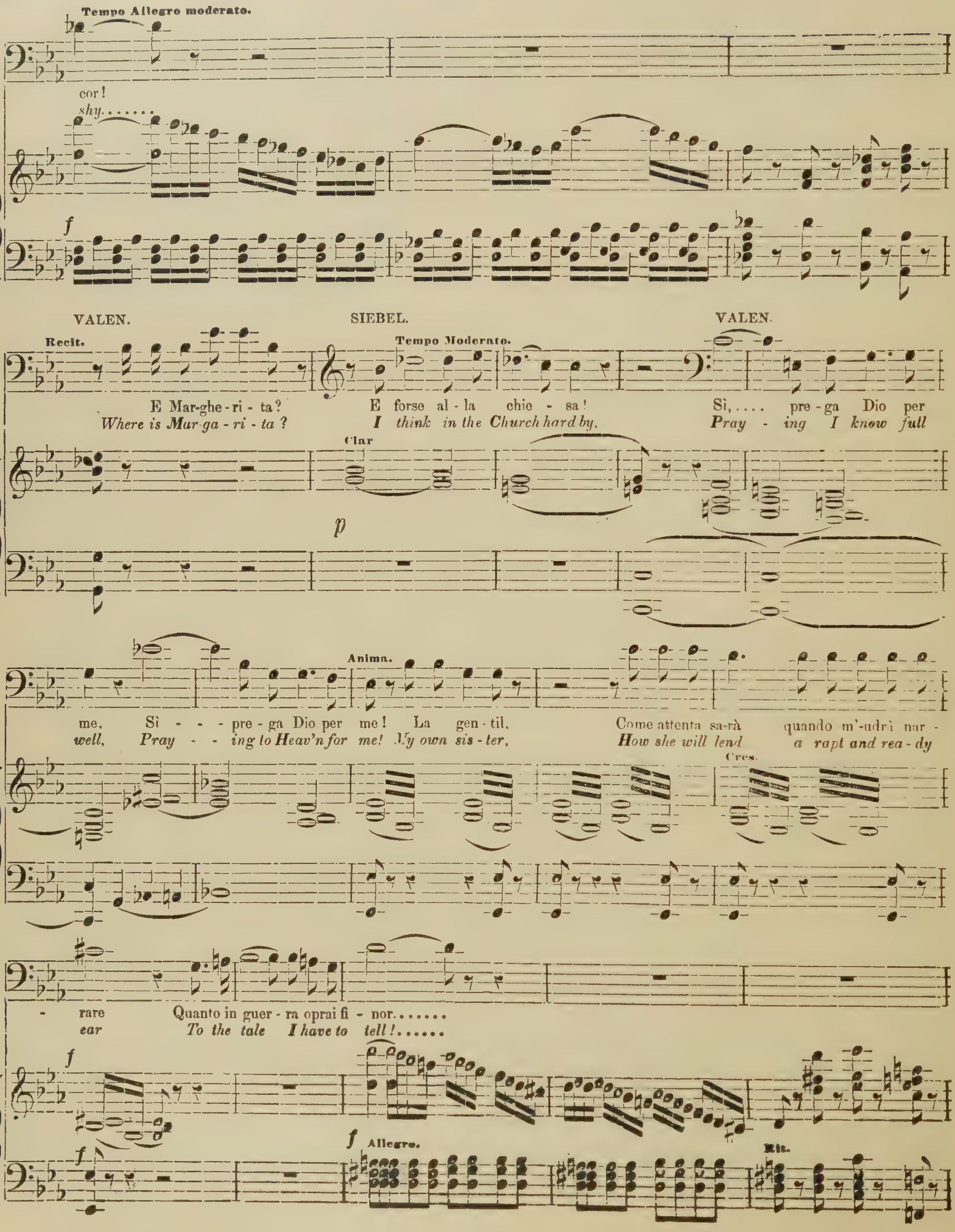
No. 13. The Soldiers' Chorus.

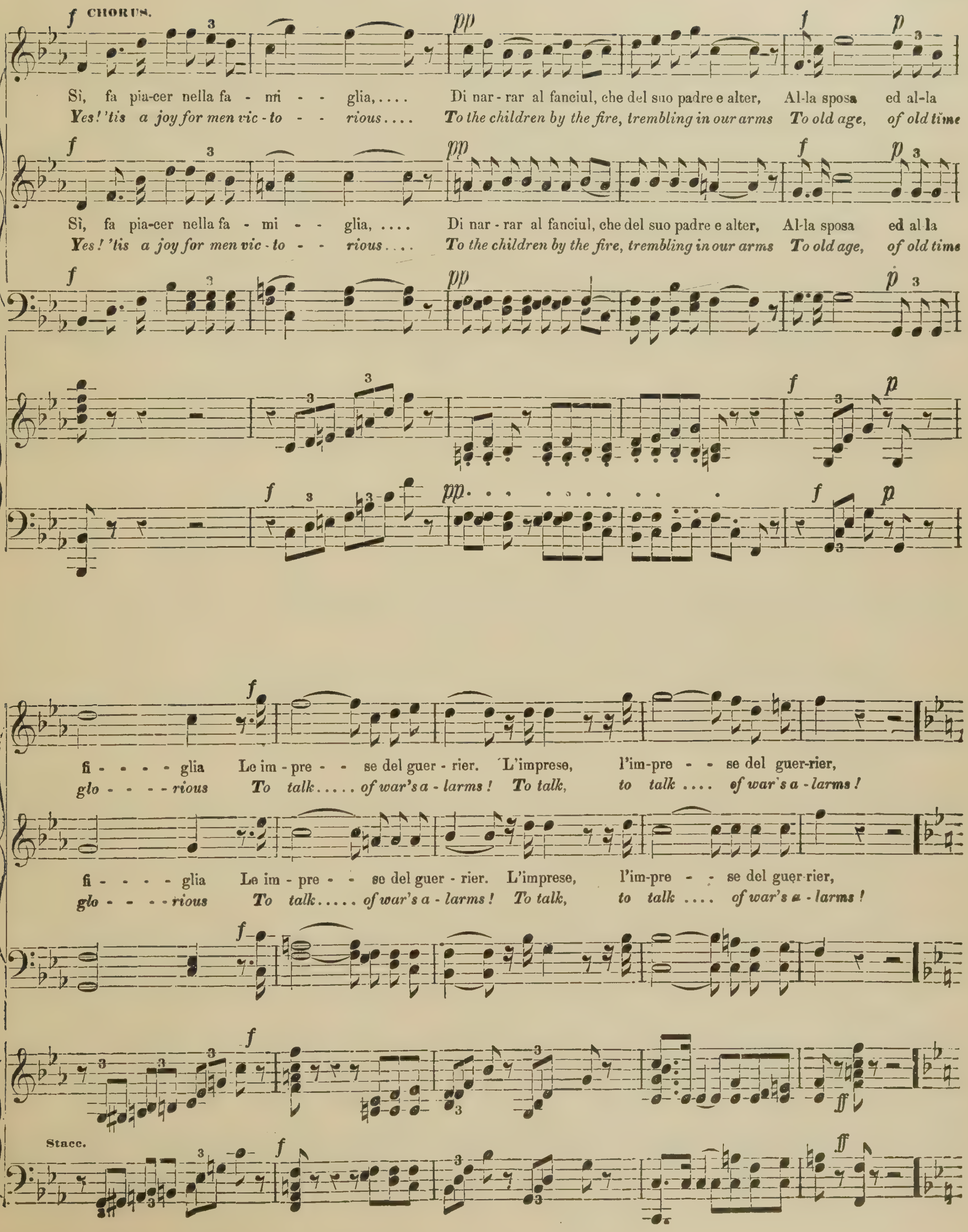


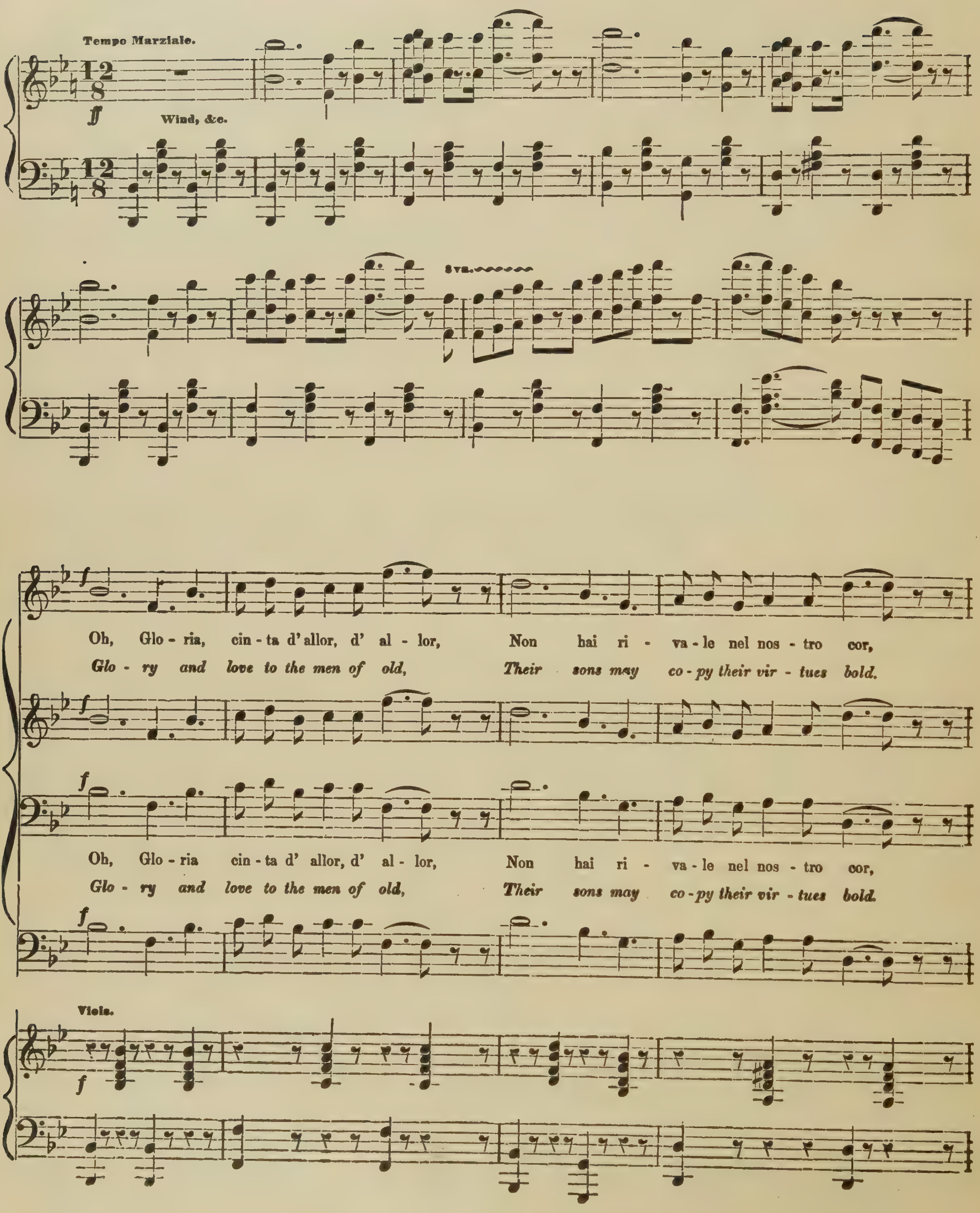

Ob. Corni, &c.
Tutti.
Tutti.
Ob. Corni &c.
CHORUS.
1st Tenori.
De - po - niam il bran - do, De - po - niam il bran - do, Nel pa - trio, fo - co - lar,....
Fold the flag, my bro - thers! Fold the flag, my bro - thers! Lay by the spear, We come ..
2nd Tenori.
De - po - niam il bran - do, De - po - niam il bran - do, Nel pa - trio, fo - co - lar,....
Fold the flag, my bro - thers! Fold the flag, my bro - thers! Lay by the spear, We come ..
Bassi.
.... ri - tor - niamo al - fin Le ma - dri la - gri - man - do, Non più i fi glio - li lor,.... sta -
.... from the bat - tle, once more, Our pale,.... praying mo - thers, And wives and sis - ters dear,... Our
.... ri - tor - niamo al - fin Le ma - dri la - gri - man - do, Non più i fi - glio - li lor,.... sta -
.... from the bat - tle, once more, Our pale,.... praying mo - thers, And wives and sis - ters dear,... Our
Corni.

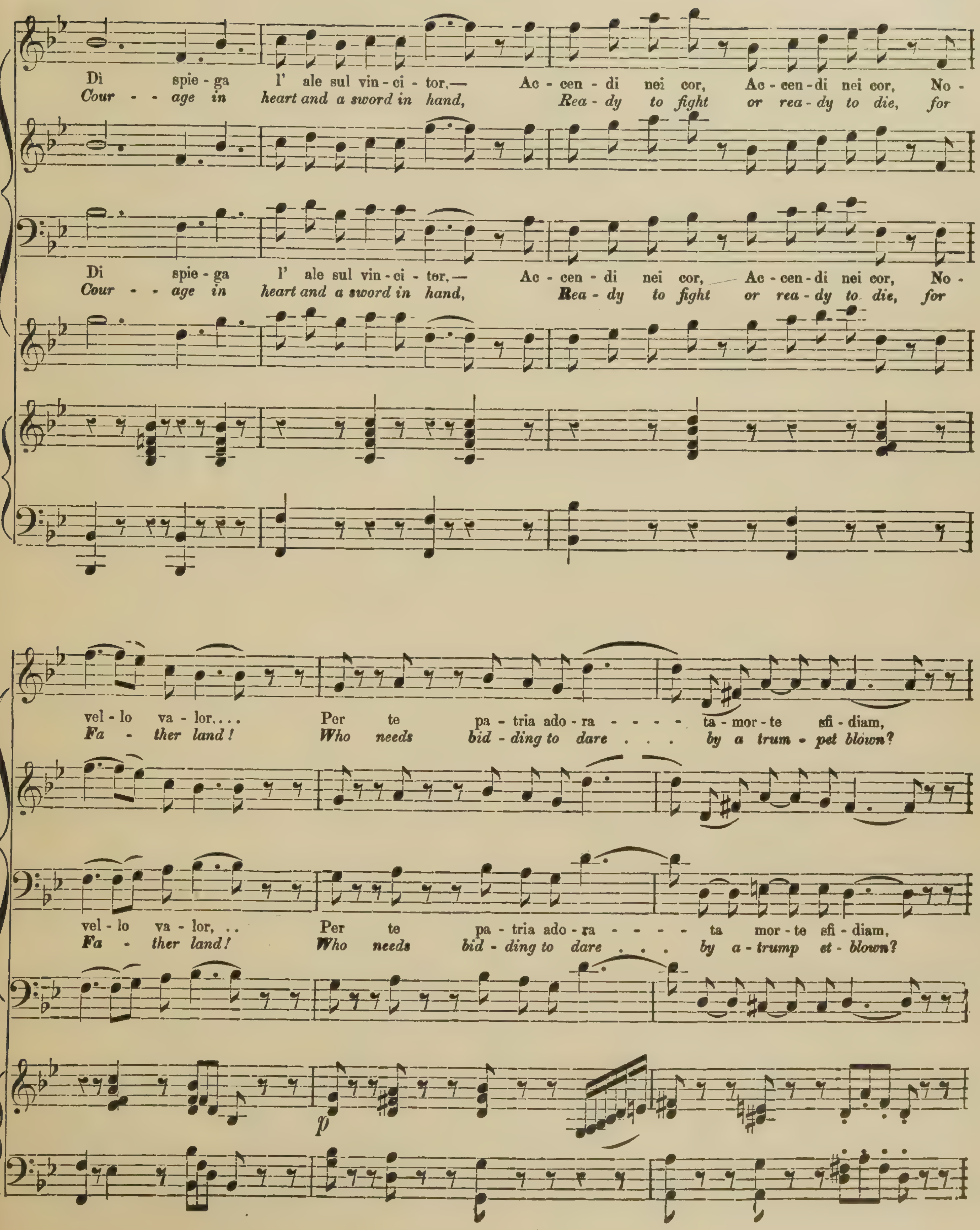

- - ranno ad aspettar. De - - - - - - po - ni - am il bran - do Le ma - dri la - gri - mando, Non
loss need not de - plore. Fold the flag, my broth - ers! Our pale pray - ing moth - ers And
- - ranno ad aspettar. De - - - - - - po - ni - am il bran - do Le ma - dri la - gri - mando, Non
loss need not de - plore. Fold the flag, my broth - ers! Our pale pray - ing moth - ers And
Wind.
più i fi - gliuo - li lor Star - an - no ad as - pet - tar, Non più fi - gliuo - li lor Staranno ad
wives and sis - ters dear, Our loss need not de - plore, Our wives and sis - ters, dear, Our loss need
Dim.
più i fi - gliuo - li lor Star - an - no ad as - pet - tar, Non più fi - gliuo - li lor Staranno ad
wives and sis - ters dear, Our loss need not de - plore, Our wives and sis - ters, dear, Our loss need
Dim.

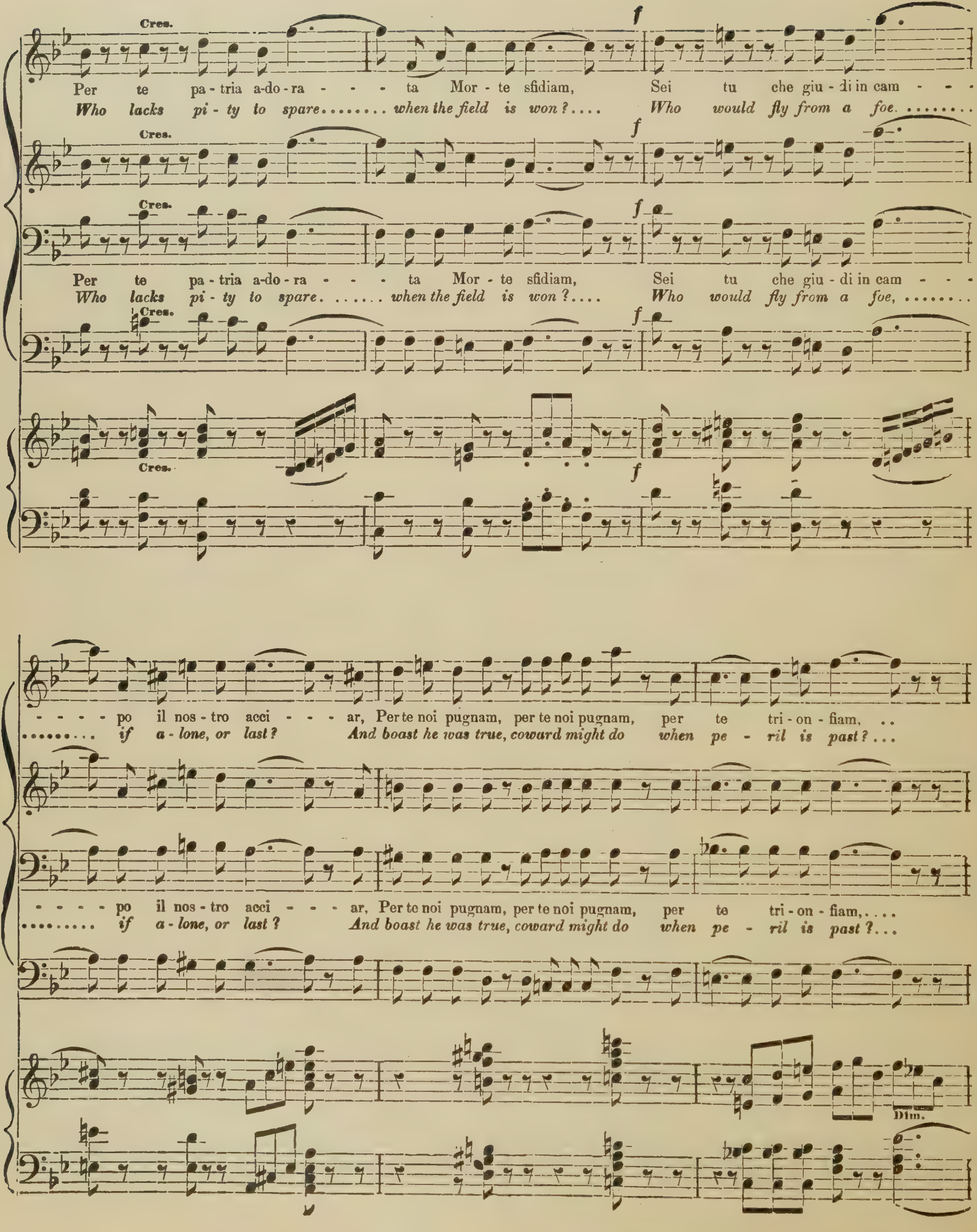

p
f
a - spet - tar,.....
not de - plore!
De - po-niam il bran - do.
Fold the flag, my broth - ers!
Fl. Clar. Cornet. &c.
Cres.
De - po-niam il bran - do,
Fold the flag my broth - ers!
SIEBEL.
Recit.
Sì, è ver, ma,
Yes 'tis I, but—
VALENTINE. (perceiving Siebel.)
Eh! sei tu! Sie-bel mi - o, Vien presto, quì sul mio
Ah! by Mars, is that Sie - bel? Come here boy! Come be not
Viols.

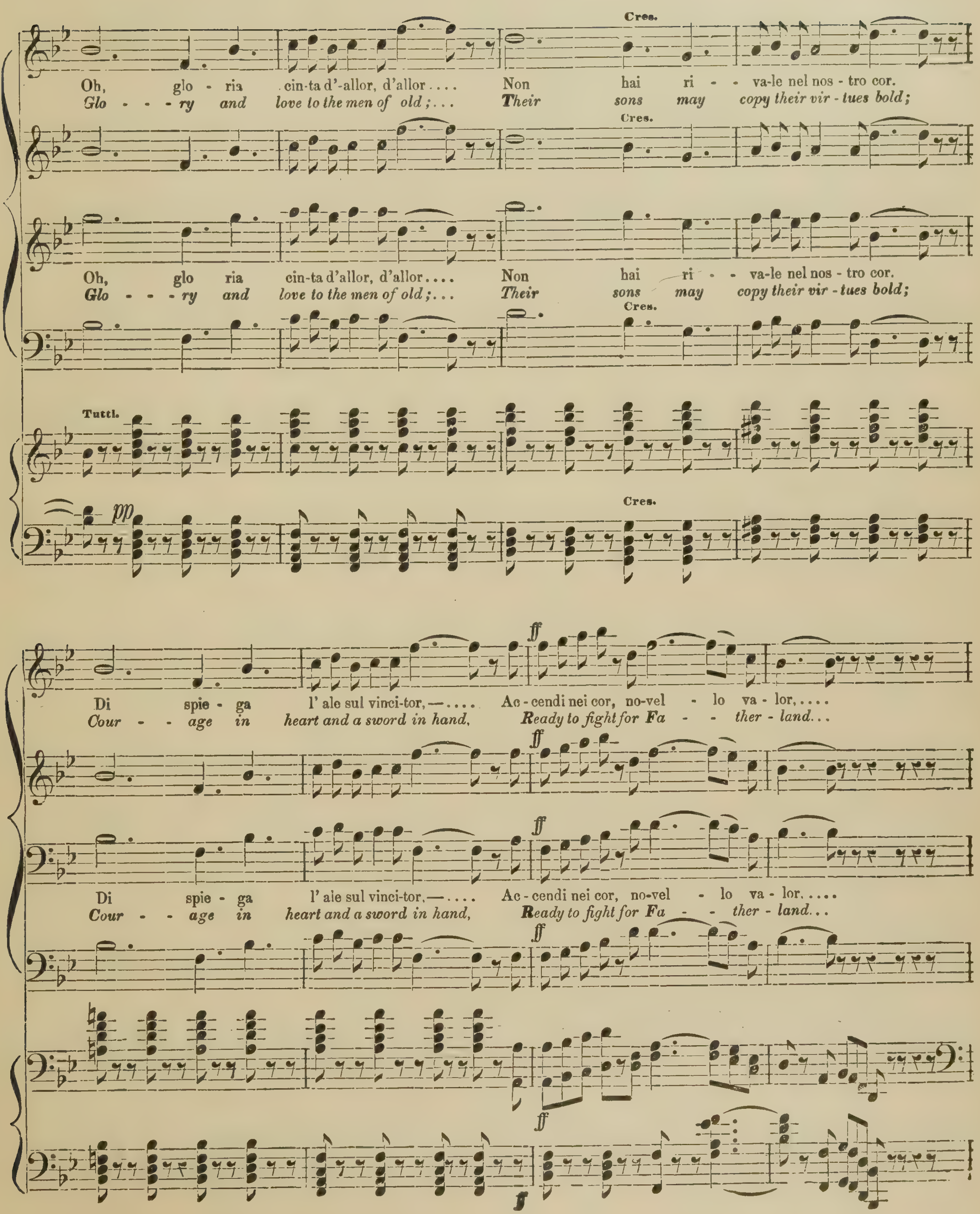

Tempo Allegro moderato.
cor!
shy.......
f
VALEN.
Recit.
E Mar-ghe-ri - ta?
Where is Mar-ga - ri - ta ?
SIEBEL.
Tempo Moderato.
E forse al - la chie - sa!
I think in the Church hard by.
VALEN.
Sì,.... pre - ga Dio per
Pray - ing I know full
Clar
p
me, Sì - - - pre - ga Dio per me! La gen - til,
well, Pray - - ing to Heav'n for me! My own sis - ter,
Anima.
Come attenta sa-rà quando m'-udrà nar -
How she will lend a rapt and rea - dy
Cres.
- rare Quanto in guer - ra oprai fi - nor.......
ear To the tale I have to tell!......
f
Allegro.
Rit.

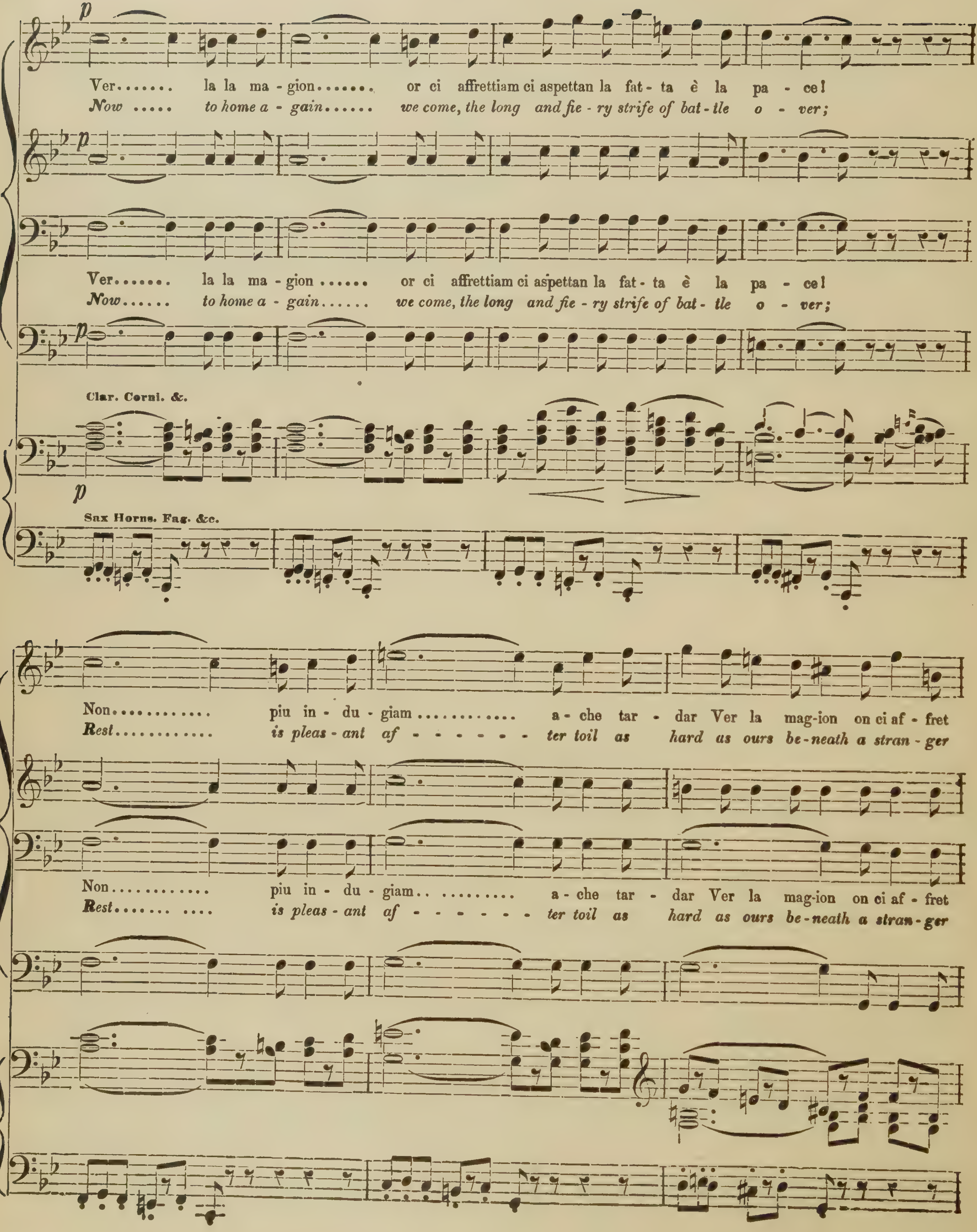

CHORUS.
Sì, fa pia-cer nella fa - mi - - glia, ... Di nar - rar al fanciul, che del suo padre e alter, Al-la sposa ed al-la
Yes! 'tis a joy for men vic - to - - rious .... To the children by the fire, trembling in our arms To old age, of old time
fi - - - - glia Le im - pre - - se del guer - rier. L'impresa, l'im-pre - - se del guer-rier,
glo - - - - rious To talk..... of war's a - larms! To talk, to talk .... of war's a - larms!
Stacc.

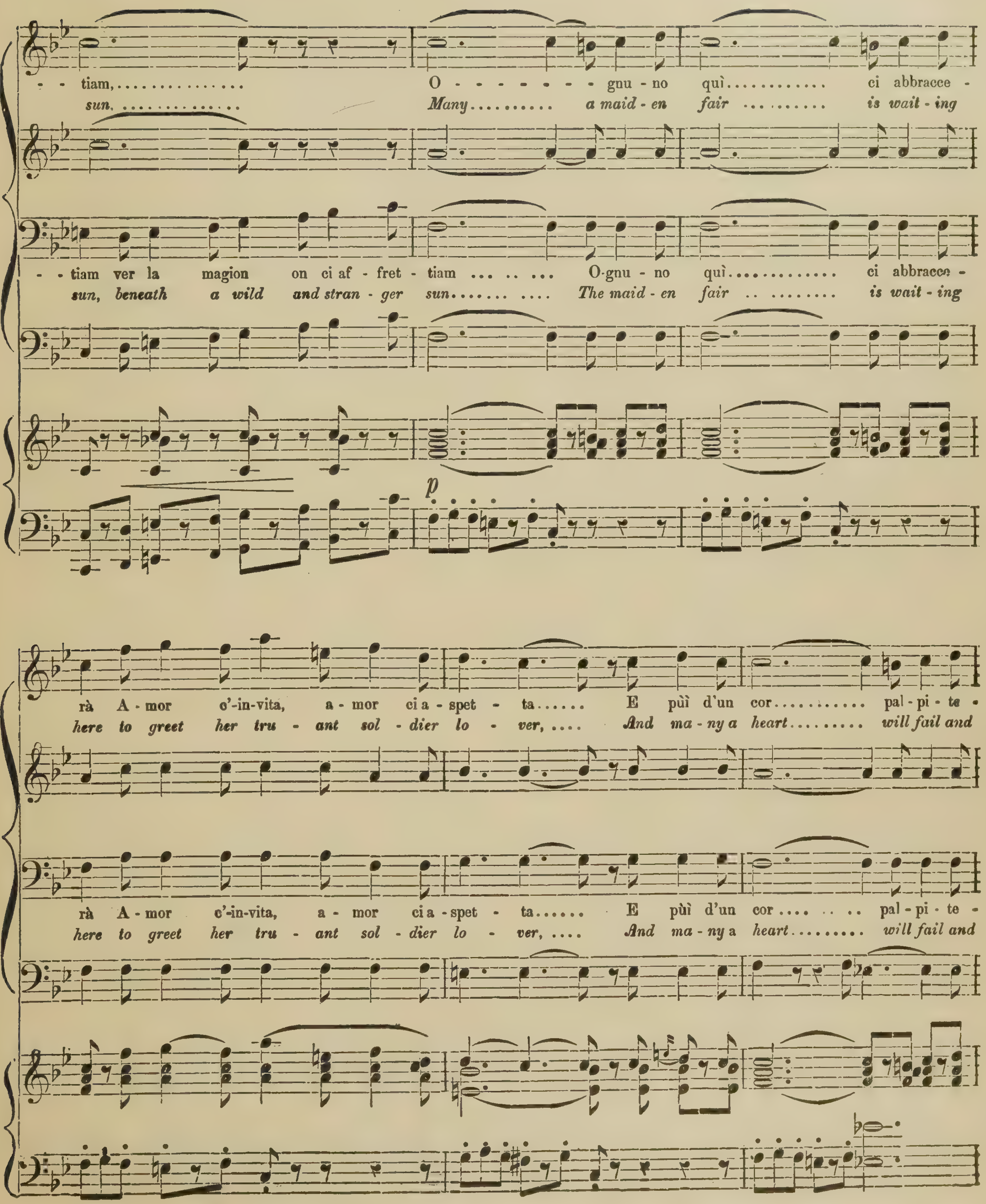

Tempo Marziale.
Wind, &c.
8va.
Oh, Gloria, cin - ta d' allor, d' al - lor, Non hai ri - va - le nel nos - tro cor,
Glo - ry and love to the men of old, Their sons may co - py their vir - tues bold.
Oh, Glo - ria cin - ta d' allor, d' al - lor, Non hai ri - va - le nel nos - tro cor,
Glo - ry and love to the men of old, Their sons may co - py their vir - tues bold.
Viola.


Di spie - ga l' ale sul vin - ci - tor,— Ac - cen - di nei cor, Ac - cen - di nei cor, No -
Cour - - age in heart and a sword in hand, Rea - dy to fight or rea - dy to die, for
Di spie - ga l' ale sul vin - ci - tor,— Ac - cen - di nei cor, Ac - cen - di nei cor, No -
Cour - - age in heart and a sword in hand, Rea - dy to fight or rea - dy to die, for
vel - lo va - lor, . . . Per te pa - tria ado - ra - - - - ta - mor - te sfi - diam,
Fa - ther land! Who needs bid - ding to dare . . . by a trum - pet blown?
vel - lo va - lor, . . Per te pa - tria ado - ra - - - - ta mor - te sfi - diam,
Fa - ther land! Who needs bid - ding to dare . . . by a - trump et - blown?
p

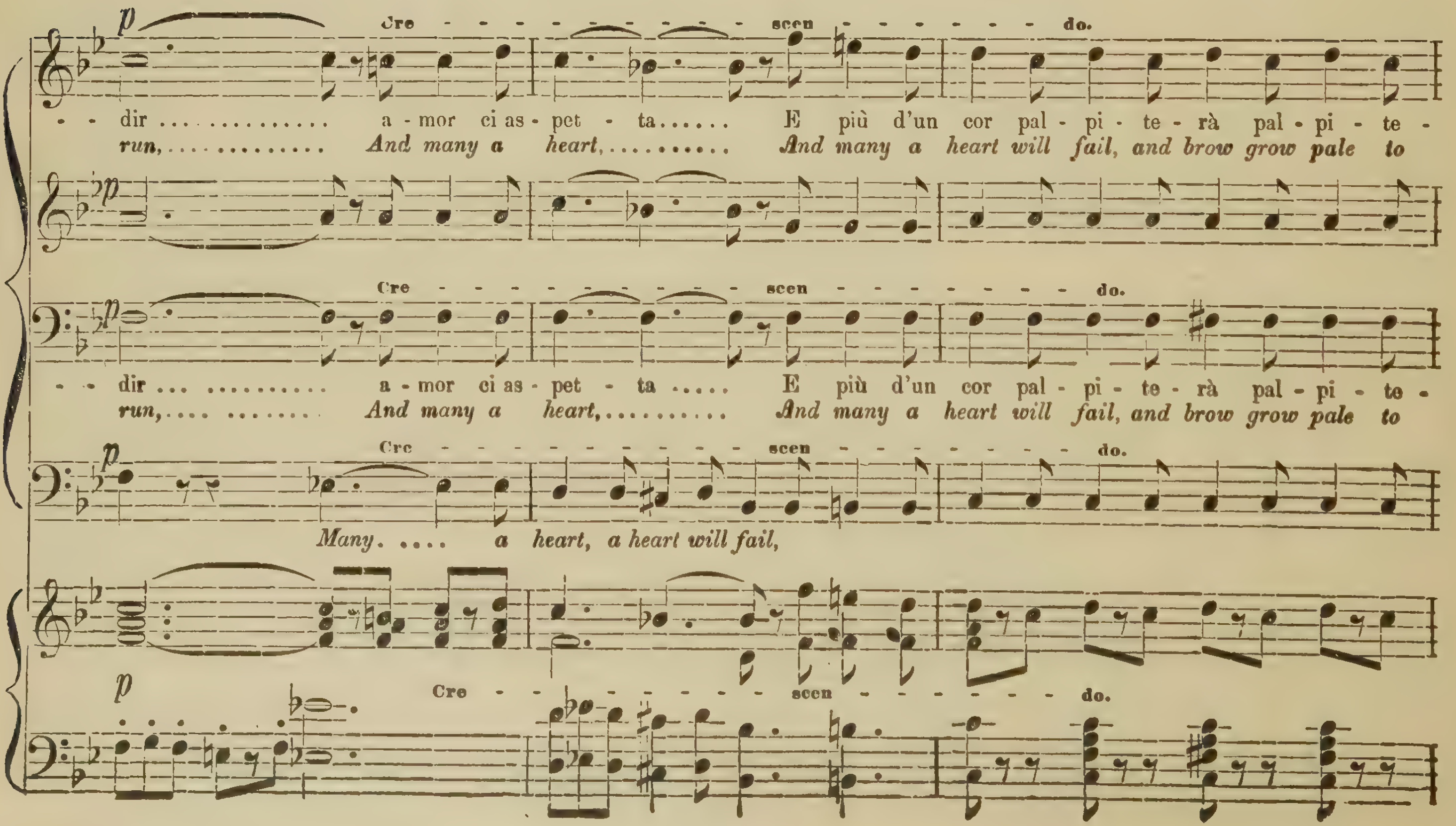

Cres.
f
Per te pa - tria a-do - ra - - - - ta Mor - te sfidiam, Sei tu che giu - di in cam - - -
Who lacks pi - ty to spare........ when the field is won?.... Who would fly from a foe. ....
Per te pa - tria a-do - ra - - - - ta Mor - te sfidiam, Sei tu che giu - di in cam - - -
Who lacks pi - ty to spare....... when the field is won?.... Who would fly from a foe, ...
- - - - po il nos - tro acci - - - - ar, Per te noi pugnam, per te noi pugnam, per te tri - on - fiam, . .
.... if a - lone, or last? And boast he was true, coward might do when pe - ril is past?...
- - - - po il nos - tro acci - - - - ar, Per te noi pugnam, per te noi pugnam, per te tri - on - fiam,....
.... if a - lone, or last? And boast he was true, coward might do when pe - ril is past?...
Dim.

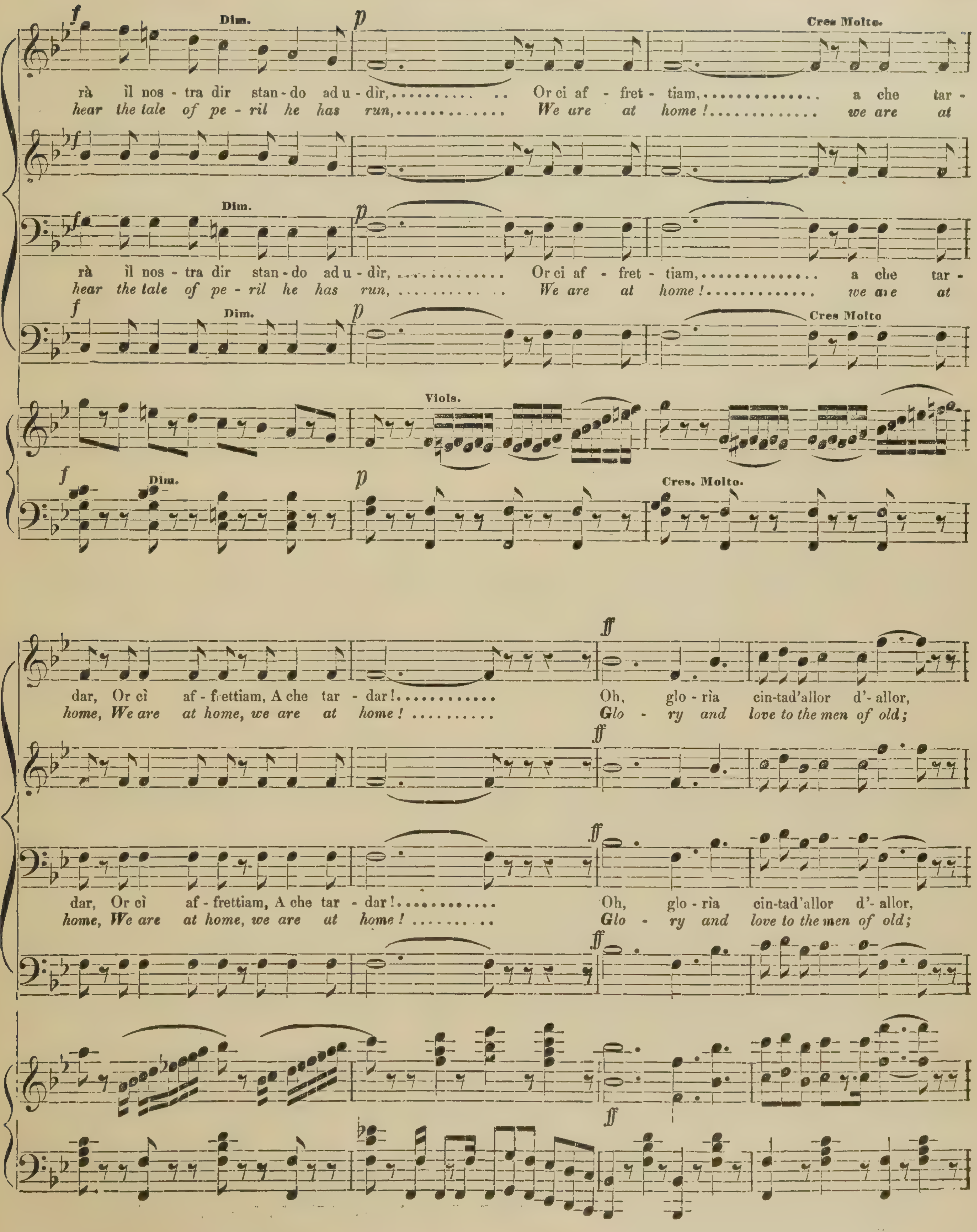

Cres.
Oh, gloria cin-ta d'-allor, d'allor.... Non hai ri - - va-le nel nos - tro cor.
Glo - - - ry and love to the men of old;... Their sons may copy their vir - tues bold;
Cres.
Oh, glo ria cin-ta d'allor, d'allor.... Non hai ri - - va-le nel nos - tro cor.
Glo - - - ry and love to the men of old;... Their sons may copy their vir - tues bold;
Cres.
Tutti.
pp
Cres.
Di spie - ga l' ale sul vinci-tor,—.... Ac - cendi nei cor, no-vel - lo va - lor,....
Cour - - age in heart and a sword in hand, Ready to fight for Fa - - ther - land...
ff
Di spie - ga l' ale sul vinci-tor,—.... Ac - cendi nei cor, no-vel - lo va - lor,....
Cour - - age in heart and a sword in hand, Ready to fight for Fa - - ther - land...
ff
ff
f

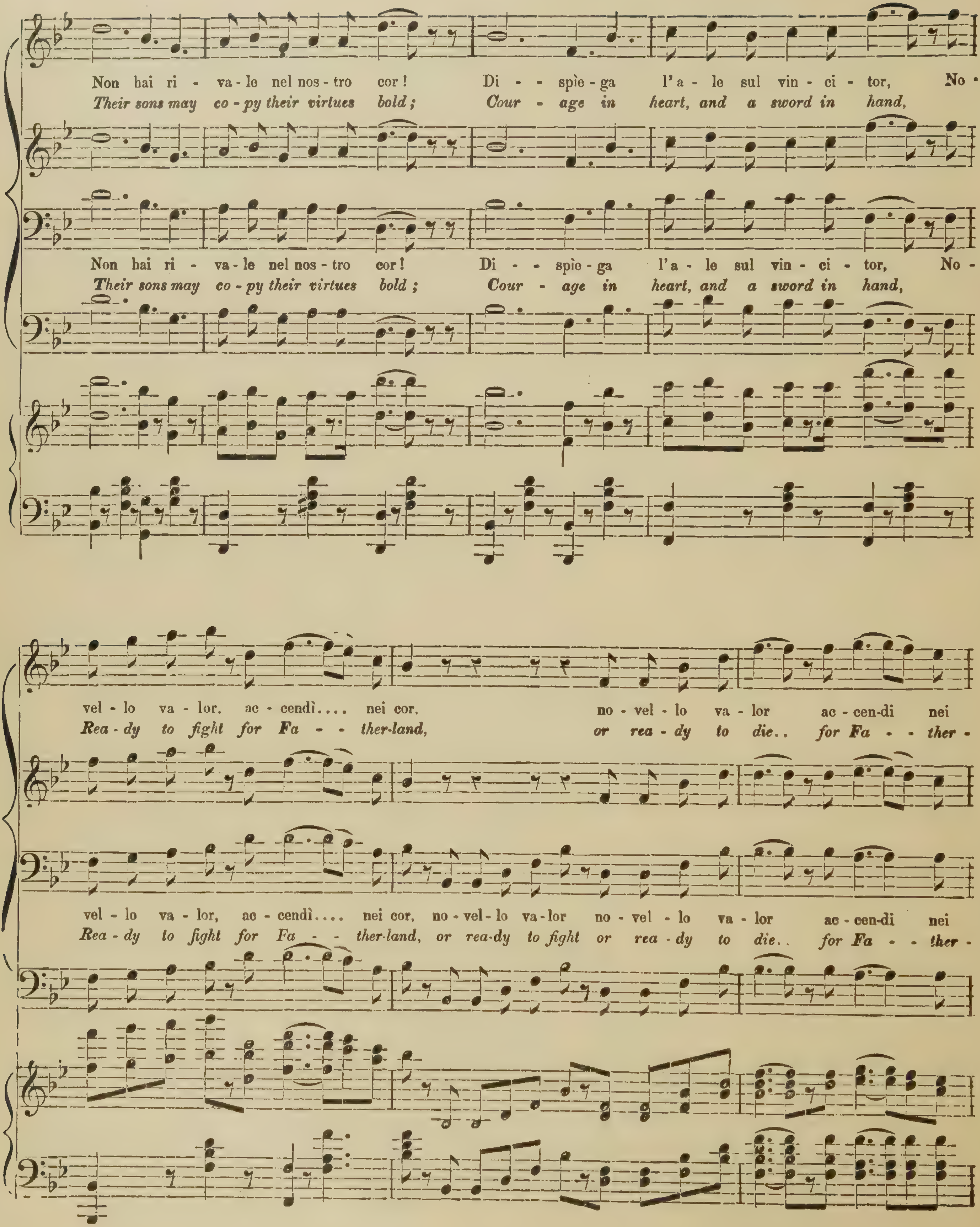

Ver....... la la ma - gion........ or ci affrettiam ci aspettan la fat - ta è la pa - ce!
Now ..... to home a - gain...... we come, the long and fie - ry strife of bat - tle o - ver;
Ver....... la la ma - gion ...... or ci affrettiam ci aspettan la fat - ta è la pa - ce!
Now...... to home a - gain...... we come, the long and fie - ry strife of bat - tle o - ver;
Clar. Corni. &c.
Sax Horns. Fag. &c.
Non............. piu in - du - giam.............. a - che tar - dar Ver la mag-ion on ci af - fret
Rest............. is pleas - ant af - - - - - - ter toil as hard as ours be-neath a stran - ger
Non............. piu in - du - giam.. .... a - che tar - dar Ver la mag-ion on ci af - fret
Rest....... .... is pleas - ant af - - - - - - ter toil as hard as ours be-neath a stran - ger

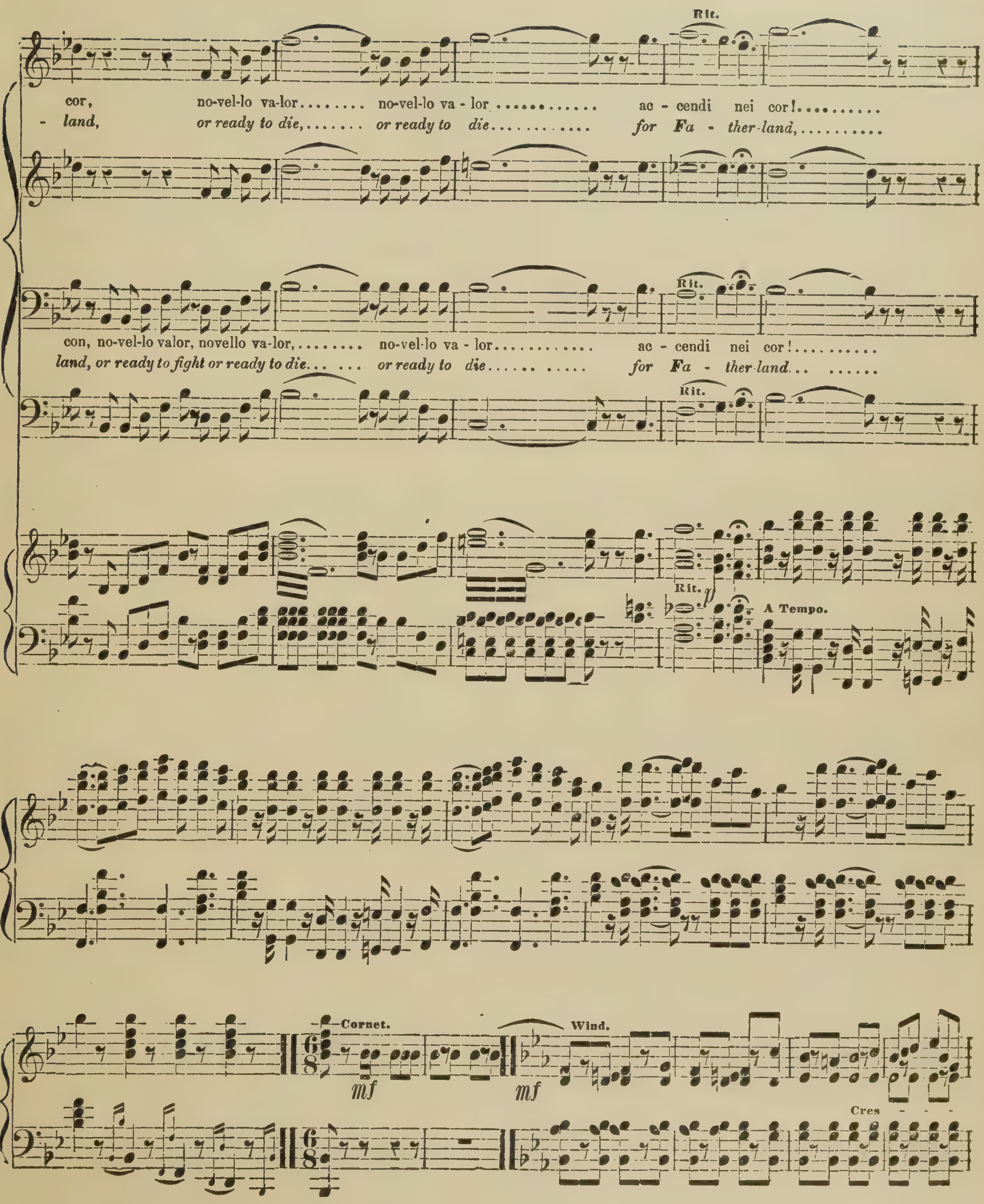

- - tiam, ... O - - - - - - - gnu - no quì .... ci abbracce -
sun, ... Many .... a maid - en fair .... is wait - ing
- - tiam ver la magion on ci af - fret - tiam ... . O-gnu - no quì .... ci abbracce -
sun, beneath a wild and stran - ger sun....... .... The maid - en fair .. .. is wait - ing
p
rà A - mor o'-in-vita, a - mor ci a - spet - ta...... E pùì d'un cor............ pal - pi - te -
here to greet her tru - ant sol - dier lo - ver, ... And ma - ny a heart......... will fail and
rà A - mor o'-in-vita, a - mor ci a - spet - ta...... E pùì d'un cor .... pal - pi - te -
here to greet her tru - ant sol - dier lo - ver, ... And ma - ny a heart......... will fail and

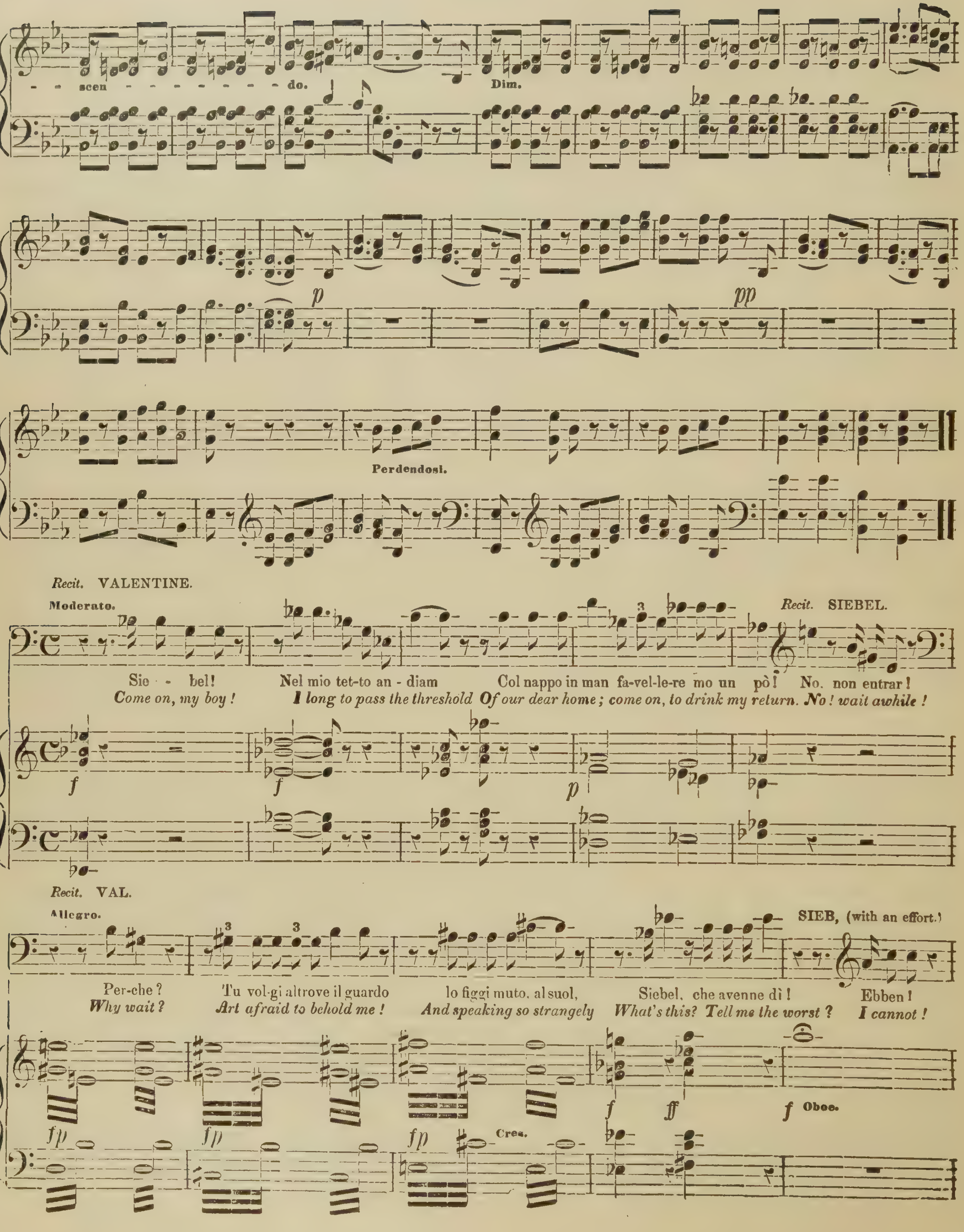
Dim.
- - rà . . . . pal - pi - te - rà . . . . Il nos - tro dir, il nos - tro dir stan - do ad u -
brow . . . . grow pale to hear, ... To hear the tale of cru - el pe - ril he has
Dim.
- - rà . . . . pal - pi - te - rà . . . . Il nos - tro dir, il nos - tro dir stan - do ad u -
brow . . . . grow pale to hear, ... To hear the tale of cru - el pe - ril he has
Dim.
brow grow pale . . . . to hear, to hear . . . . the tale of cru - el per - il he has
Cres.
Dim.

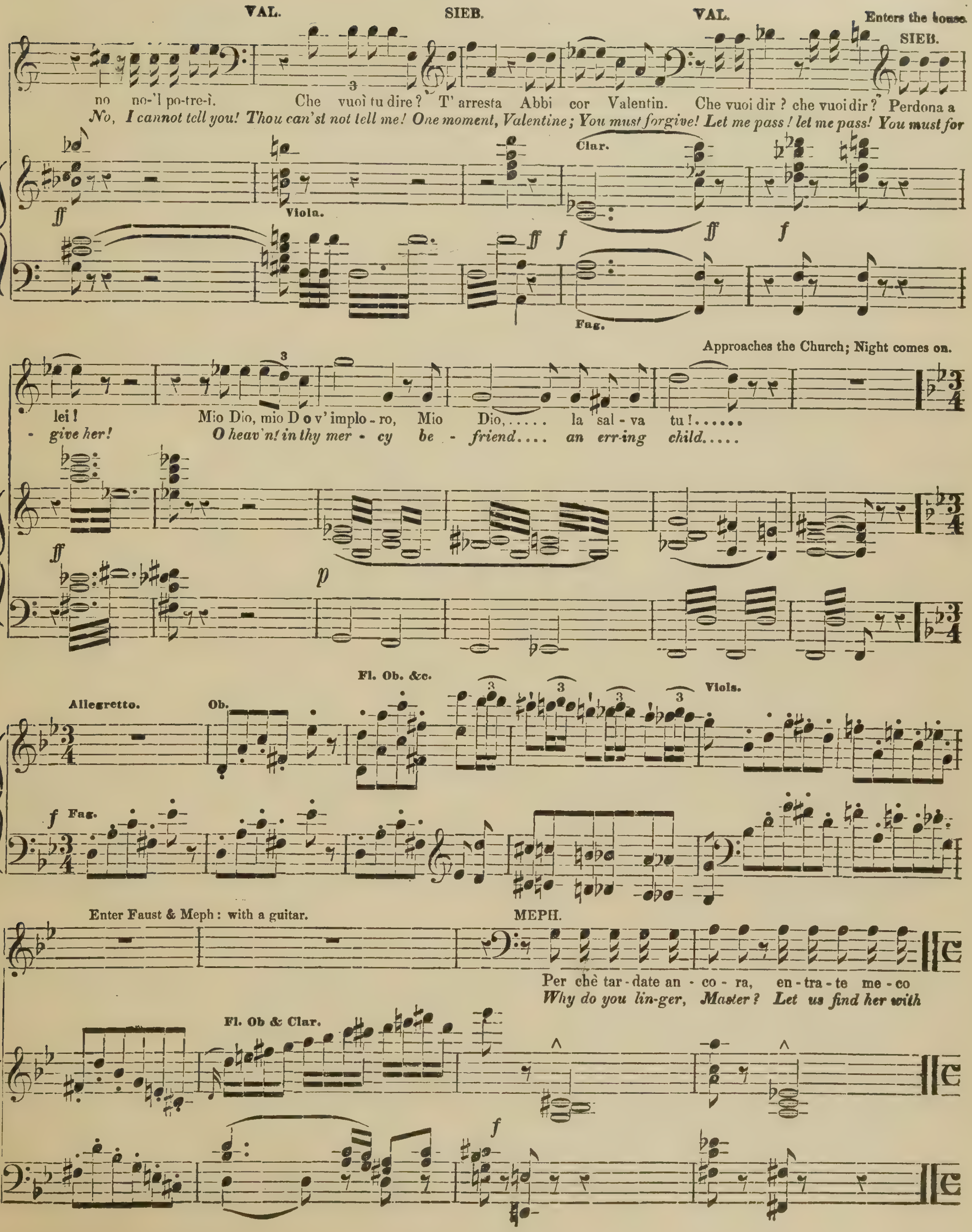

p
Cre - - - - - - - - - - scen - - - - - - - do.
- - dir . . . . a - mor ci as - pet - ta . . . . . . E più d'un cor pal - pi - te - rà pal - pi - te -
run, ... And many a heart, ... And many a heart will fail, and brow grow pale to
p
p
Cre - - - - - - - - - - scen - - - - - - - do.
- - dir . . . . a - mor ci as - pet - ta . . . . . E più d'un cor pal - pi - te - rà pal - pi - te -
run, ... And many a heart, ... And many a heart will fail, and brow grow pale to
p
Cre - - - - - - - - - - scen - - - - - - - do.
Many. . . . . a heart, a heart will fail,
p
Cre - - - - - - - - - scen - - - - - - - do.

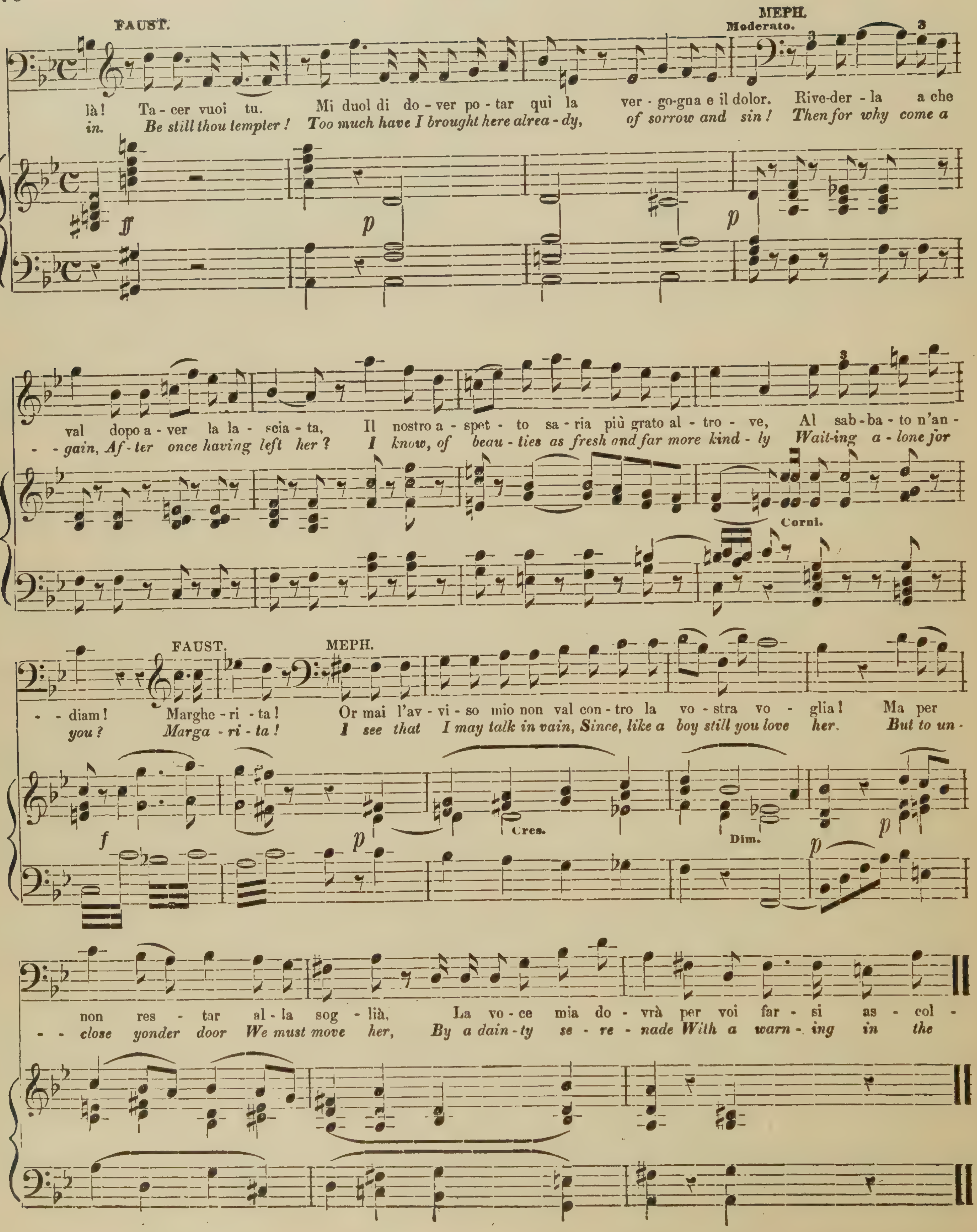

f
Dim.
p
Cres Molto.
rà il nos - tra dir stan - do ad u - dìr,.......... .. Or ci af - fret - tiam,............... a che tar -
hear the tale of pe - ril he has run,.............. We are at home!............. we are at
rà il nos - tra dir stan - do ad u - dìr, ... Or ci af - fret - tiam,.............. a che tar -
hear the tale of pe - ril he has run, ... We are at home!............. we are at
Viols.
Cres. Molto.
dar, Or cì af - frettiam, A che tar - dar!............ Oh, glo - rìa cin-tad'allor d'- allor,
home, We are at home, we are at home! .... Glo - ry and love to the men of old;
ff
dar, Or cì af - frettiam, A che tar - dar!............ Oh, glo - rìa cin-tad'allor d'- allor,
home, We are at home, we are at home! .... Glo - ry and love to the men of old;


Non hai ri - va - le nel nos - tro cor! Di - - spìe - ga l'a - le sul vin - ci - tor, No -
Their sons may co - py their virtues bold; Cour - age in heart, and a sword in hand,
Non hai ri - va - le nel nos - tro cor! Di - - spìe - ga l'a - le sul vin - ci - tor, No -
Their sons may co - py their virtues bold; Cour - age in heart, and a sword in hand,
vel - lo va - lor, ac - cendì.... nei cor, no - vel - lo va - lor ac - cen-di nei
Rea - dy to fight for Fa - - ther-land, or rea - dy to die.. for Fa - - ther -
vel - lo va - lor, ac - cendì.... nei cor, no - vel - lo va - lor no - vel - lo va - lor ac - cen-di nei
Rea - dy to fight for Fa - - ther-land, or rea-dy to fight or rea - dy to die.. for Fa - - ther -


Rit.
cor, no-vel-lo va-lor........ no-vel-lo va-lor.............. ac-cendi nei cor!..........
- land, or ready to die,....... or ready to die........... for Fa - ther-land,..........
Rit.
con, no-vel-lo valor, novello va-lor,........ no-vel-lo va-lor............ ac-cendi nei cor!..........
land, or ready to fight or ready to die... ... or ready to die...... ..... for Fa - ther-land... ......
Rit.
Rit.
A Tempo.
Cornet.
mf
Wind.
mf
Cres - - -

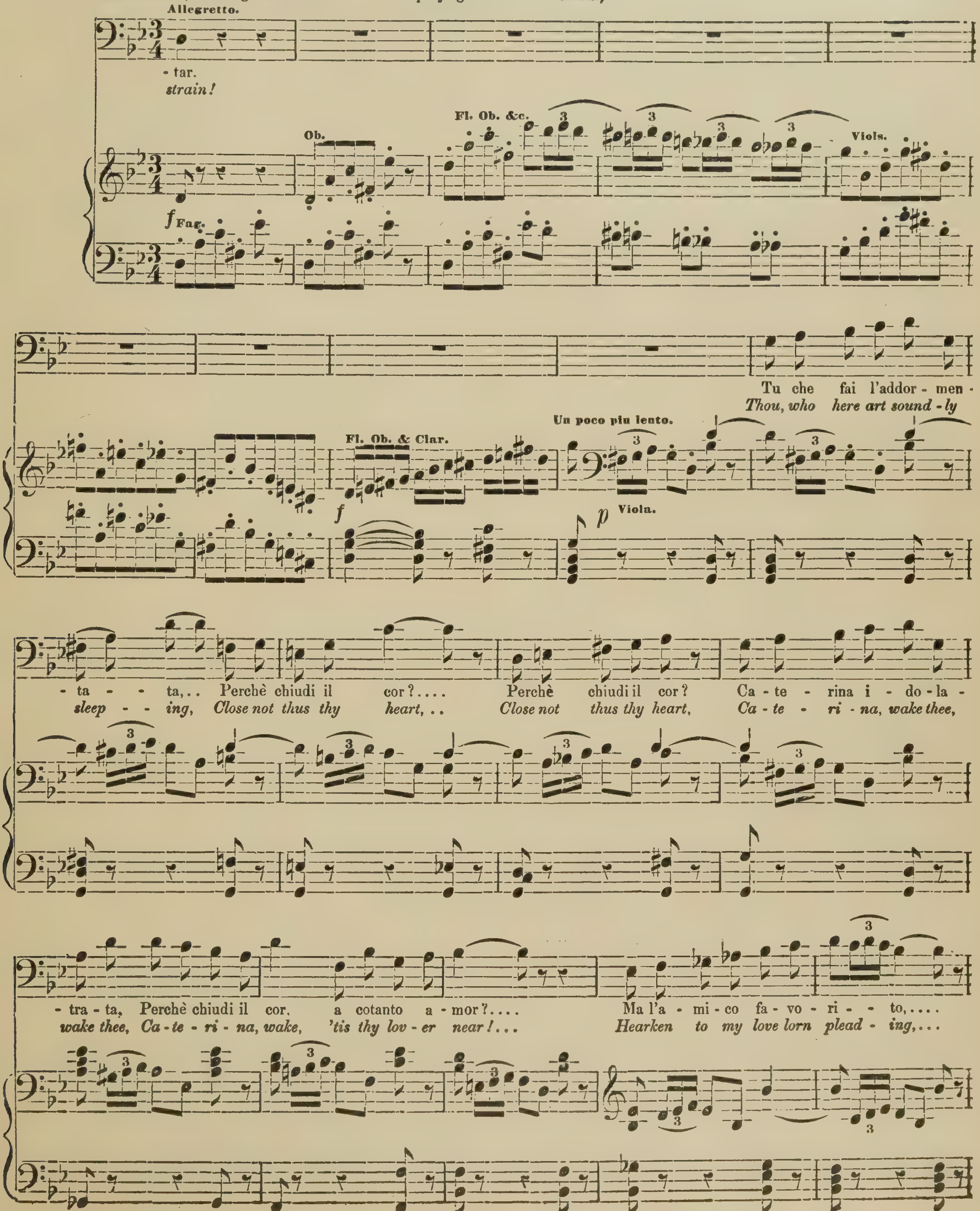

scen - - - - - - - - - do.
Dim.
Perdendosi.
Recit. VALENTINE.
Moderato.
Sie - bel! Nel mio tet-to an - diam Col nappo in man fa-vel-le-re mo un pò!
Come on, my boy! I long to pass the threshold Of our dear home; come on, to drink my return.
Recit. SIEBEL.
No. non entrar!
No! wait awhile!
Recit. VAL.
Allegro.
Per-che? Tu vol-gi altrove il guardo lo figgi muto, al suol, Siebel, che avenne dì!
Why wait? Art afraid to behold me! And speaking so strangely What's this? Tell me the worst?
SIEB, (with an effort.)
Ebben!
I cannot!
Cres.
Oboe.

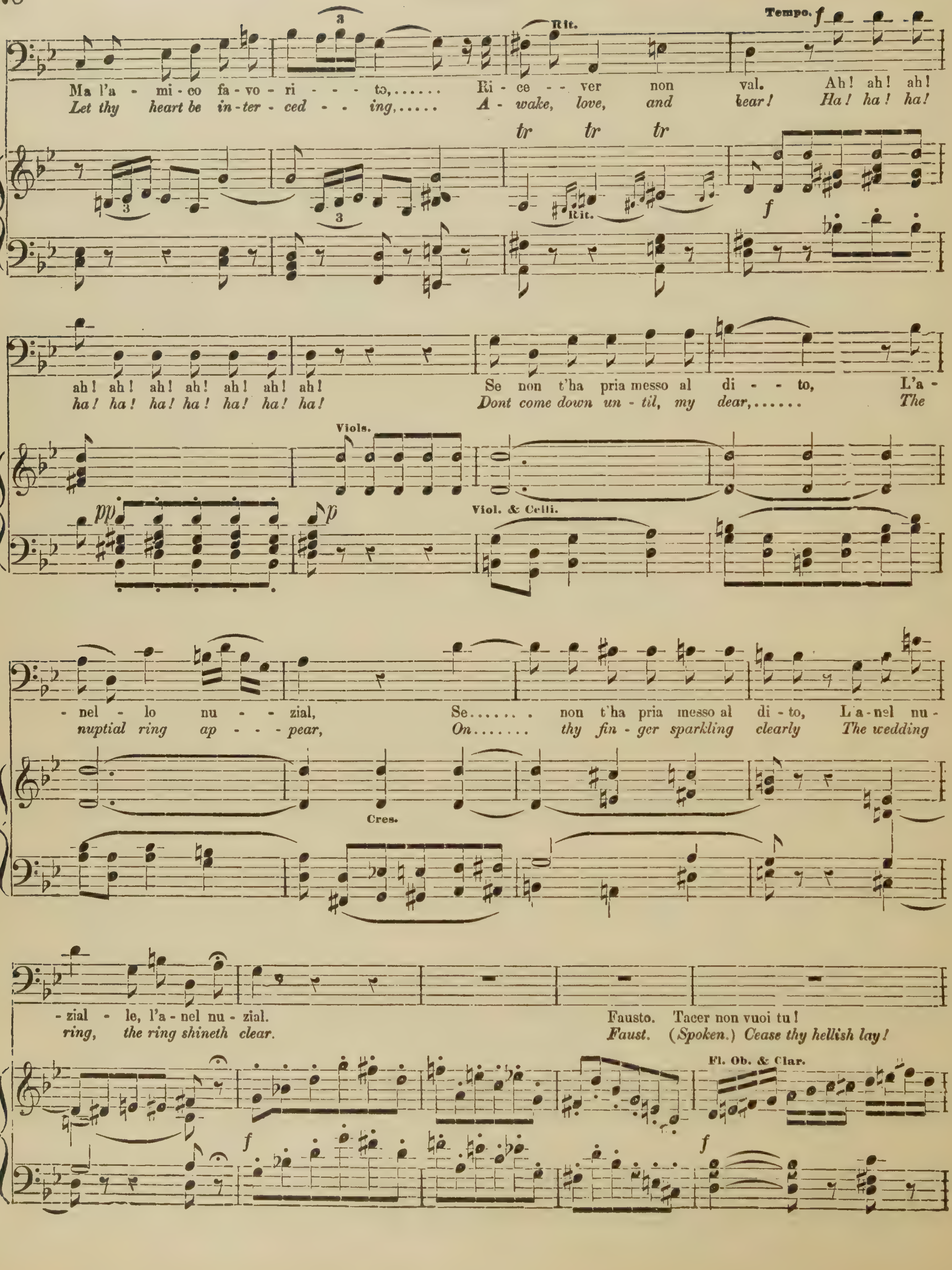

VAL.
SIEB.
VAL.
Enters the house.
SIEB.
no no-'l po-tre-ì. Che vuoi tu dire? T' arresta Abbi cor Valentin. Che vuoi dir? che vuoi dir? Perdona a
No, I cannot tell you! Thou can'st not tell me! One moment, Valentine; You must forgive! Let me pass! let me pass! You must for
Clar.
Viola.
Fag.
Approaches the Church; Night comes on.
lei! Mio Dio, mio Dov' implo-ro, Mio Dio,..... la sal-va tu!......
- give her! O heav'n! in thy mer - cy be - friend.... an err-ing child.....
Allegretto.
Ob.
Fl. Ob. &c.
Viols.
Fag.
Enter Faust & Meph: with a guitar.
MEPH.
Per chè tar-date an - co - ra, en-tra-te me-co
Why do you lin-ger, Master? Let us find her with
Fl. Ob & Clar.

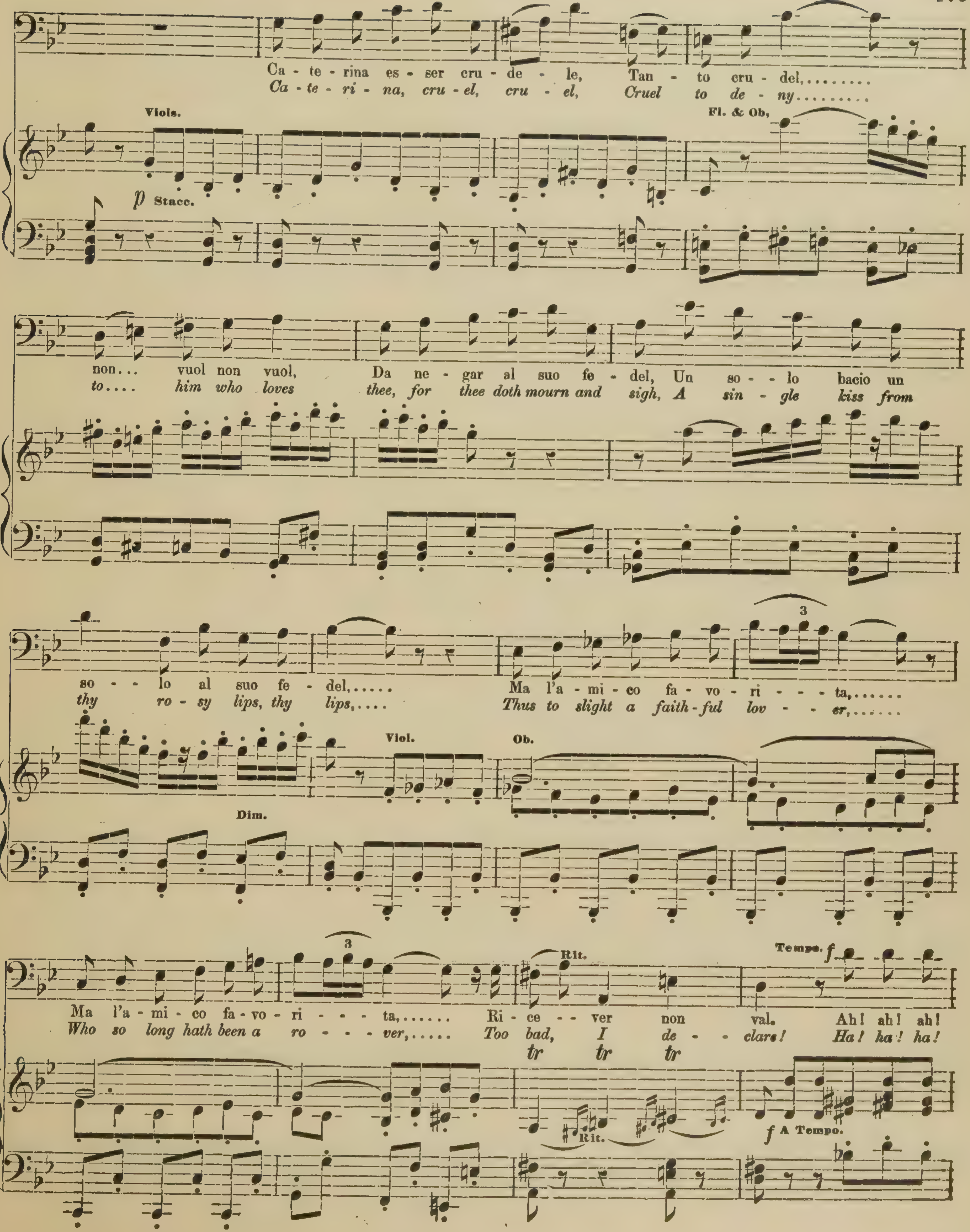

FAUST.
MEPH.
Moderato.
là! Ta-cer vuoi tu. Mi duol di do-ver po-tar quì la ver-go-gna e il dolor. Rive-der-la a che
in. Be still thou tempter! Too much have I brought here alrea-dy, of sorrow and sin! Then for why come a
ff
p
p
val dopo a-ver la la-scia-ta, Il nostro a-spet-to sa-ria più grato al-tro-ve, Al sab-ba-to n'an-
-gain, Af-ter once having left her? I know, of beau-ties as fresh and far more kind-ly Wait-ing a-lone for
Corni.
FAUST.
MEPH.
-diam! Marghe-ri-ta! Or mai l'av-vi-so mio non val con-tro la vo-stra vo-glia! Ma per
you? Marga-ri-ta! I see that I may talk in vain, Since, like a boy still you love her. But to un-
f
p
Cres.
Dim.
p
p
non res-tar al-la sog-lià, La vo-ce mia do-vrà per voi far-si as-col-
-close yonder door We must move her, By a dain-ty se-re-nade With a warn-ing in the

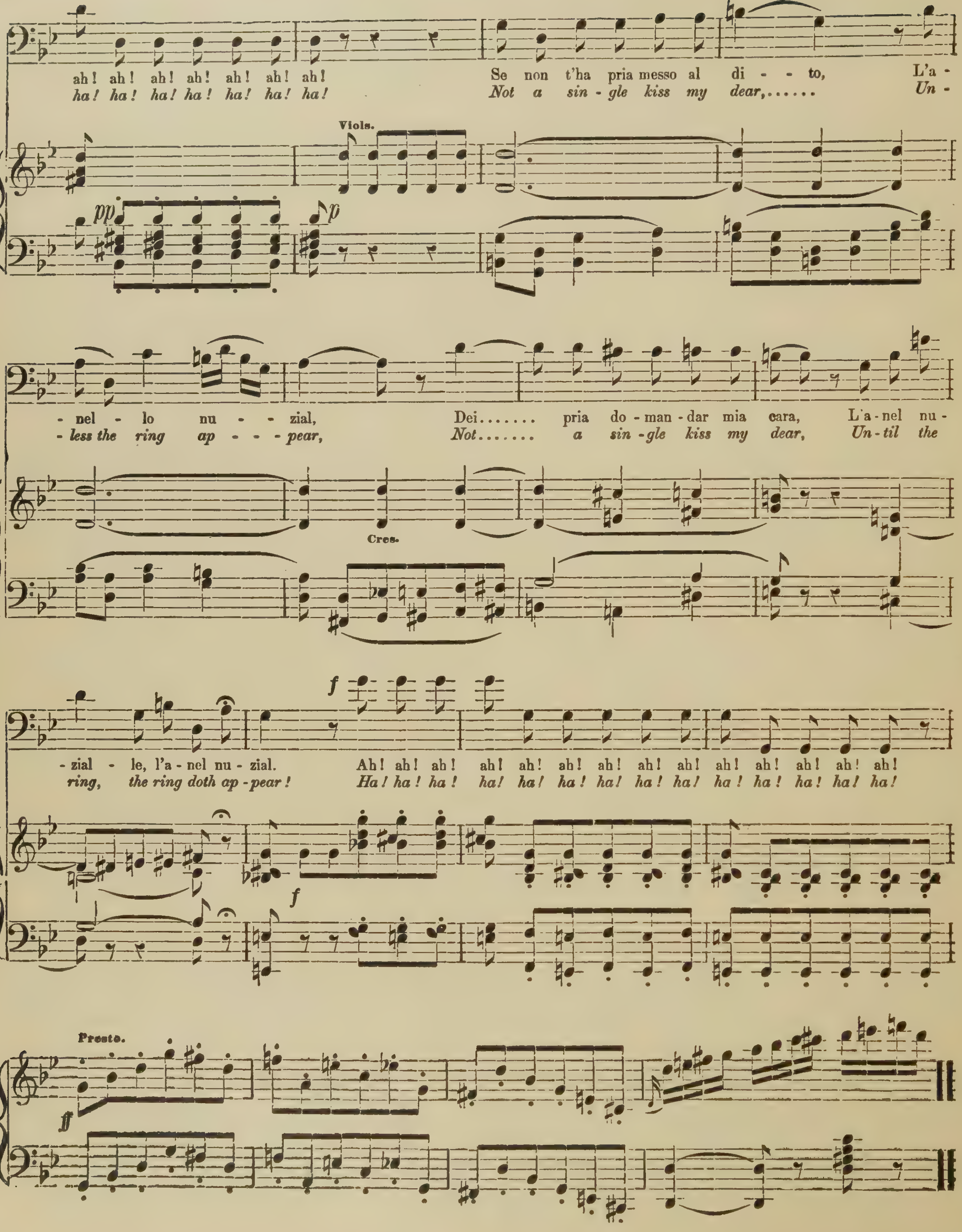
No. 14. Serenade.

MEPHIST. (Throwing back his mantle and accompanying himself on the Guitar.)

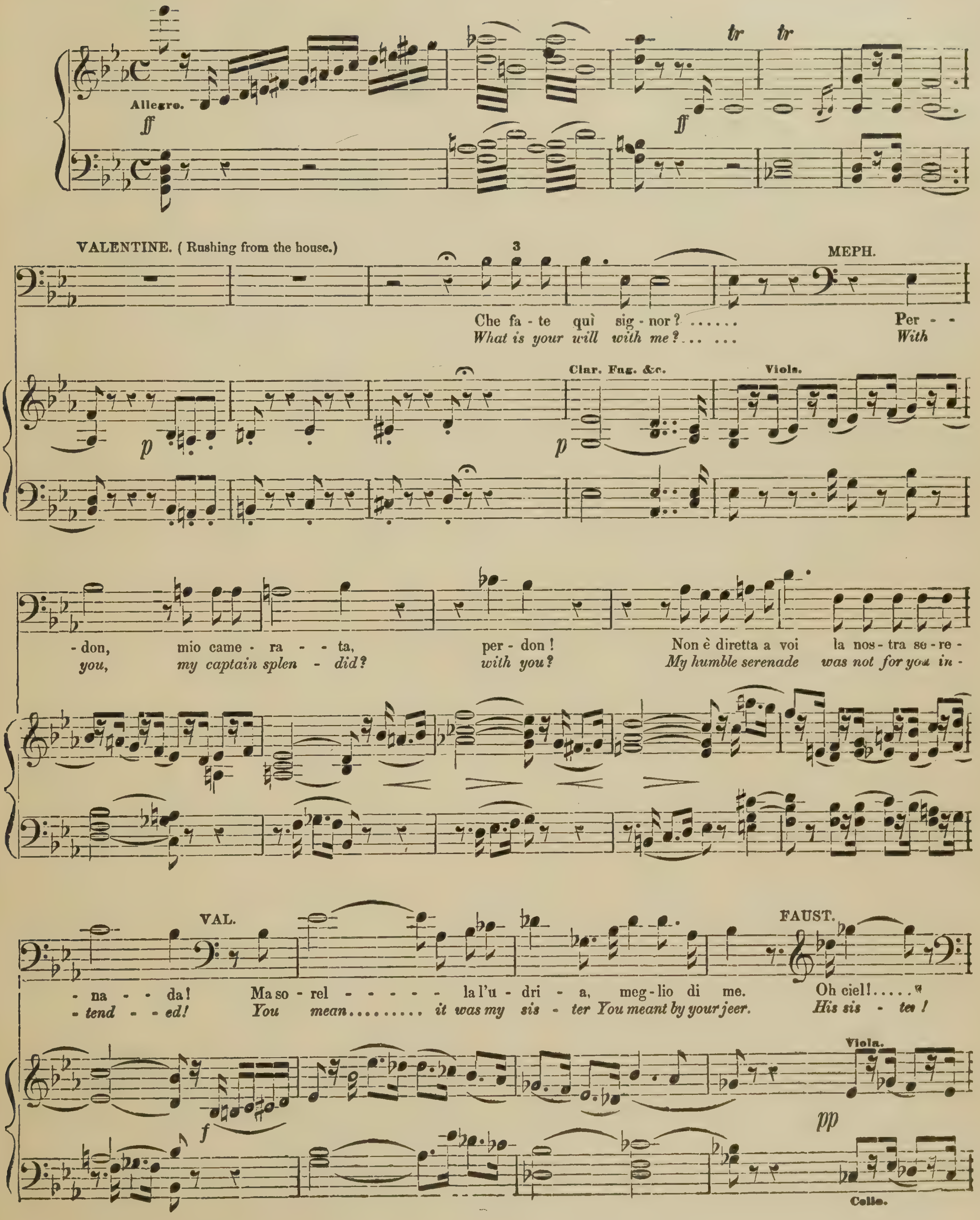


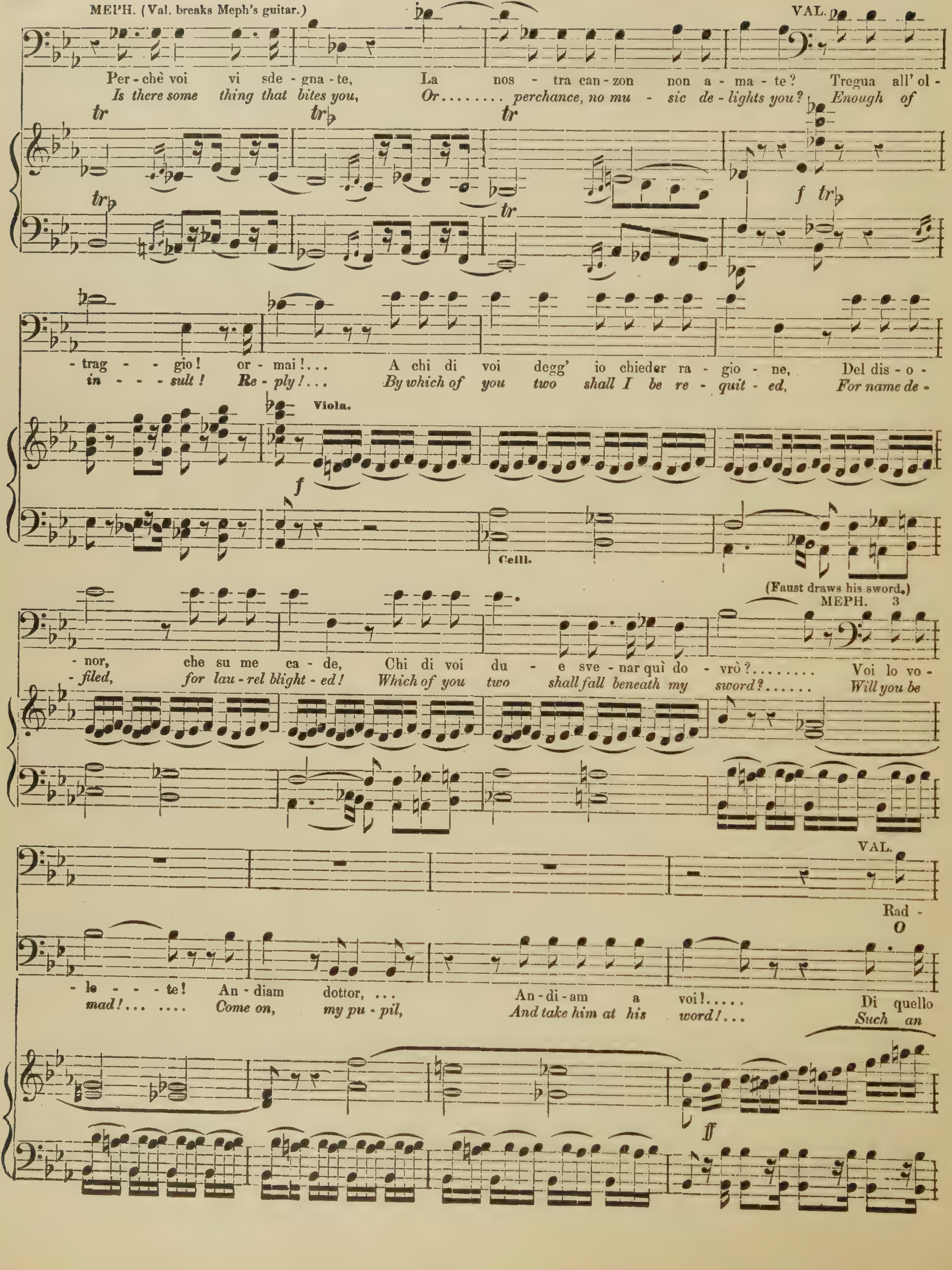

Tempo. f
Rit.
Ma l'a - mi - co fa - vo - ri - - - to,...... Ri - ce - - ver non val. Ah! ah! ah!
Let thy heart be in - ter - ced - - ing,..... A - wake, love, and hear! Ha! ha! ha!
tr tr tr
Rit.
f
ah! ah! ah! ah! ah! ah! ah!
ha! ha! ha! ha! ha! ha! ha!
Se non t'ha pria messo al di - - to, L'a -
Dont come down un - til, my dear,...... The
Viols.
pp
p
Viol. & Celli.
- nel - lo nu - - zial, Se...... non t'ha pria messo al di - to, L'a - nel nu -
nuptial ring ap - - - pear, On....... thy fin - ger sparkling clearly The wedding
Cres.
- zial - le, l'a - nel nu - zial.
ring, the ring shineth clear.
Fausto. Tacer non vuoi tu!
Faust. (Spoken.) Cease thy hellish lay!
Fl. Ob. & Clar.
f
f

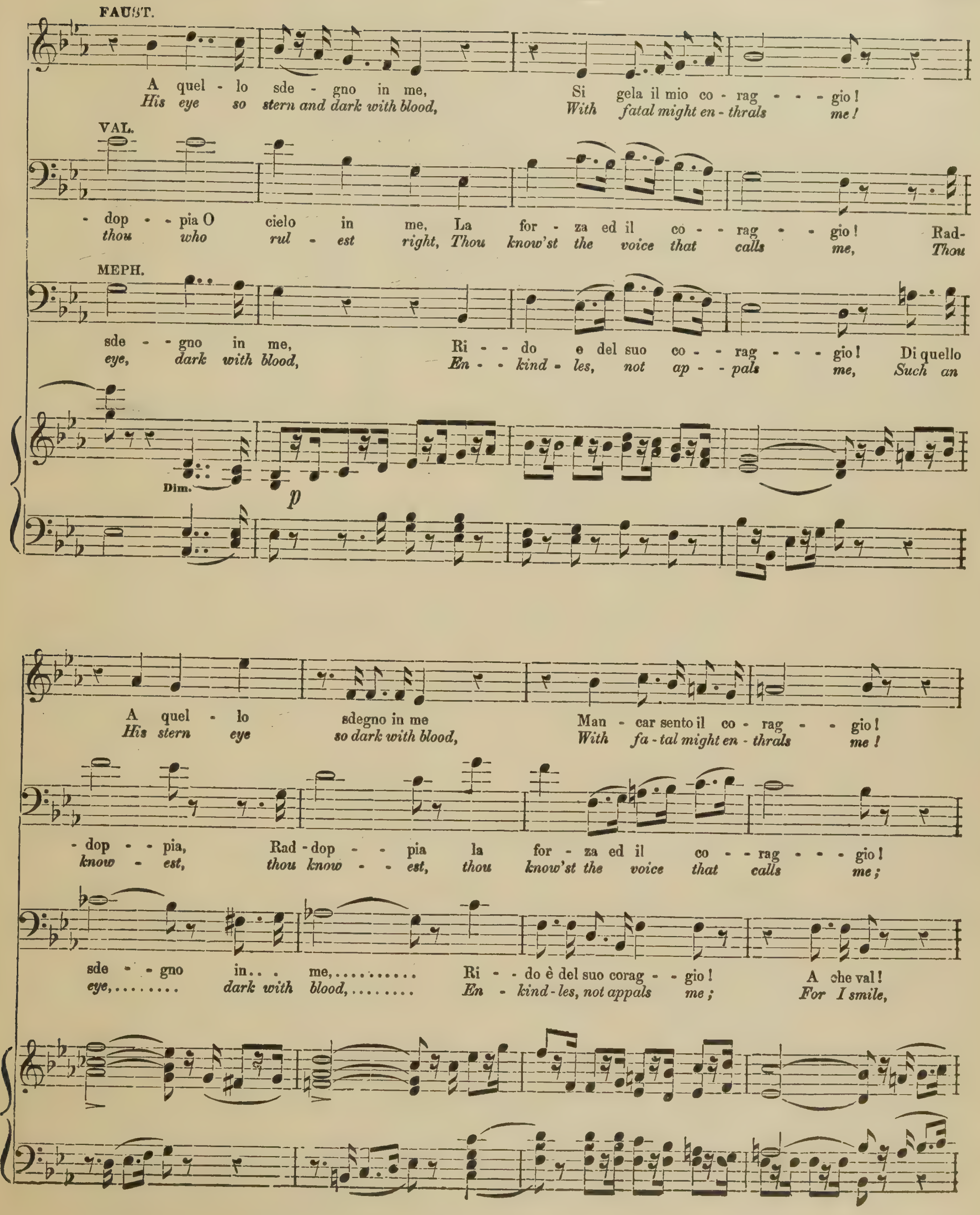

Ca - te - rina es - ser cru - de - le, Tan - to cru - del,........
Ca - te - ri - na, cru - el, cru - el, Cruel to de - ny.........
Viols.
p Stacc.
Fl. & Ob.
non... vuol non vuol, Da ne - gar al suo fe - del, Un so - lo bacio un
to.... him who loves thee, for thee doth mourn and sigh, A sin - gle kiss from
so - lo al suo fe - del,..... Ma l'a - mi - co fa - vo - ri - - - ta,.......
thy ro - sy lips, thy lips,.... Thus to slight a faith - ful lov - - er,.......
Viol.
Ob.
Dim.
Ma l'a - mi - co fa - vo - ri - - - ta,....... Ri - ce - - ver non val. Ah! ah! ah!
Who so long hath been a ro - - - ver,..... Too bad, I de - - clare! Ha! ha! ha!
Rit.
Tempo. f
tr tr tr
Rit.
f A Tempo.

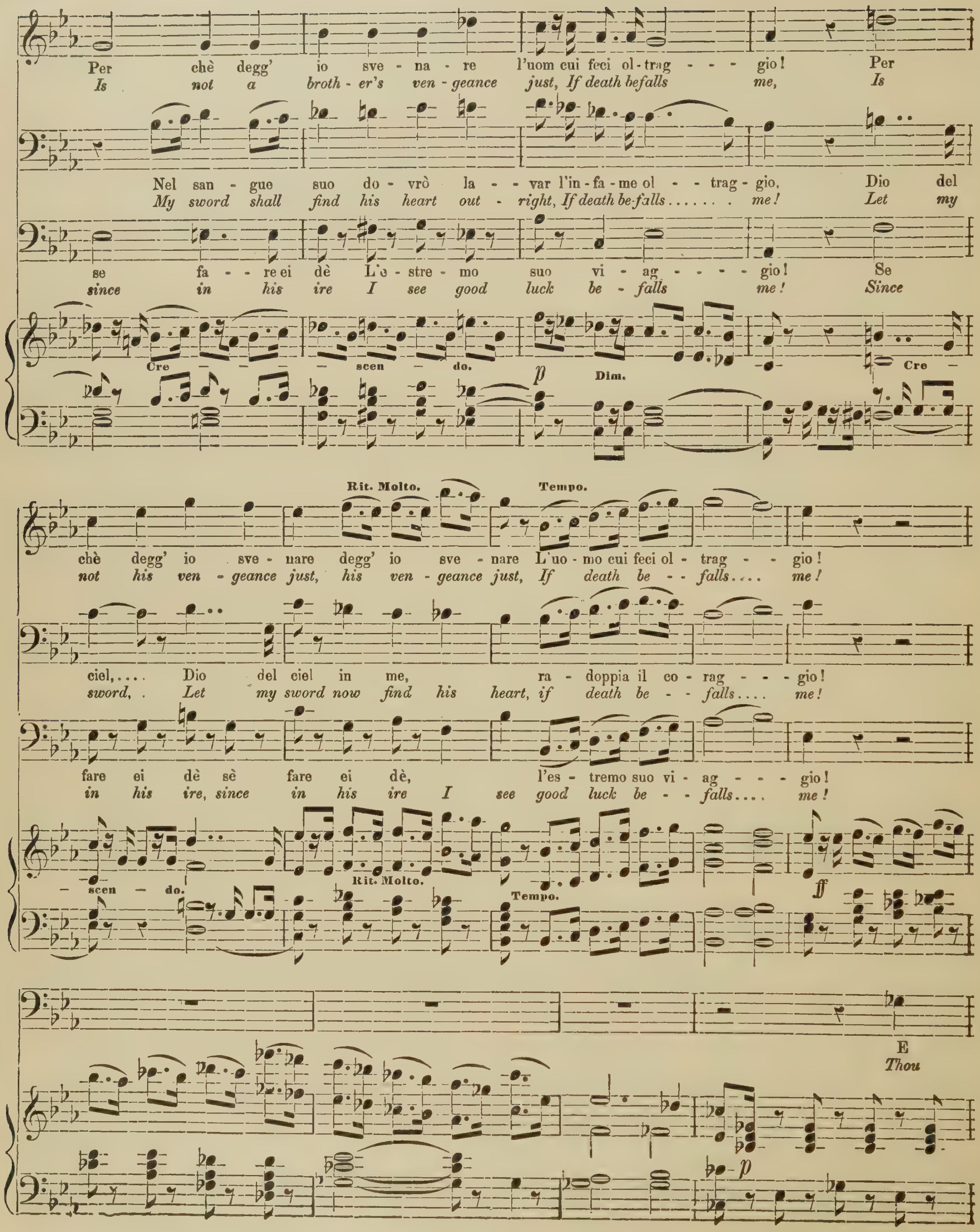

ah! ah! ah! ah! ah! ah! ah! Se non t'ha pria messo al di - - to, L'a -
ha! ha! ha! ha! ha! ha! ha! Not a sin - gle kiss my dear,...... Un -
Viols.
pp
p
- nel - lo nu - - zial, Dei....... pria do - man - dar mia cara, L'a - nel nu -
- less the ring ap - - - pear, Not....... a sin - gle kiss my dear, Un - til the
Cres.
f
- zial - le, l'a - nel nu - zial. Ah! ah! ah! ah! ah! ah! ah! ah! ah! ah! ah! ah! ah! ah!
ring, the ring doth ap - pear! Ha! ha! ha! ha! ha! ha! ha! ha! ha! ha! ha! ha! ha! ha!
f
Presto.
ff

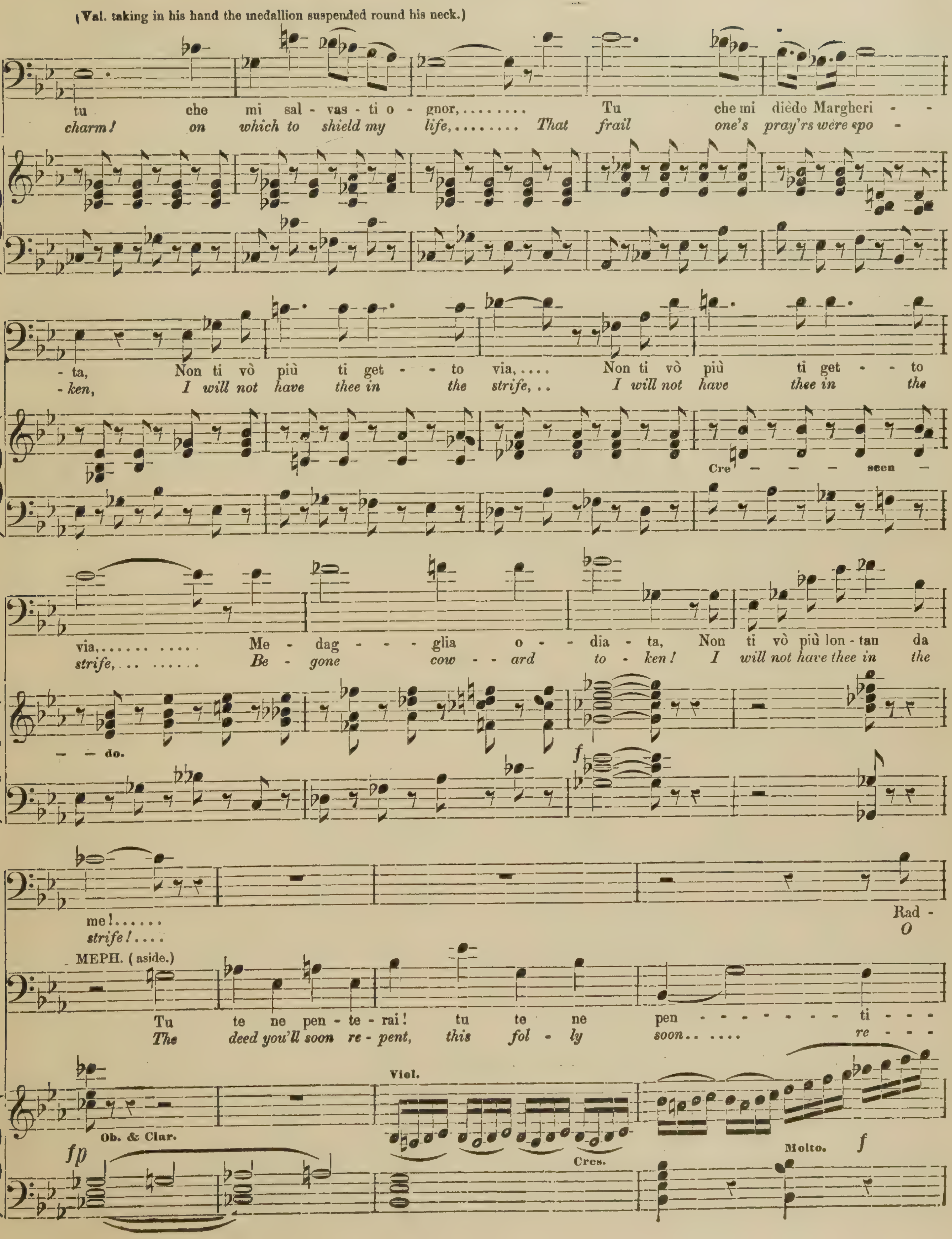
No. 15. Trio — The Duel.

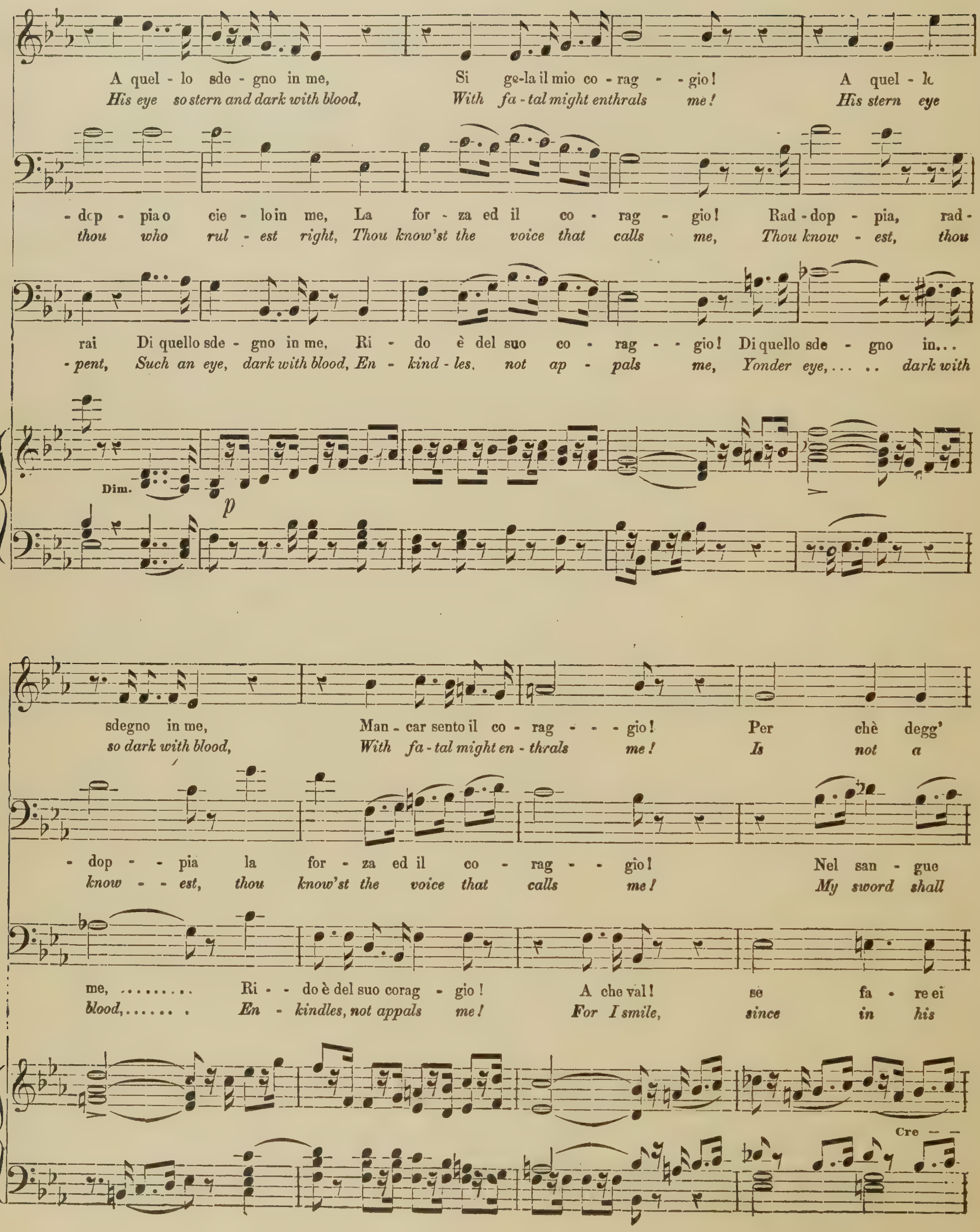


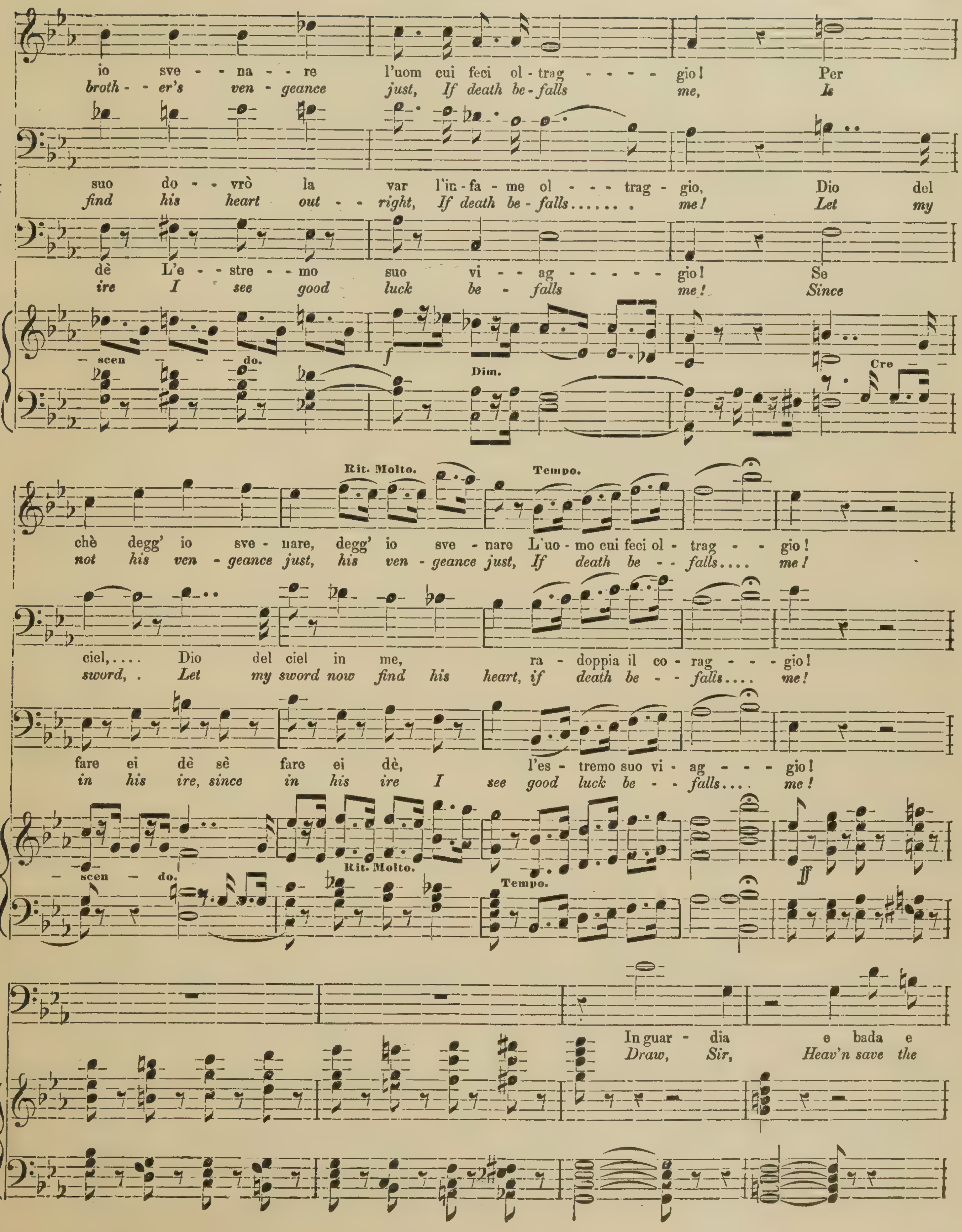

MEPH. (Val. breaks Meph's guitar.)
Per-chè voi vi sde-gna-te, La nos-tra can-zon non a-ma-te?
Is there some thing that bites you, Or........ perchance, no mu-sic de-lights you?
VAL.
Tregua all' ol-tra-gio! or-mai!... A chi di voi degg' io chieder ra-gio-ne, Del dis-o-nor, che su me ca-de, Chi di voi du-e sve-nar quì do-vrò?........
Enough of in-sult! Re-ply!... By which of you two shall I be re-quit-ed, For name de-filed, for lau-rel blight-ed! Which of you two shall fall beneath my sword?......
Viola.
Celli.
(Faust draws his sword.)
MEPH.
Voi lo vo-le-te! An-diam dottor, ... An-di-am a voi!.....
Will you be mad!... .... Come on, my pu-pil, And take him at his word!...
VAL.
Rad-O
Di quello
Such an

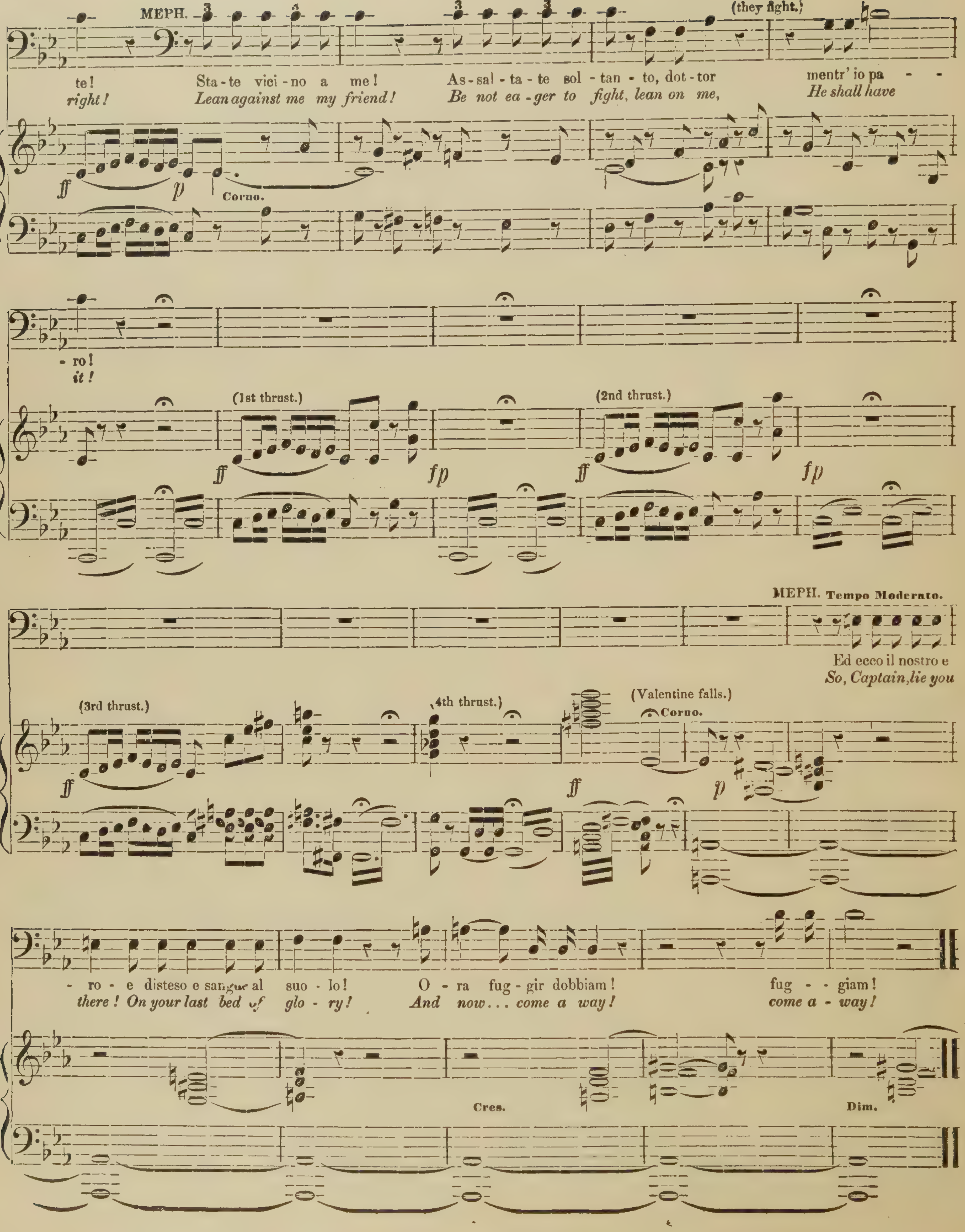

FAUST.
A quel - lo sde - gno in me, Si gela il mio co - rag - - - gio!
His eye so stern and dark with blood, With fatal might en - thrals me!
VAL.
- dop - - pia O cielo in me, La for - za ed il co - - rag - - gio! Rad-
thou who rul - est right, Thou know'st the voice that calls me, Thou
MEPH.
sde - - gno in me, Ri - - do e del suo co - - rag - - - gio! Di quello
eye, dark with blood, En - - kind - les, not ap - - pals me, Such an
Dim.
p
A quel - lo sdegno in me Man - car sento il co - rag - - gio!
His stern eye so dark with blood, With fa - tal might en - thrals me!
- dop - - pia, Rad - dop - - - pia la for - za ed il co - - rag - - - gio!
know - est, thou know - - est, thou know'st the voice that calls me;
sde - - gno in.. . me,.......... Ri - - do è del suo corag - - gio! A che val!
eye,........ dark with blood,........ En - kind - les, not appals me; For I smile,


Per chè degg' io sve - na - re l'uom cui feci ol - trag - - - gio! Per
Is not a broth - er's ven - geance just, If death befalls me, Is
Nel san - gue suo do - vrò la - - var l'in - fa - me ol - - trag - gio, Dio del
My sword shall find his heart out - right, If death be-falls .... me! Let my
se fa - - re ei dè L'e - stre - mo suo vi - ag - - - - gio! Se
since in his ire I see good luck be - falls me! Since
Cre - - - - scen - do. p Dim. Cre - scen - do.
Rit. Molto. Tempo.
chè degg' io sve - nare degg' io sve - nare L'uo - mo cui feci ol - trag - - gio!
not his ven - geance just, his ven - geance just, If death be - - falls.... me!
ciel,.... Dio del ciel in me, ra - doppia il co - rag - - - gio!
sword, . Let my sword now find his heart, if death be - - falls.... me!
fare ei dè sè fare ei dè, l'es - tremo suo vi - ag - - - gio!
in his ire, since in his ire I see good luck be - - falls.... me!
Rit. Molto. Tempo. ff
E
Thou
p


(Val. taking in his hand the medallion suspended round his neck.)
tu che mi sal - vas - ti o - gnor, ... Tu che mi diède Margheri -
charm! on which to shield my life, ... That frail one's pray'rs were spo -
- ta, Non ti vò più ti get - - - to via, ... Non ti vò più ti get - - to
- ken, I will not have thee in the strife, .. I will not have thee in the
Cre - - - scen - - do.
via, ... Me - dag - - - glia o - - dia - ta, Non ti vò più lon - tan da
strife, ... Be - gone cow - - ard to - ken! I will not have thee in the
me! ......
strife! ....
Rad -
O
MEPH. (aside.)
Tu te ne pen - te - rai! tu te ne pen - - - - - - - - ti - - -
The deed you'll soon re - pent, this fol - ly soon.. .... re - - -
fp
Ob. & Clar.
Viol.
Cres.
Molto. f

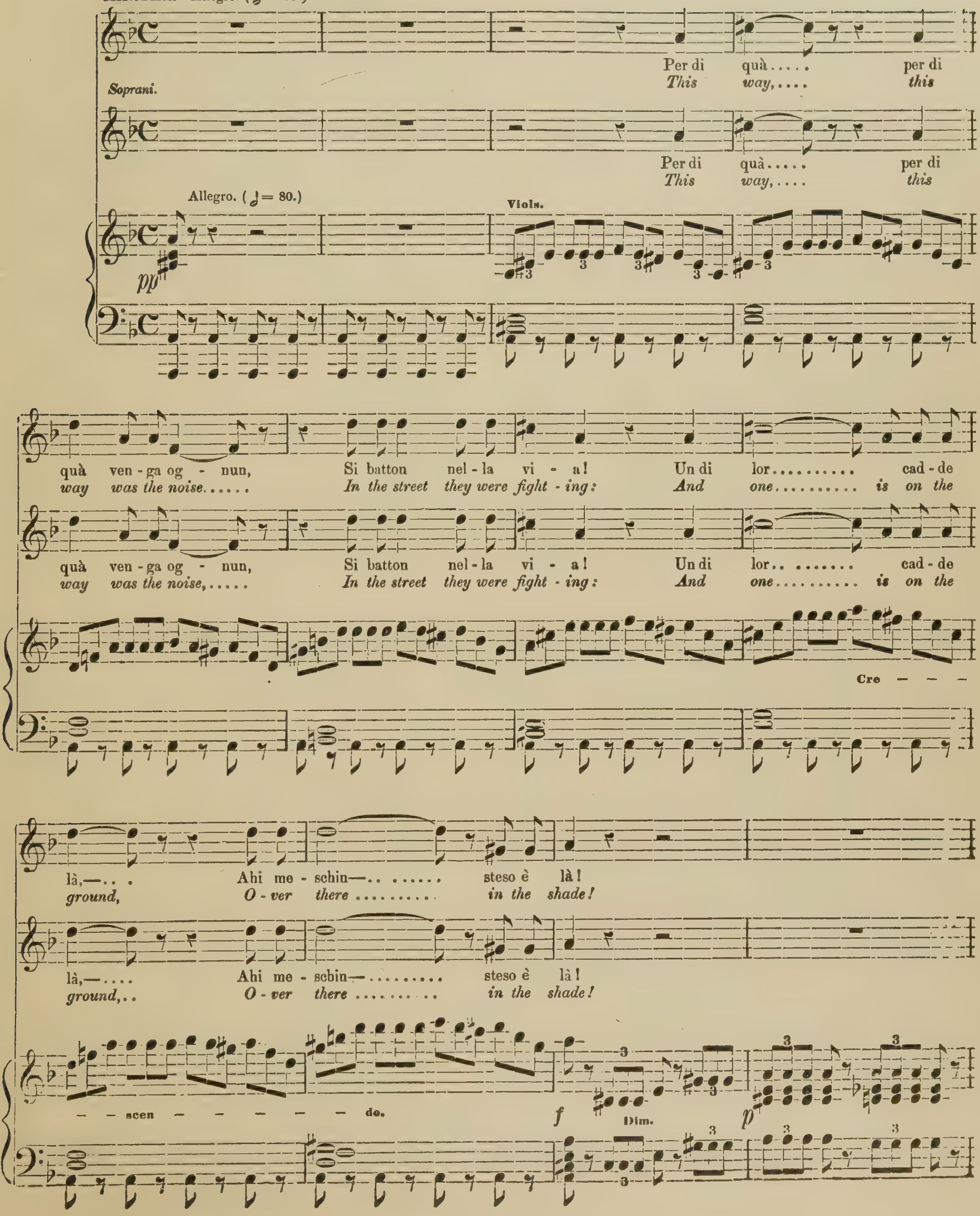

A quel - lo sde - gno in me, Si ge-la il mio co - rag - - gio! A quel - lo
His eye so stern and dark with blood, With fa - tal might enthrals me! His stern eye
- dop - pia o cie - lo in me, La for - za ed il co - rag - gio! Rad - dop - pia, rad -
thou who rul - est right, Thou know'st the voice that calls me, Thou know - est, thou
rai Di quello sde - gno in me, Ri - do è del suo co - rag - - gio! Di quello sde - gno in...
- pent, Such an eye, dark with blood, En - kind - les, not ap - pals me, Yonder eye, ... dark with
Dim.
p
sdegno in me, Man - car sento il co - rag - - - gio! Per chè degg'
so dark with blood, With fa - tal might en - thrals me! Is not a
- dop - - pia la for - za ed il co - rag - - gio! Nel san - gue
know - - est, thou know'st the voice that calls me! My sword shall
me, ... Ri - - do è del suo corag - gio! A cheval! se fa - re ei
blood, ... En - kindles, not appals me! For I smile, since in his
Cre - -

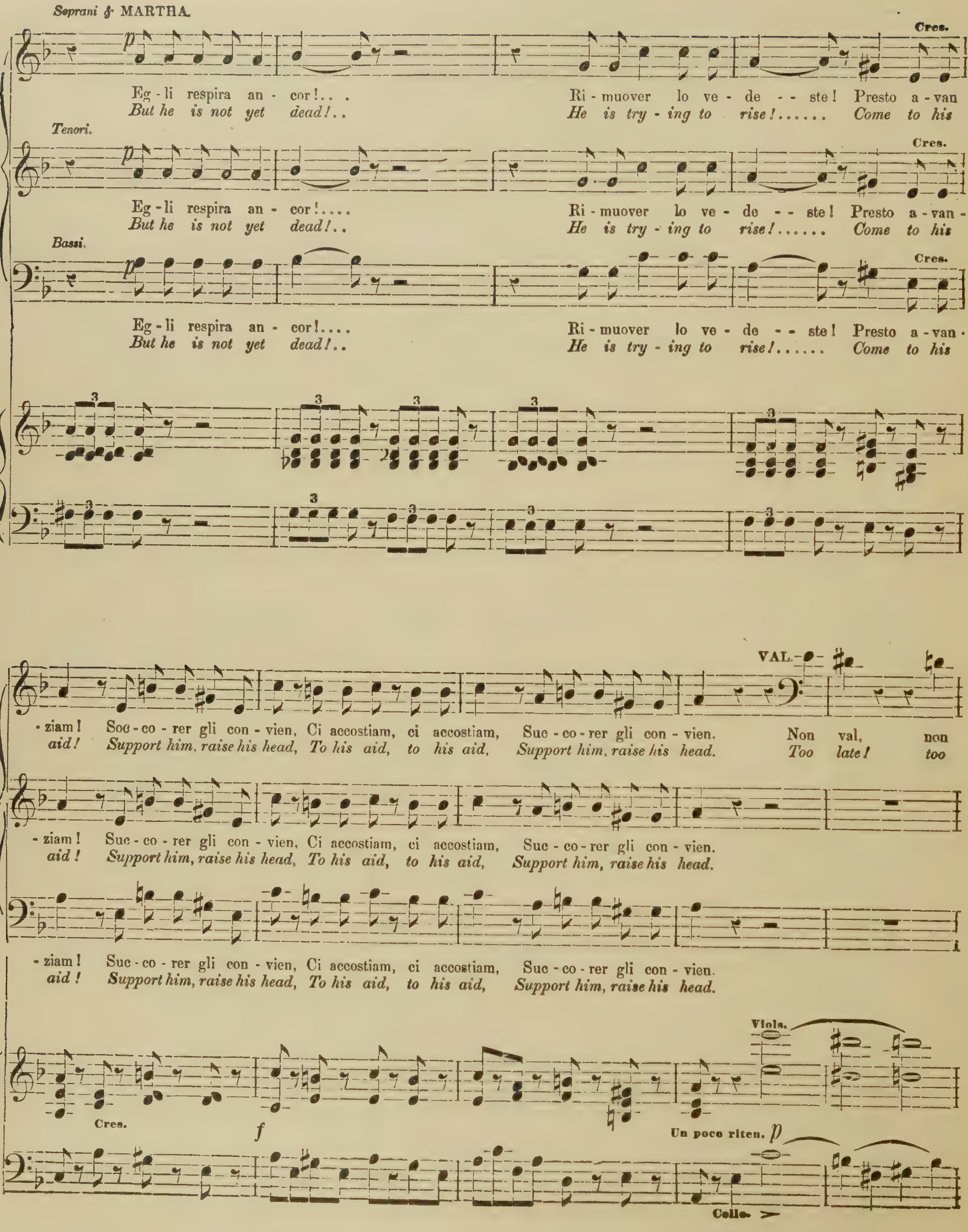

io sve - na - re l'uom cui feci ol - trag - gio! Per
broth - er's ven - geance just, If death be - falls me, Is
suo do - vrò la var l'in - fa - me ol - trag - gio, Dio del
find his heart out - right, If death be - falls...... me! Let my
dè L'e - stre - mo suo vi - ag - gio! Se
ire I see good luck be - falls me! Since
scen - do.
Dim.
Cre -
Rit. Molto.
Tempo.
chè degg' io sve - nare, degg' io sve - nare L'uo - mo cui feci ol - trag - gio!
not his ven - geance just, his ven - geance just, If death be - falls.... me!
ciel,.... Dio del ciel in me, ra - doppia il co - rag - gio!
sword, . Let my sword now find his heart, if death be - falls.... me!
fare ei dè sè fare ei dè, l'es - tremo suo vi - ag - gio!
in his ire, since in his ire I see good luck be - falls.... me!
scen - do.
Rit. Molto.
Tempo.
ff
In guar - dia e bada e
Draw, Sir, Heav'n save the

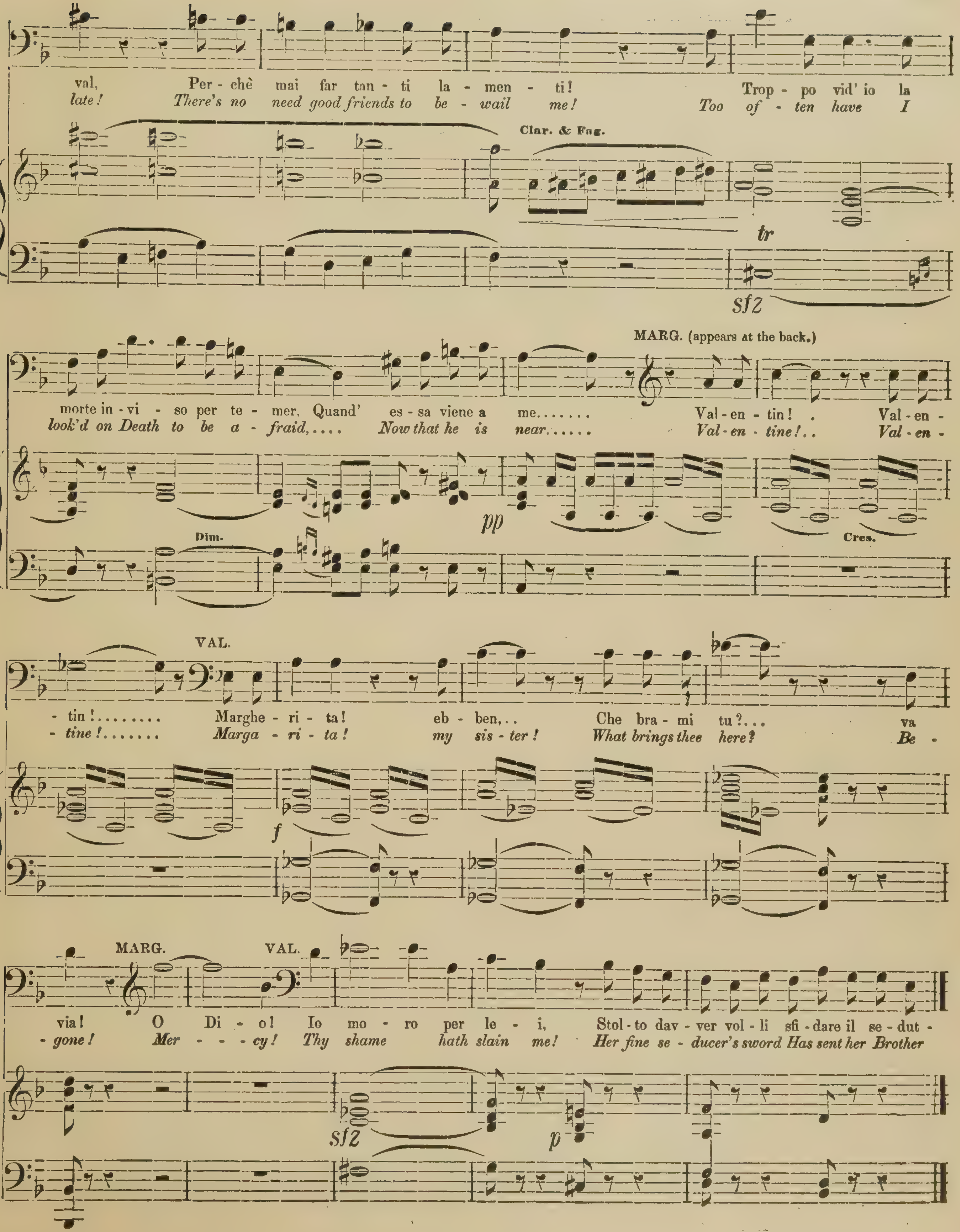

MEPH.
(they fight.)
te! Sta-te vici-no a me! As-sal-ta-te sol-tan-to, dot-tor mentr' io pa-
right! Lean against me my friend! Be not ea-ger to fight, lean on me, He shall have
ff p Corno.
- ro!
it!
(1st thrust.)
ff fp
(2nd thrust.)
ff fp
MEPH. Tempo Moderato.
Ed ecco il nostro e
So, Captain, lie you
(3rd thrust.)
(4th thrust.)
(Valentine falls.)
Corno.
ff p
- ro - e disteso e sangue al suo - lo! O - ra fug - gir dobbiam! fug - - giam!
there! On your last bed of glo - ry! And now... come a way! come a - way!
Cres. Dim.

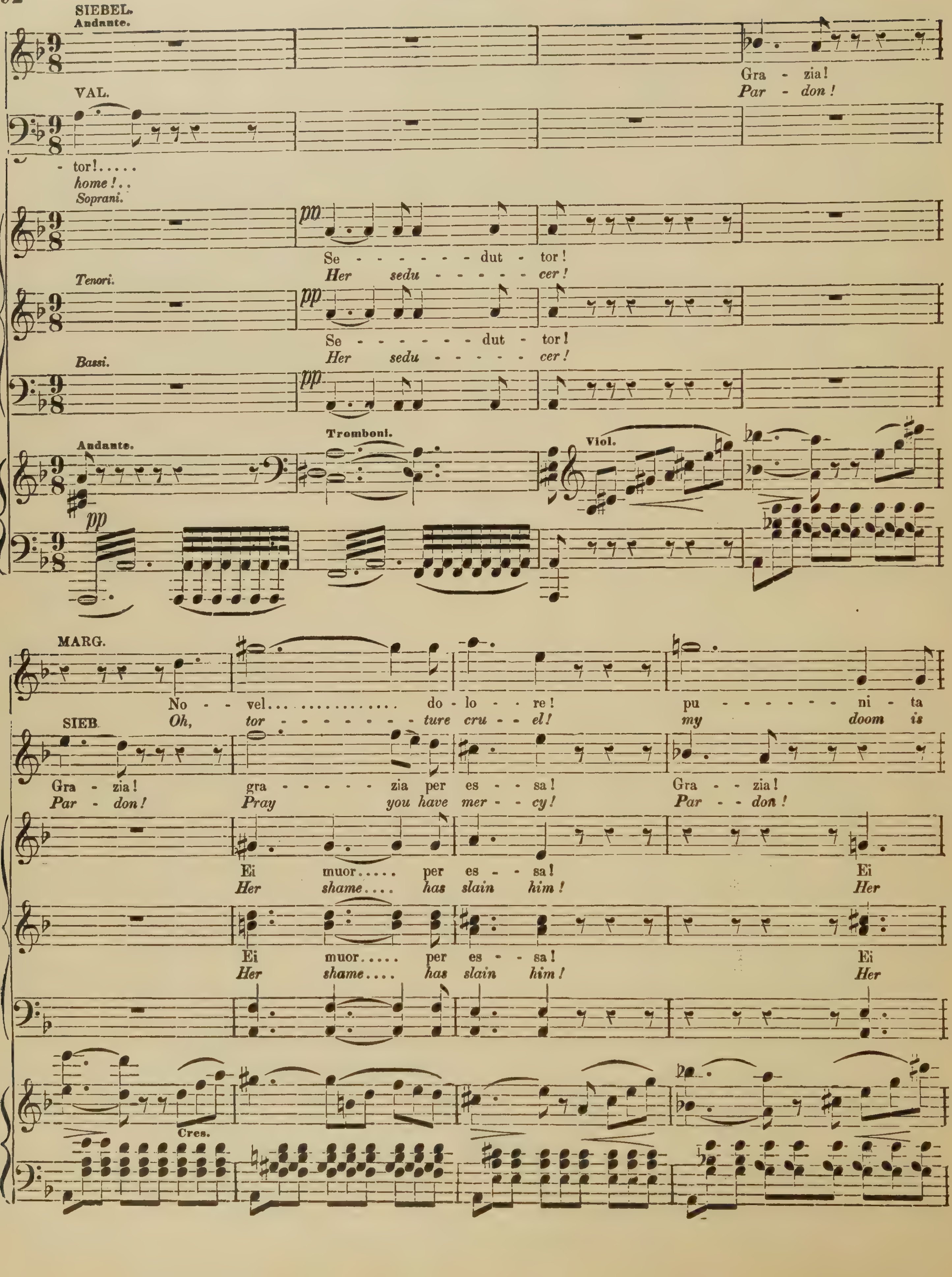
No. 16. The Death of Valentine.

MARTHA. Allegro. (𝅗𝅥 = 80.)

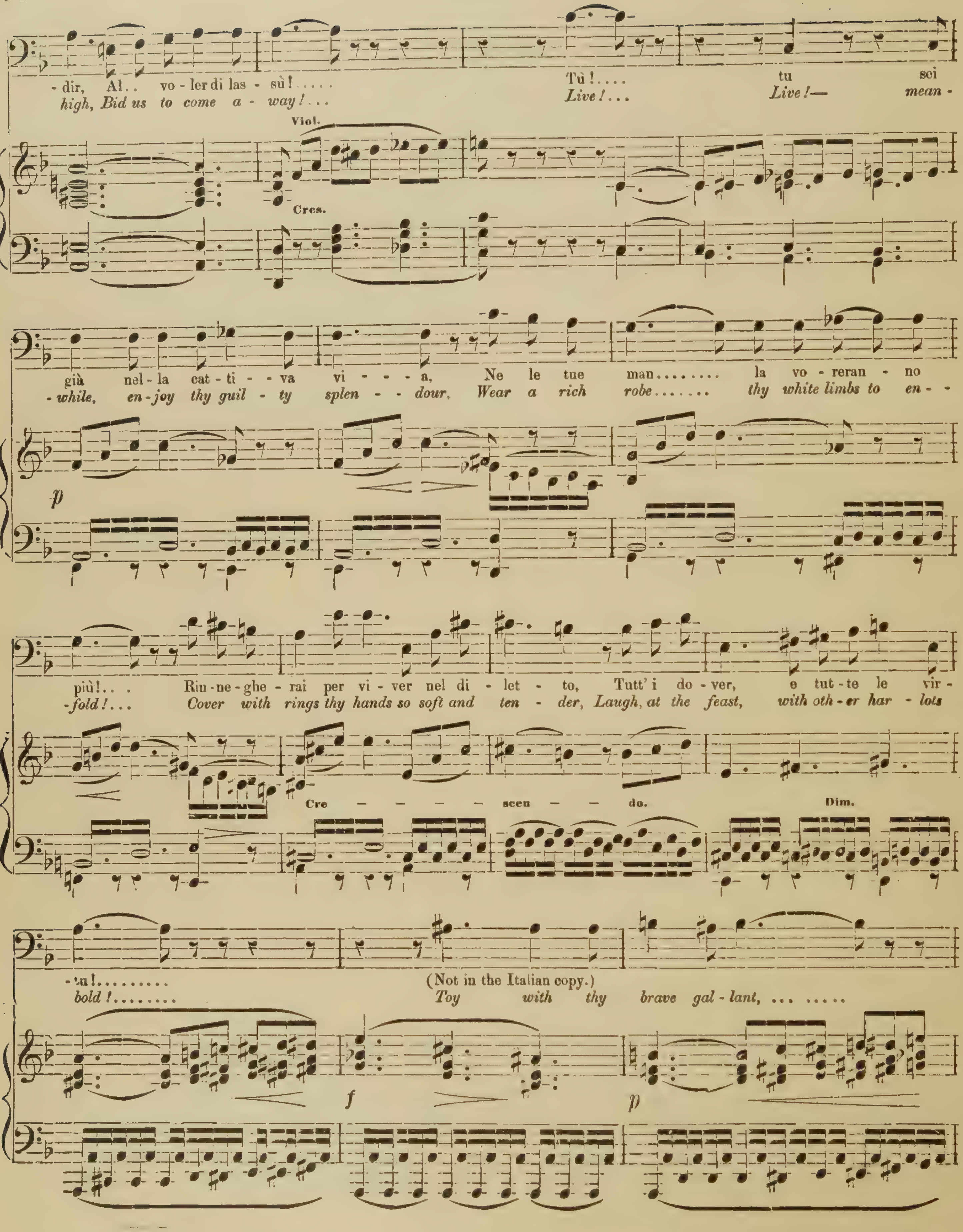


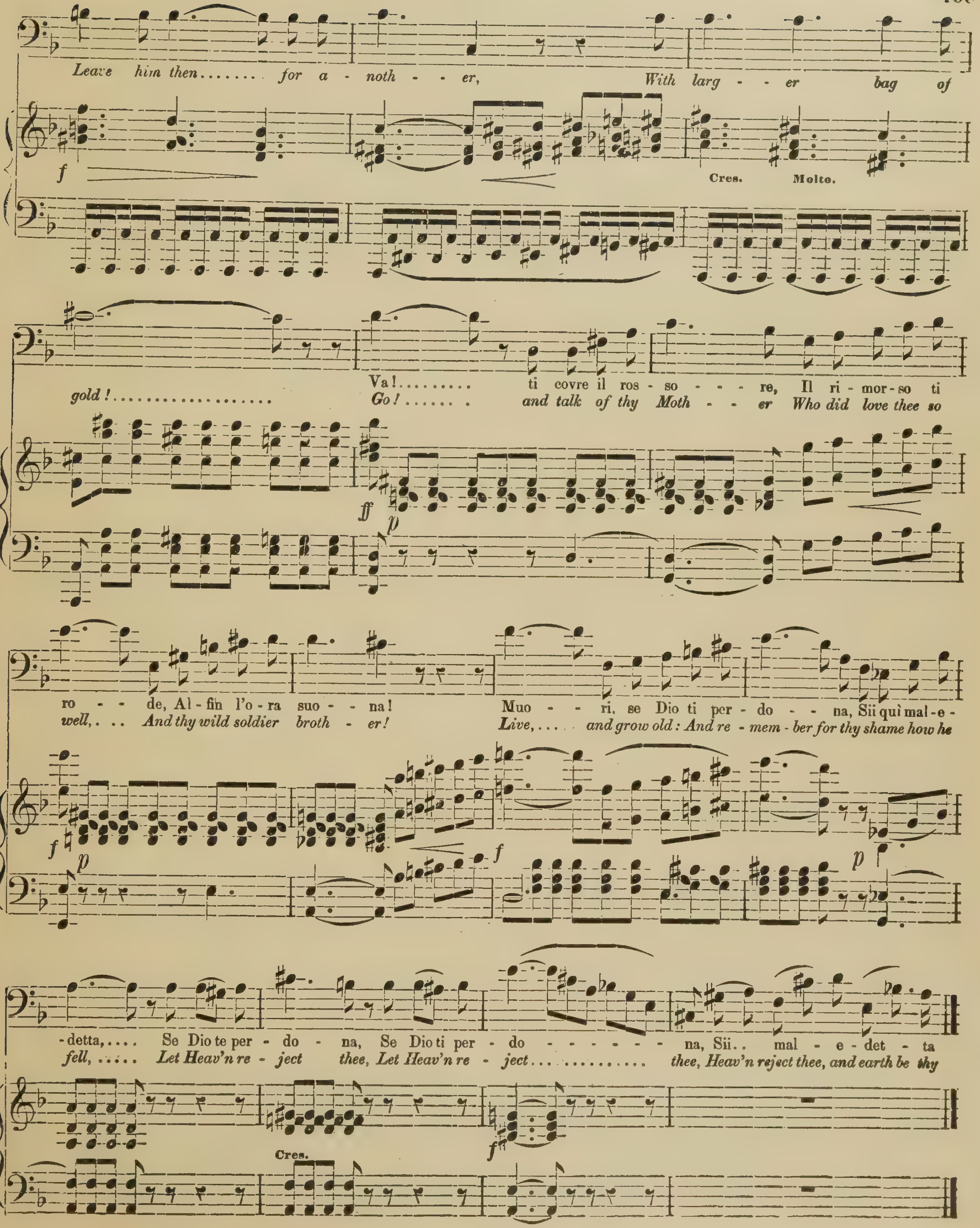

Soprani & MARTHA.
Cres.
Eg - li respira an - cor!... Ri - muover lo ve - de - - ste! Presto a - van
But he is not yet dead!.. He is try - ing to rise!...... Come to his
Tenori.
Cres.
Eg - li respira an - cor!.... Ri - muover lo ve - de - - ste! Presto a - van -
But he is not yet dead!.. He is try - ing to rise!...... Come to his
Bassi.
Cres.
Eg - li respira an - cor!.... Ri - muover lo ve - de - - ste! Presto a - van -
But he is not yet dead!.. He is try - ing to rise!...... Come to his
- ziam! Soc - co - rer gli con - vien, Ci accostiam, ci accostiam, Suc - co - rer gli con - vien.
aid! Support him, raise his head, To his aid, to his aid, Support him, raise his head.
VAL.
Non val, non
Too late! too
- ziam! Suc - co - rer gli con - vien, Ci accostiam, ci accostiam, Suc - co - rer gli con - vien.
aid! Support him, raise his head, To his aid, to his aid, Support him, raise his head.
- ziam! Suc - co - rer gli con - vien, Ci accostiam, ci accostiam, Suc - co - rer gli con - vien.
aid! Support him, raise his head, To his aid, to his aid, Support him, raise his head.
Viola.
Cres.
Un poco riten.
Cello.


val, Per - chè mai far tan - ti la - men - ti! Trop - po vid' io la
late! There's no need good friends to be - wail me! Too of - ten have I
Clar. & Fag.
tr
sfz
MARG. (appears at the back.)
morte in - vi - so per te - mer. Quand' es - sa viene a me....... Val - en - tin! . Val - en -
look'd on Death to be a - fraid,.... Now that he is near..... Val - en - tine!.. Val - en -
pp
Dim.
Cres.
VAL.
- tin!........ Marghe - ri - ta! eb - ben,.. Che bra - mi tu?... va
- tine!....... Marga - ri - ta! my sis - ter! What brings thee here? Be -
f
MARG.
VAL.
via! O Di - o! Io mo - ro per le - i, Stol - to dav - ver vol - li sfi - dare il se - dut -
- gone! Mer - - - cy! Thy shame hath slain me! Her fine se - ducer's sword Has sent her Brother
sfz
p

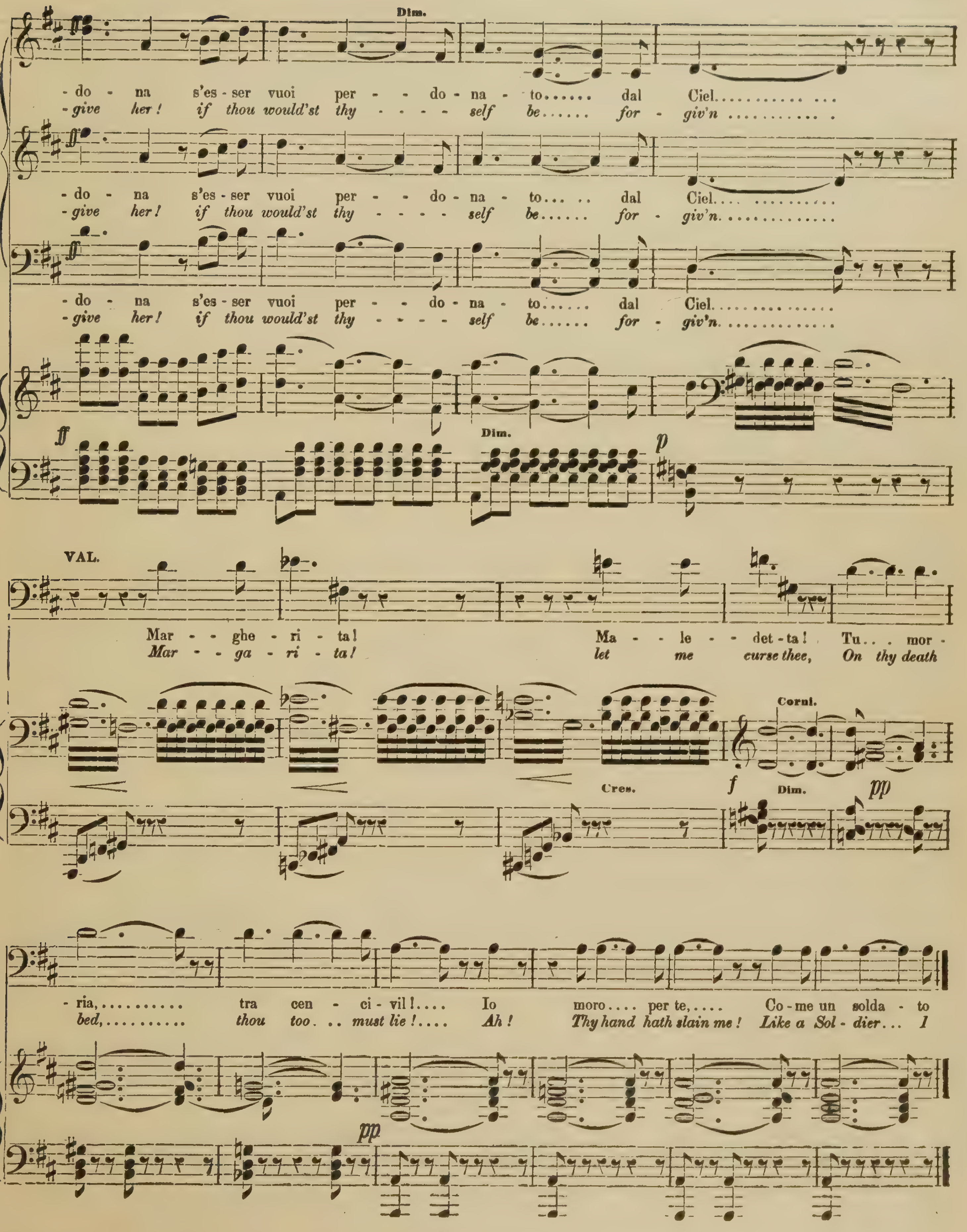

SIEBEL.
Andante.
Gra - zia!
Par - don!
VAL.
- tor!.....
home!..
Soprani.
pp
Se - - - - - - dut - - tor!
Her sedu - - - - - cer!
Tenori.
pp
Se - - - - - - dut - tor!
Her sedu - - - - - cer!
Bassi.
pp
Andante.
Tromboni.
Viol.
pp
MARG.
No - vel............... do - lo - - re! pu - - - - - - - ni - ta
Oh, tor - - - - - - - - ture cru - - el! my doom is
SIEB.
Gra - zia! gra - - - - - zia per es - - sa! Gra - - zia!
Par - don! Pray you have mer - - cy! Par - - don!
Ei muor..... per es - - sa! Ei
Her shame.... has slain him! Her
Ei muor..... per es - - sa! Ei
Her shame.... has slain him! Her
Cres.

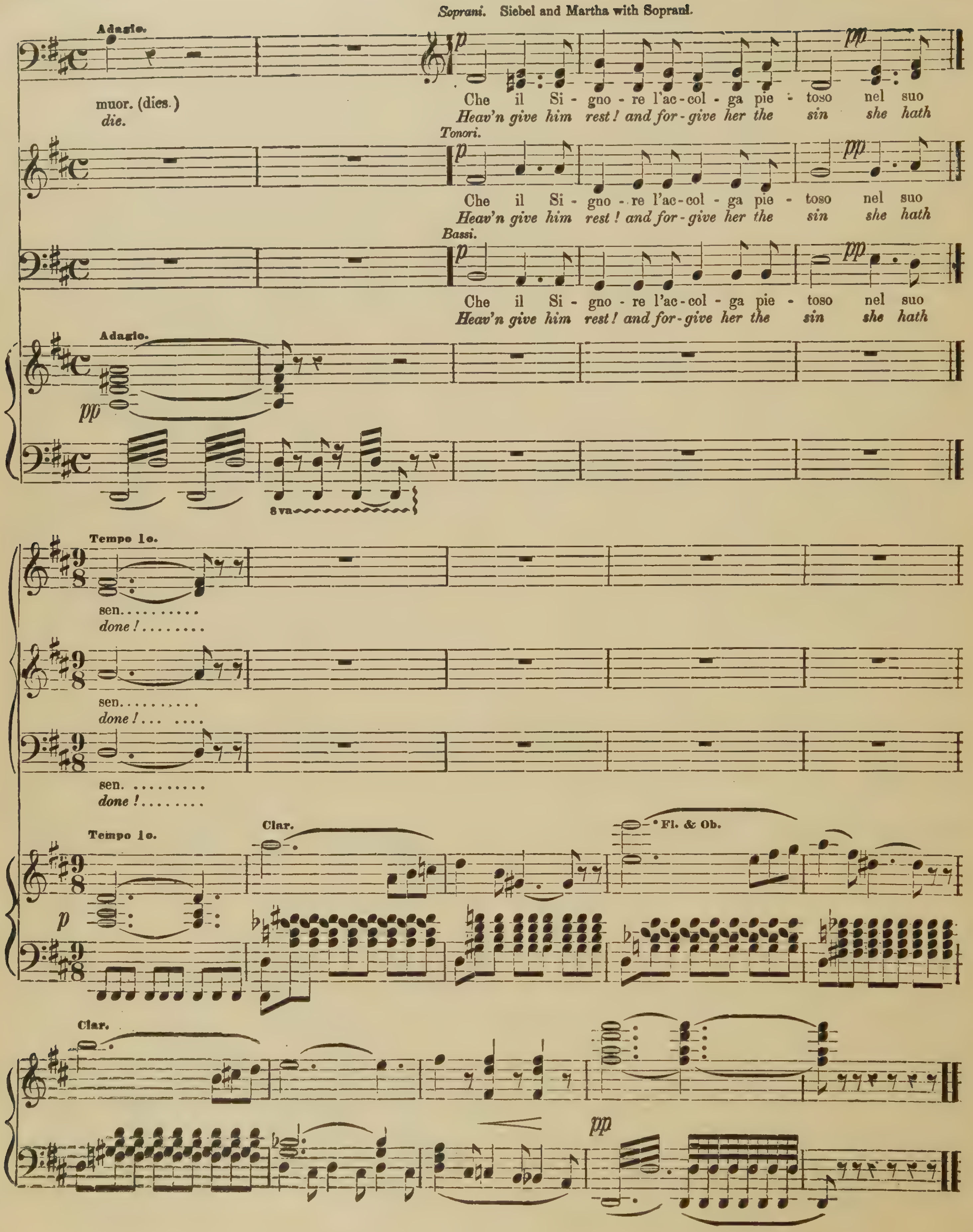
'AL.
son!....... pu - - - - ni - ta son!.... Stammi ad u -
come!.... my doom is come!... Hear my last
gra - - zia, Per lei pie - - - tà!......
Par - - don, Have pi - - - - - - - ty! some!....
muor............... di mau .... del se - dut - tor!.... .
shame .... has sent....... her Broth - er home!...
muor................ di man........ del se - dut - tor!.....
shame................ has sent........ her Broth - er home!...
Cres.
Corno.
p
- die....... .. Mar - ghe - ri - - - ta! Quel che devè acca - der,... Ac - - -
words... ... Mar - ga - ri - - - ta! When doom strikes thee down, Must
p
Brass.
- cade.... a pun - to fis - so, La mor - te vie - ne quando vu - ol, Ognun de ve obbe -
thou.... as I be rea - dy; No use is it to struggle or pray, When the call from on


-dir, Al.. vo-ler di las-sù!..... Tù!.... tu sei
high, Bid us to come a-way!... Live!... Live!— mean-
Viol.
Cres.
p
già nel-la cat-ti-va vi---a, Ne le tue man........ la vo-reran-no
-while, en-joy thy guil-ty splen--dour, Wear a rich robe....... thy white limbs to en--
più!... Riu-ne-ghe-rai per vi-ver nel di-let-to, Tutt' i do-ver, e tut-te le vir-
-fold!... Cover with rings thy hands so soft and ten-der, Laugh, at the feast, with oth-er har-lots
Cre — — — — — scen — — do.
Dim.
-tu!.........
(Not in the Italian copy.)
bold!......... Toy with thy brave gal-lant, ...
f
p

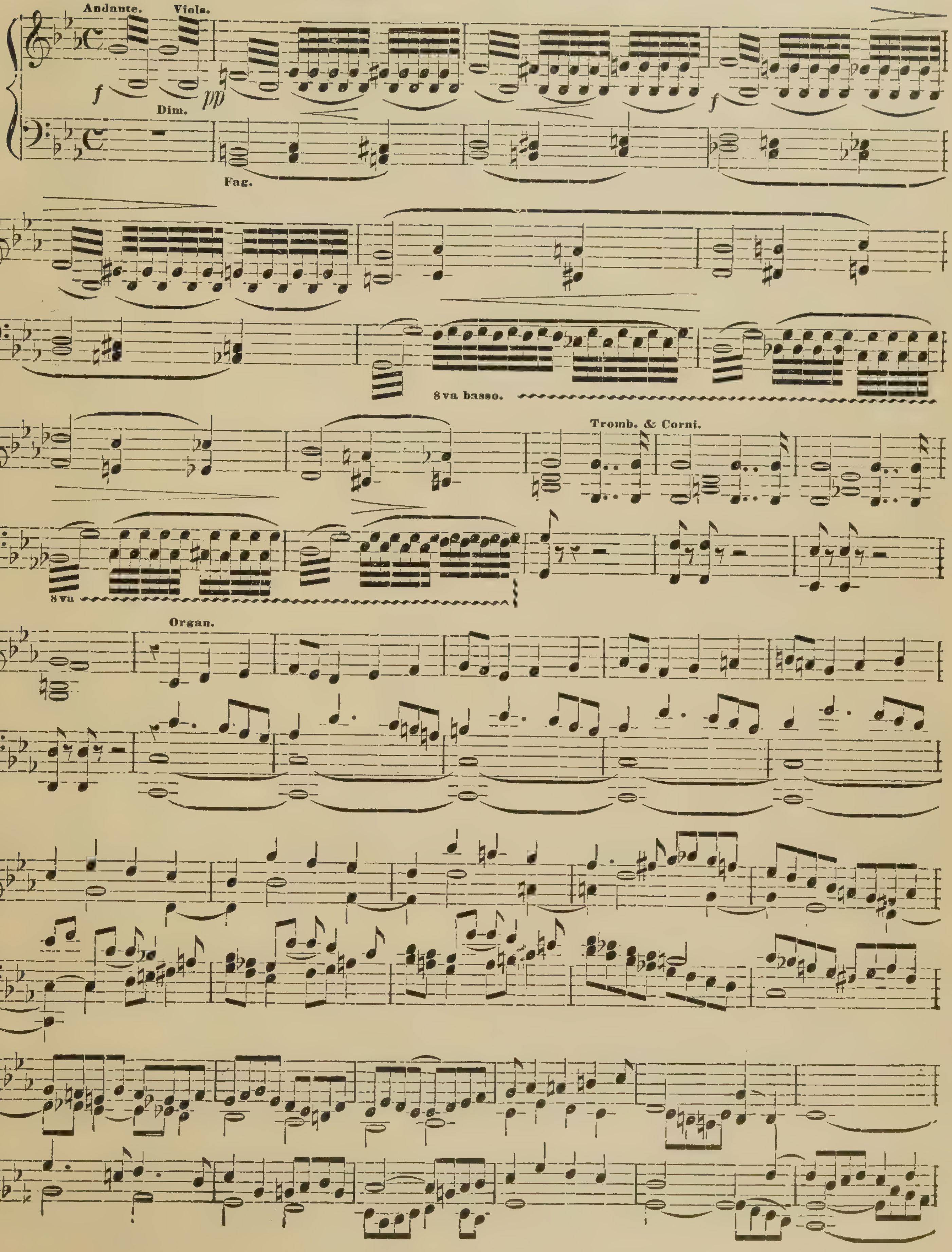

Leave him then....... for a - noth - - er, With larg - - er bag of
f
Cres. Molto.
Va!........ ti covre il ros - so - - - re, Il ri - mor - so ti
gold!.................. Go!....... and talk of thy Moth - - er Who did love thee so
ff
p
ro - - de, Al - fin l'o - ra suo - - na! Muo - - ri, se Dio ti per - do - - na, Sii quì mal - e -
well,... And thy wild soldier broth - er! Live,.... and grow old: And re - mem - ber for thy shame how he
f
p
f
p
-detta,.... Se Dio te per - do - na, Se Dio ti per - do - - - - - - na, Sii.. mal - e - det - ta
fell,..... Let Heav'n re - ject thee, Let Heav'n re - ject.............. thee, Heav'n reject thee, and earth be thy
Cres.
f

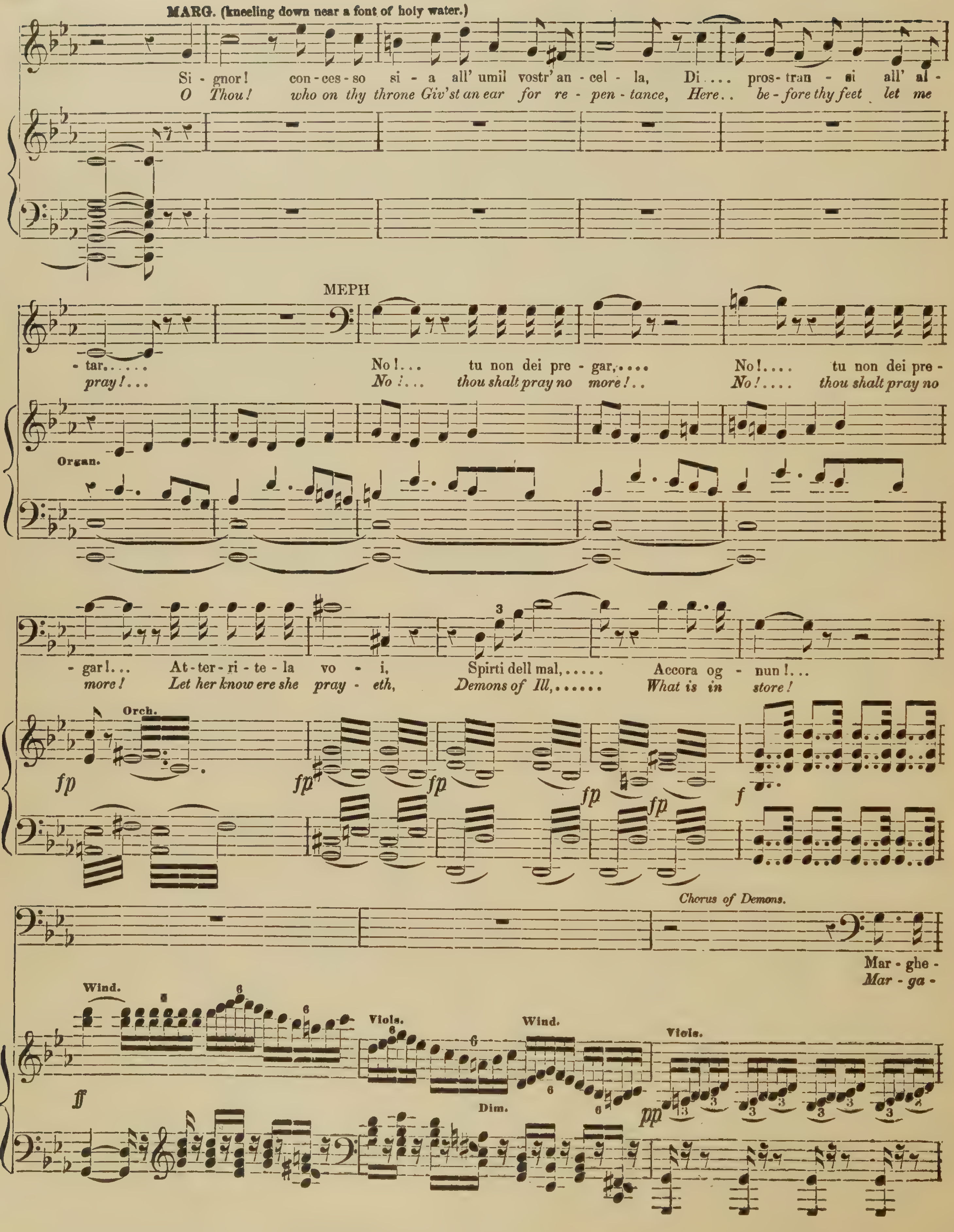
Siebel and Martha with Soprani.
qui!....
Hell!...
Soprani.
O ter-ror! O blas-fe-ma! All' o-ra tua su-pre-ma, Vuoi ma-le-
Do not curse, where thou li-est, Do not curse, where thou li-est, In the hand of
Tenori.
O ter-ror! O blas-fe-ma! All' o-ra tua su-pre-ma, Vuoi ma-le-
Do not curse, where thou li-est, Do not curse, where thou li-est, In the hand of
Bassi.
O ter-ror! O blas-fe-ma! All' o-ra tua su-pre-ma, Vuoi ma-le-
Do not curse, where thou li-est, Do not curse, where thou li-est, In the hand of
Cres.
p
f
Dim.
-dir,.... Vuoi ma-le-dir, Pen-sa or-mai a te stes-so Per-
Heav'n; In the hand of Heav'n, Make thy peace ere thou di-est! For-
Cre - scen - do. Molto.
-dir..... Vuoi ma-le-dir, Pen-sa or-mai a te stes-so Per-
Heav'n; In the hand of Heav'n. Make thy peace ere thou di-est! For-
-dir,.... Vuoi ma-le-dir, Pen-sa or-mai a te stes-so Per-
Heav'n; In the hand of Heav'n, Make thy peace ere thou di-est! For-
Cre - scen - do.

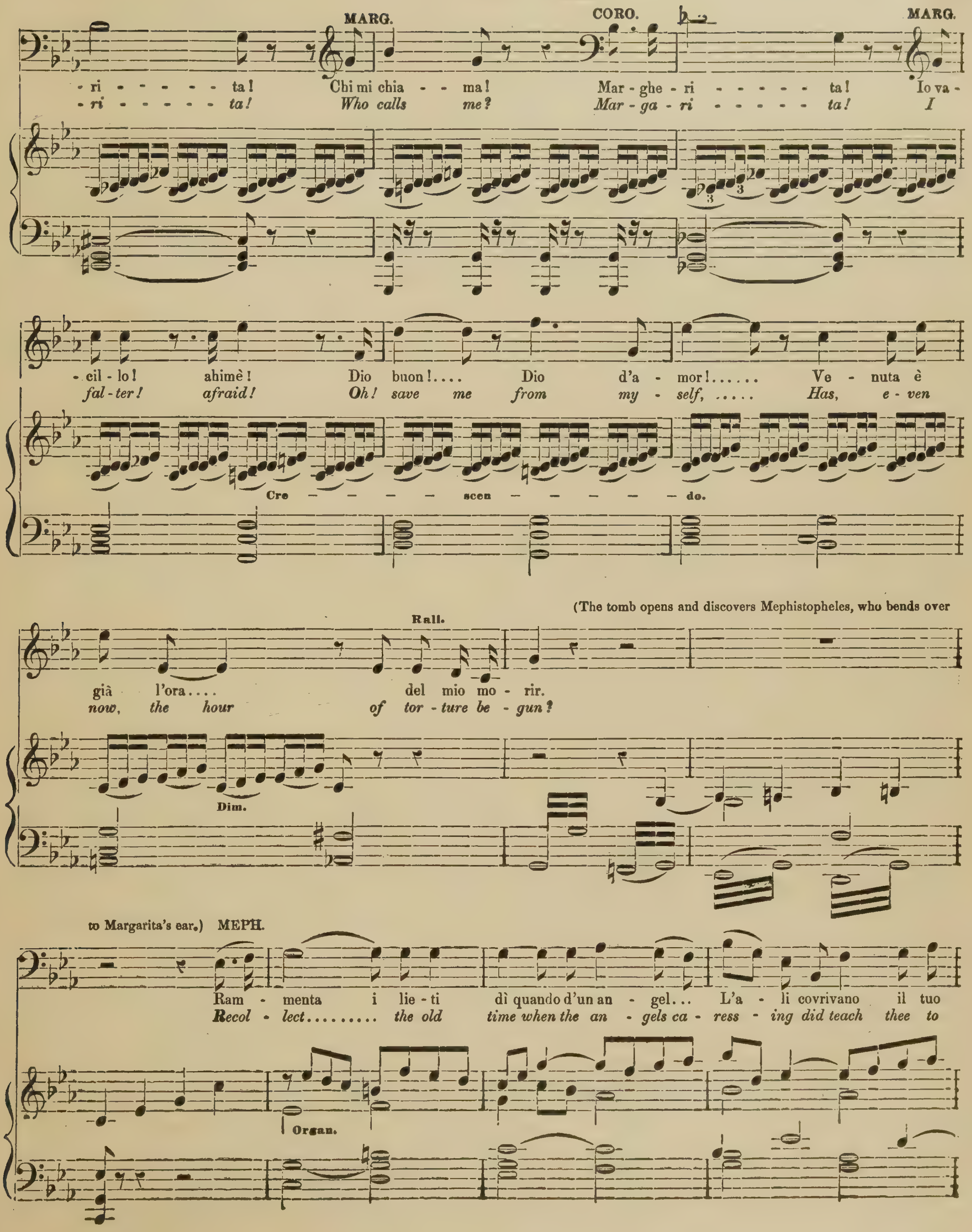

Dim.
-do - na s'es-ser vuoi per - - do - na - to...... dal Ciel...............
-give her! if thou would'st thy - - - - self be...... for - giv'n............
-do - na s'es-ser vuoi per - - do - na - to..... dal Ciel.................
-give her! if thou would'st thy - - - - self be...... for - giv'n...............
-do - na s'es-ser vuoi per - - do - na - to...... dal Ciel.................
-give her! if thou would'st thy - - - - self be...... for - giv'n...............
ff
Dim.
p
VAL.
Mar - - ghe - ri - ta! Ma - - le - - det - ta! Tu... mor -
Mar - - ga - ri - ta! let me curse thee, On thy death
Corni.
Cres.
f
Dim.
pp
- ria,.......... tra cen - ci - vil!.... Io moro.... per te,.... Co - me un solda - to
bed,.......... thou too... must lie!.... Ah! Thy hand hath slain me! Like a Sol - dier... I
pp

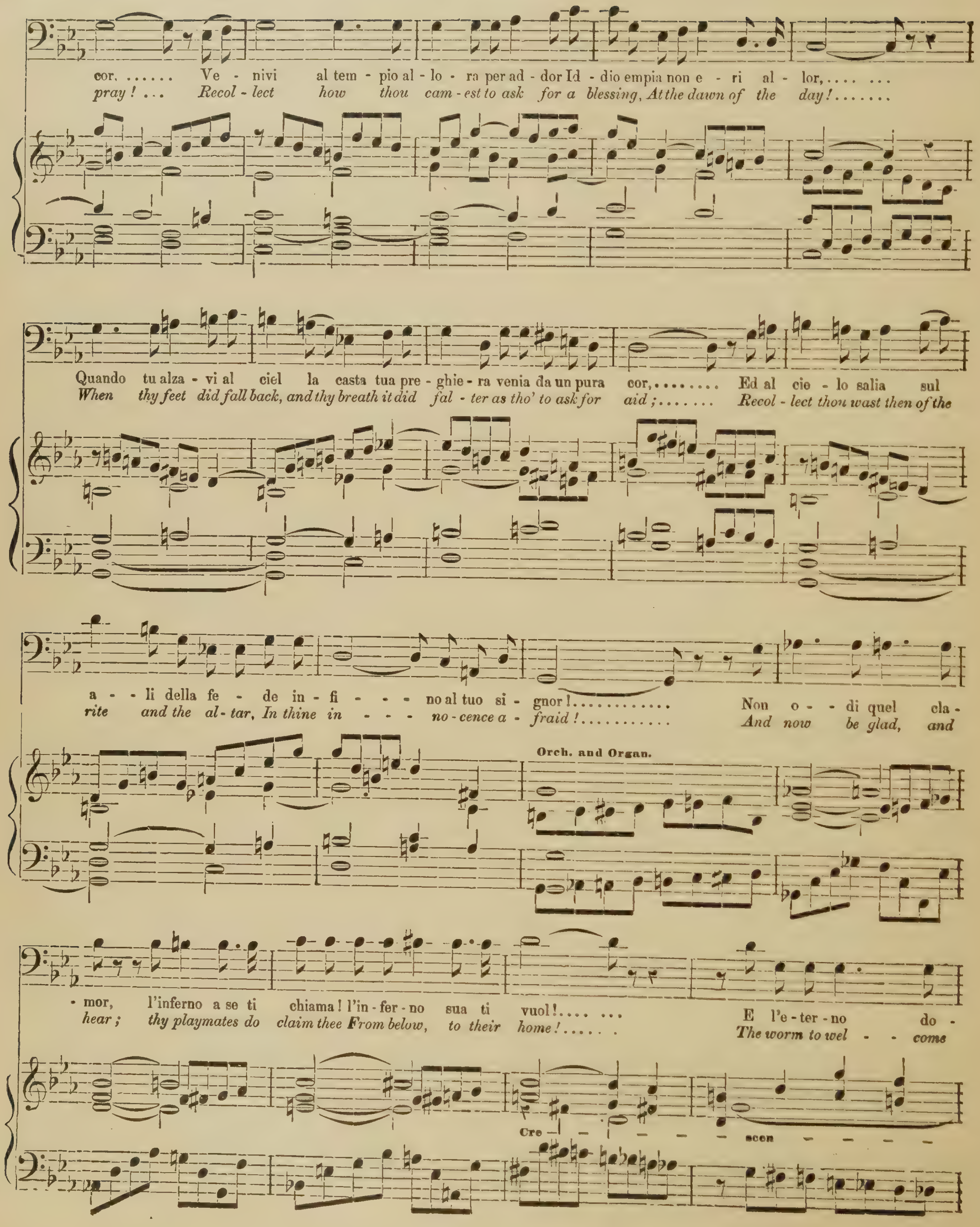

Soprani. Siebel and Martha with Soprani.
Adagio.
muor. (dies.)
die.
Che il Si - gno - re l'ac - col - ga pie - toso nel suo
Heav'n give him rest! and for - give her the sin she hath
Tenori.
Che il Si - gno - re l'ac - col - ga pie - toso nel suo
Heav'n give him rest! and for - give her the sin she hath
Bassi.
Che il Si - gno - re l'ac - col - ga pie - toso nel suo
Heav'n give him rest! and for - give her the sin she hath
Adagio.
8va
Tempo 1o.
sen..........
done!........
sen..........
done!... ....
sen. ....
done!........
Tempo 1o.
Clar.
Fl. & Ob.
Clar.

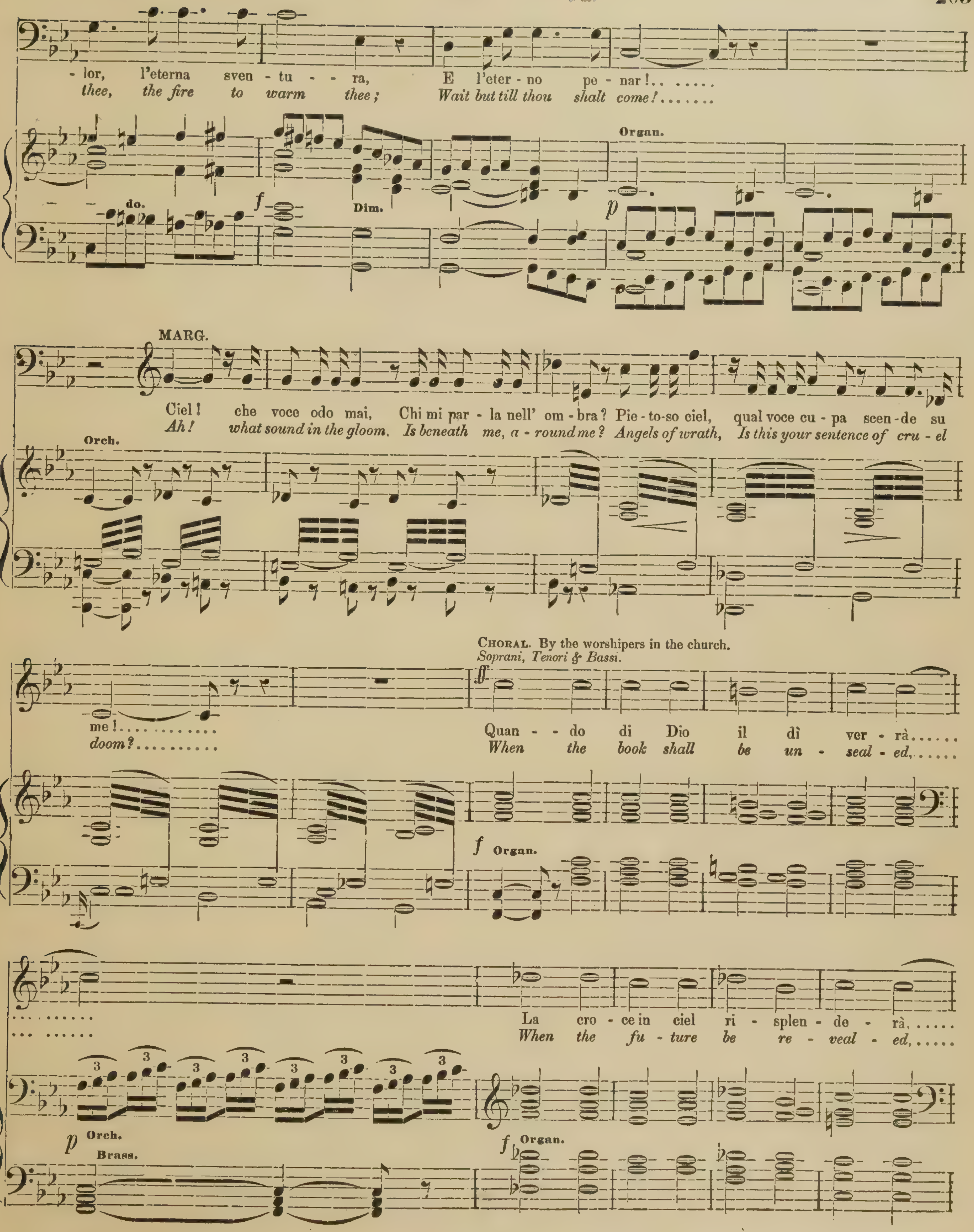
No. 17. The Scene in the Church.

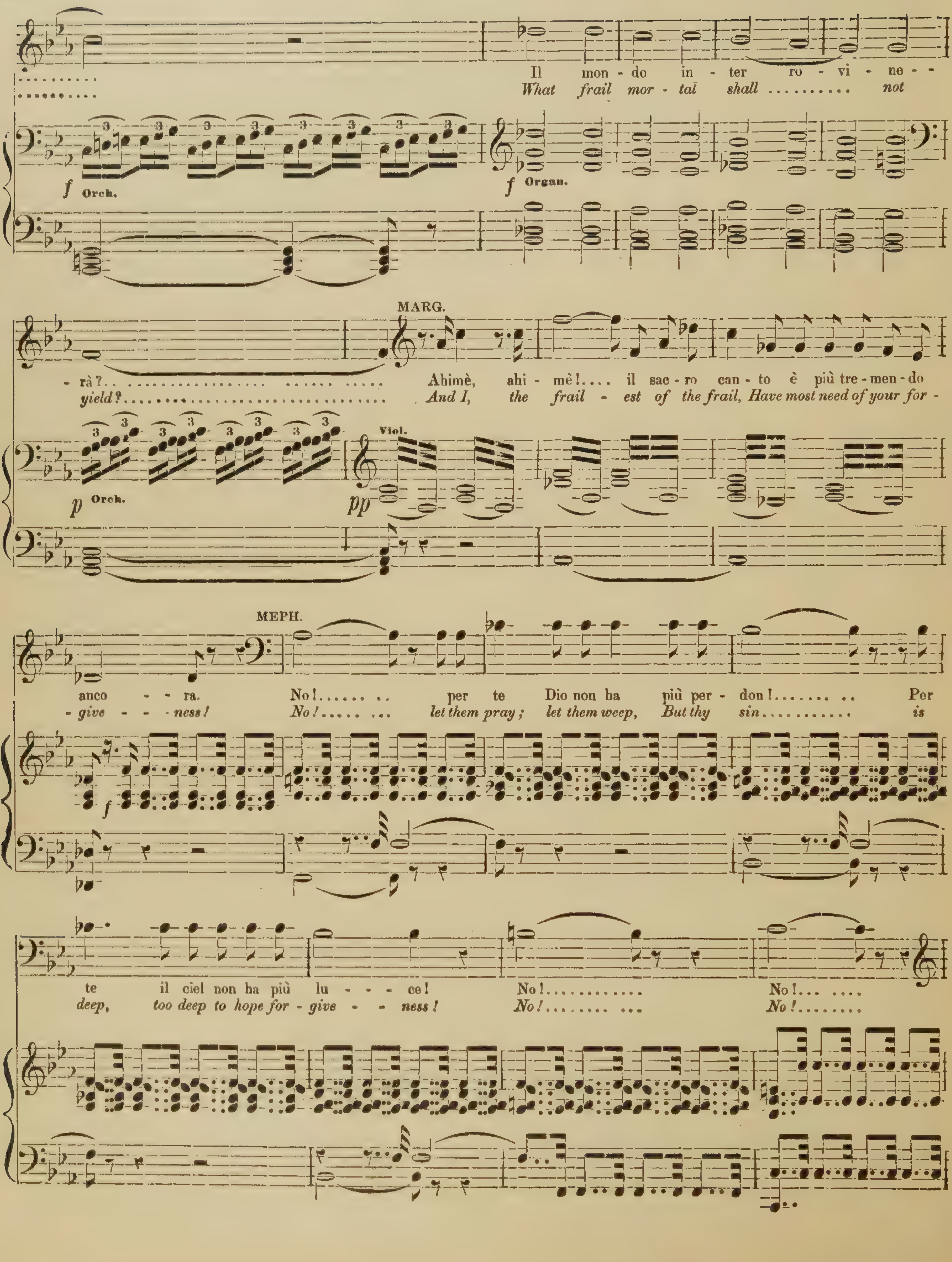


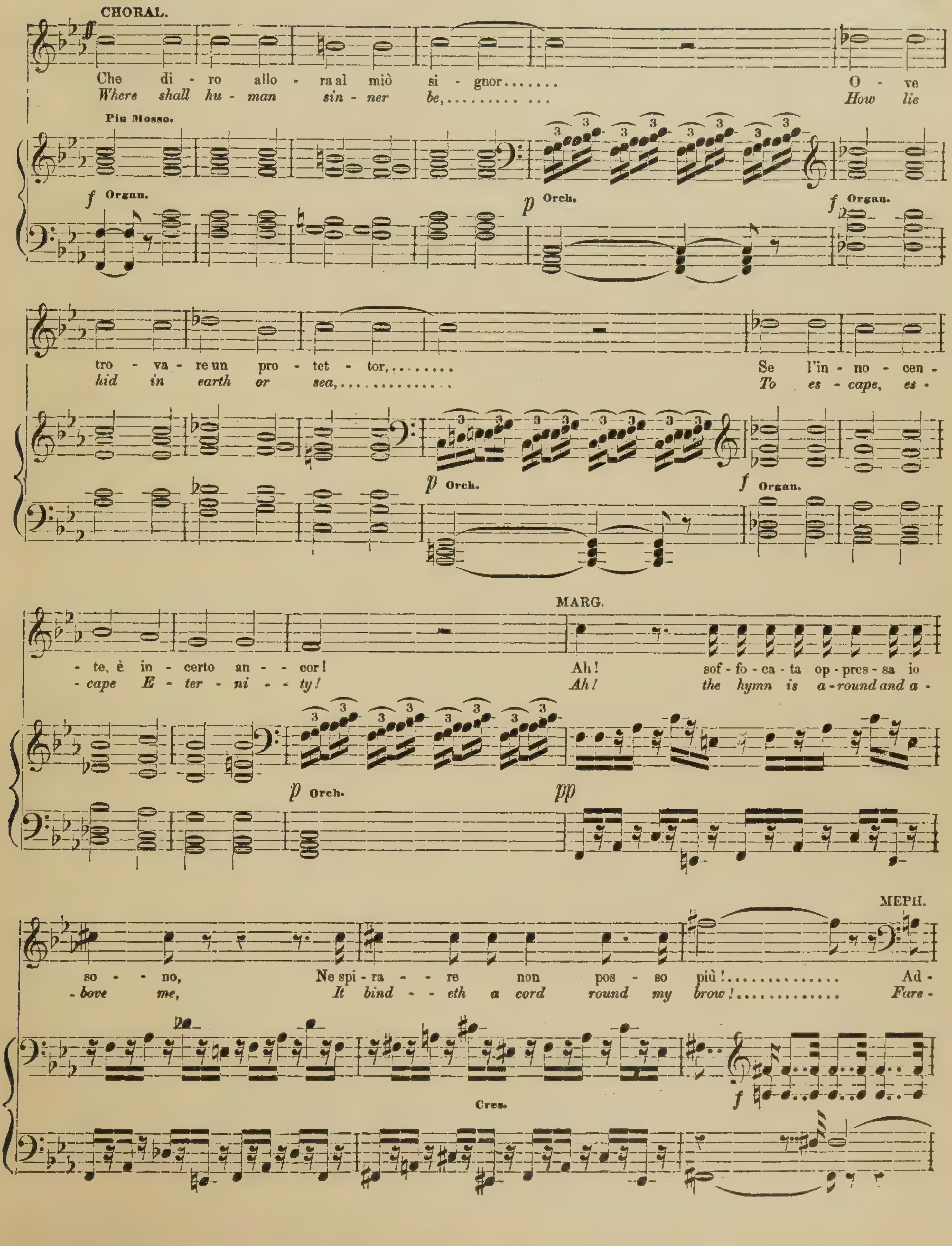

MARG. (kneeling down near a font of holy water.)
Si - gnor! con - ces - so si - a all' umil vostr' an - cel - la, Di . . . pros - tran - si all' al -
O Thou! who on thy throne Giv'st an ear for re - pen - tance, Here . . be - fore thy feet let me
MEPH
- tar. . . . . No ! . . . tu non dei pre - gar, ... No ! . . . . tu non dei pre -
pray ! . . . No ! . . . thou shalt pray no more ! . . No ! . . . . thou shalt pray no
Organ.
- gar ! . . . At - ter - ri - te - la vo - i, Spirti dell mal, ... Accora og - nun ! . . .
more ! Let her know ere she pray - eth, Demons of Ill, ... What is in store !
Orch.
fp
f
Chorus of Demons.
Mar - ghe -
Mar - ga -
Wind.
ff
Viols.
Wind.
Viols.
Dim.
pp

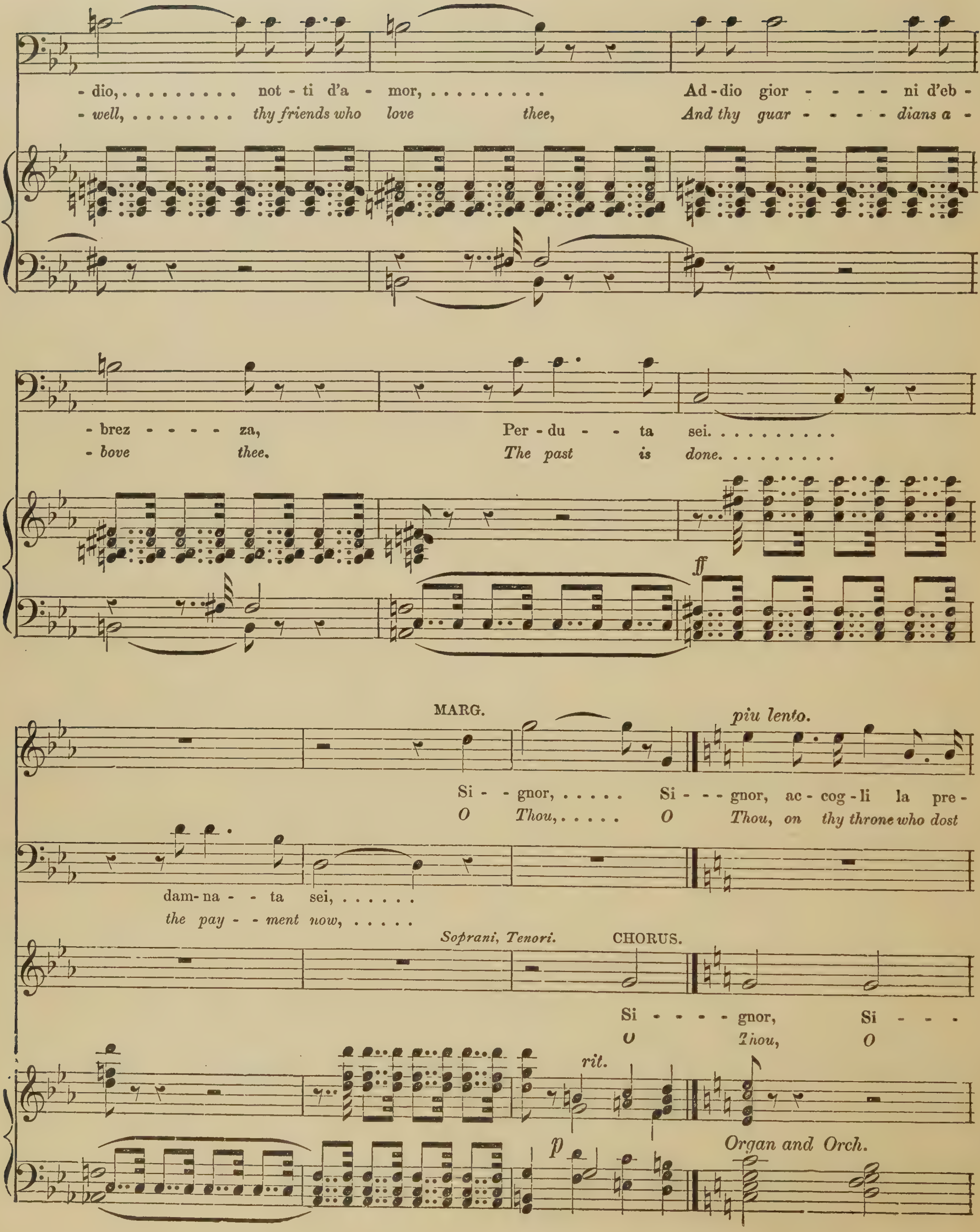

MARG.
CORO.
MARG.
-ri - - - - - - ta! Chi mi chia - - ma! Mar - ghe - ri - - - - - - ta! Io va -
-ri - - - - - - ta! Who calls me? Mar - ga - ri - - - - - - ta! I
-cil - lo! ahimè! Dio buon!.... Dio d'a - mor!...... Ve - nuta è
fal - ter! afraid! Oh! save me from my - self, ... Has, e - ven
Cre - - - - scen - - - - - do.
Rall.
già l'ora.... del mio mo - rir.
now, the hour of tor - ture be - gun?
Dim.
(The tomb opens and discovers Mephistopheles, who bends over to Margarita's ear.) MEPH.
Ram - menta i lie - ti dì quando d'un an - gel... L'a - li covrivano il tuo
Recol - lect......... the old time when the an - gels ca - ress - ing did teach thee to
Organ.

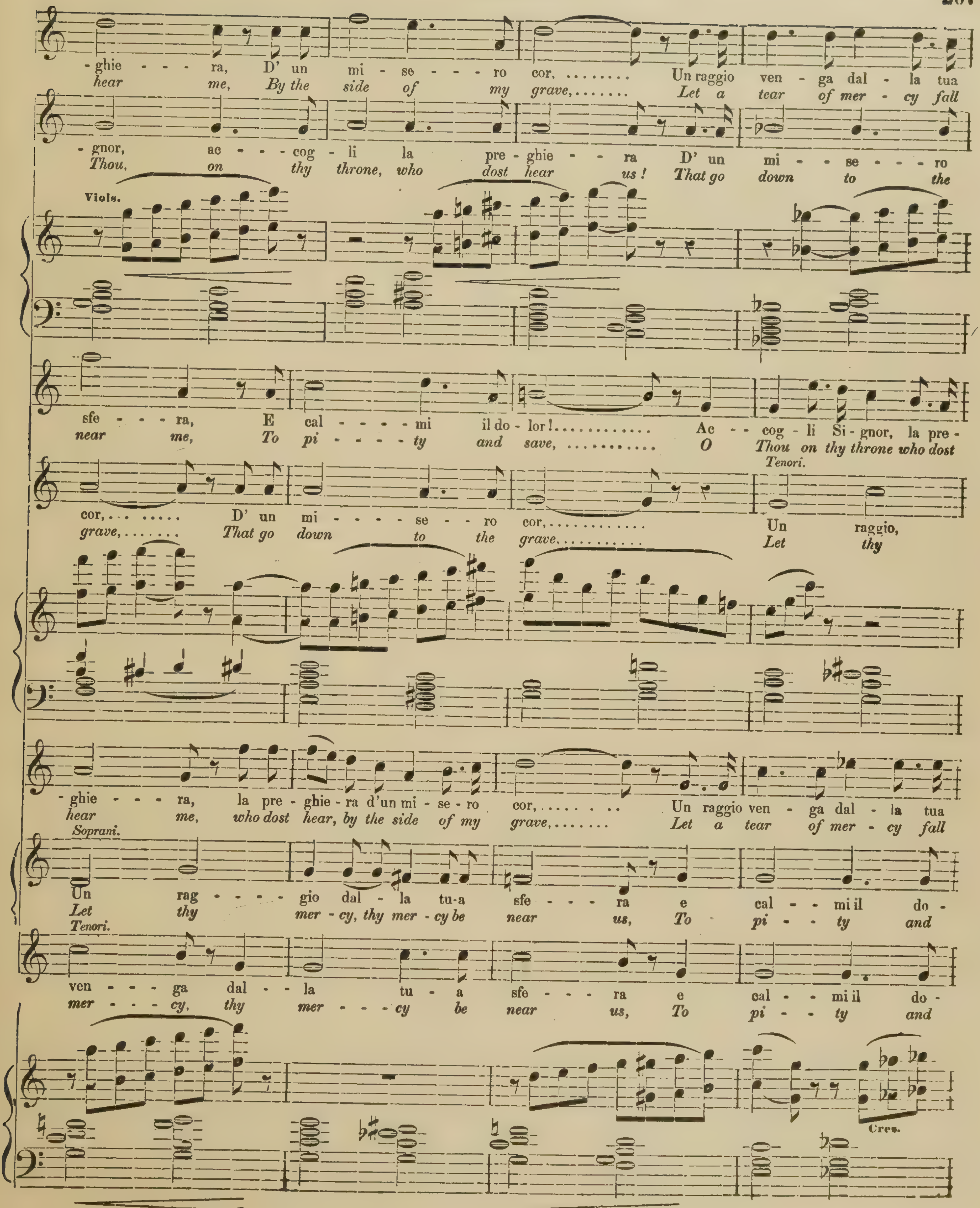

cor, ... Ve - nivi al tem - pio al - lo - ra per ad - dor Id - dio empia non e - ri al - lor, ...
pray! . . . Recol - lect how thou cam - est to ask for a blessing, At the dawn of the day! . . . .
Quando tu alza - vi al ciel la casta tua pre - ghie - ra venia da un pura cor, ... Ed al cie - lo salia sul
When thy feet did fall back, and thy breath it did fal - ter as tho' to ask for aid; . . . . Recol - lect thou wast then of the
a - - li della fe - de in - fi - - - no al tuo si - gnor! . . . . Non o - - di quel cla -
rite and the al - tar, In thine in - - - no - cence a - fraid! . . . . And now be glad, and
Orch. and Organ.
- mor, l'inferno a se ti chiama! l'in - fer - no sua ti vuol! . . . . E l'e - ter - no do -
hear; thy playmates do claim thee From below, to their home! . . . . . . The worm to wel - - come
Cre - - - - - - scen - - - - -


-lor, l'eterna sven - tu - - - ra, E l'eter - no pe - nar! . . . .
thee, the fire to warm thee; Wait but till thou shalt come! . . . .
Organ.
do.
f
Dim.
p
MARG.
Ciel! che voce odo mai, Chi mi par - la nell' om - bra? Pie - to - so ciel, qual voce cu - pa scen - de su
Ah! what sound in the gloom, Is beneath me, a - round me? Angels of wrath, Is this your sentence of cru - el
Orch.
me! . . . .
doom? . . . .
CHORAL. By the worshipers in the church.
Soprani, Tenori & Bassi.
ff
Quan - - do di Dio il dì ver - rà . . . . . .
When the book shall be un - seal - ed, ...
f Organ.
La cro - ce in ciel ri - splen - de - rà, ...
When the fu - ture be re - veal - ed, ...
p Orch.
Brass.
f Organ.

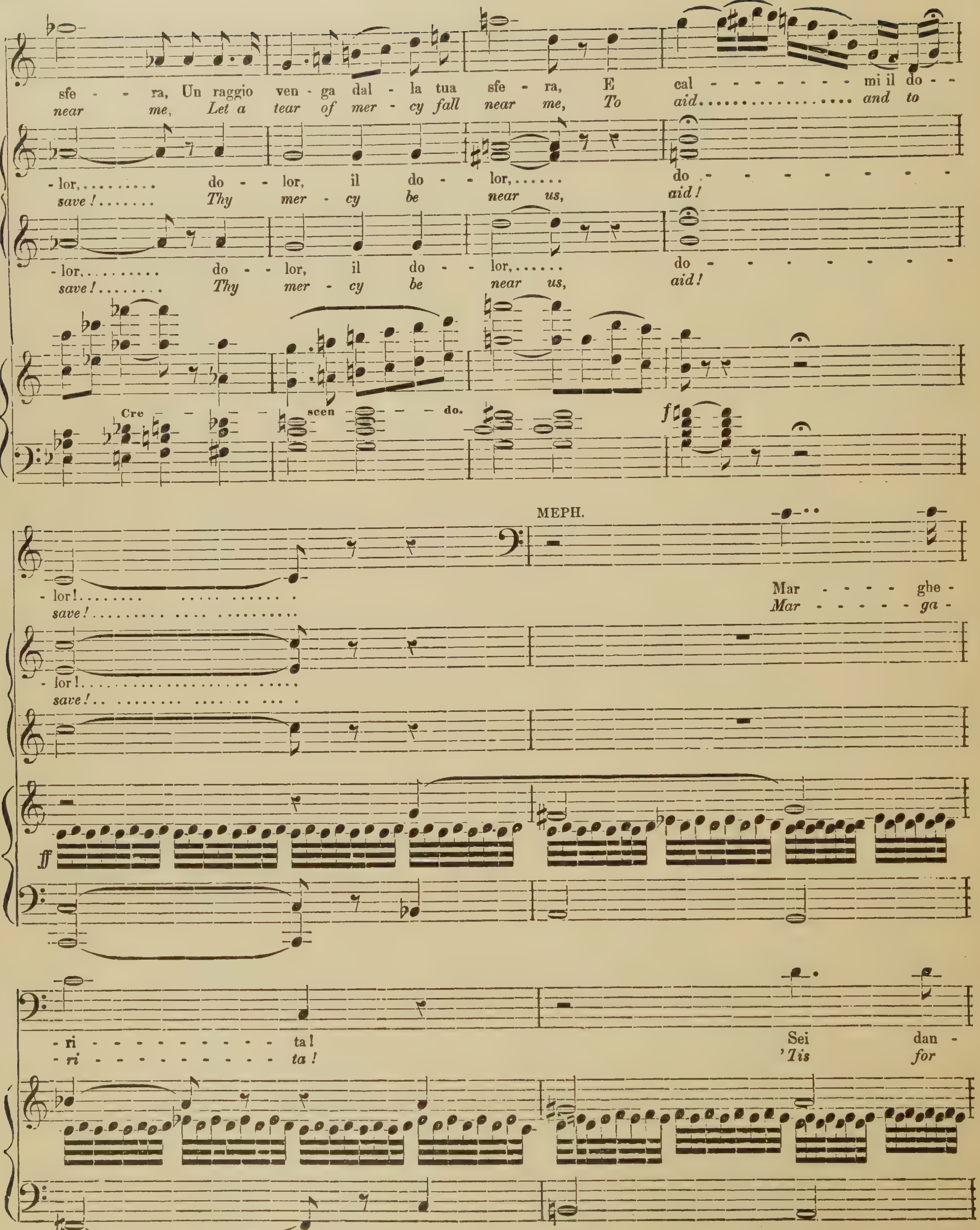

Il mon - do in - ter ro - vi - ne - -
What frail mor - tal shall .... not
f Orch.
f Organ.
MARG.
- rà ? .. .. Ahimè, ahi - mè !.... il sac - ro can - to è più tre - men - do
yield ? .... And I, the frail - est of the frail, Have most need of your for -
p Orch.
Viol.
pp
MEPH.
anco - - ra. No !....... .. per te Dio non ha più per - don !....... .. Per
- give - - - ness ! No !...... ... let them pray ; let them weep, But thy sin........... is
f
te il ciel non ha più lu - - - ce ! No !............ No !... ....
deep, too deep to hope for - give - - ness ! No !........ ... No !........

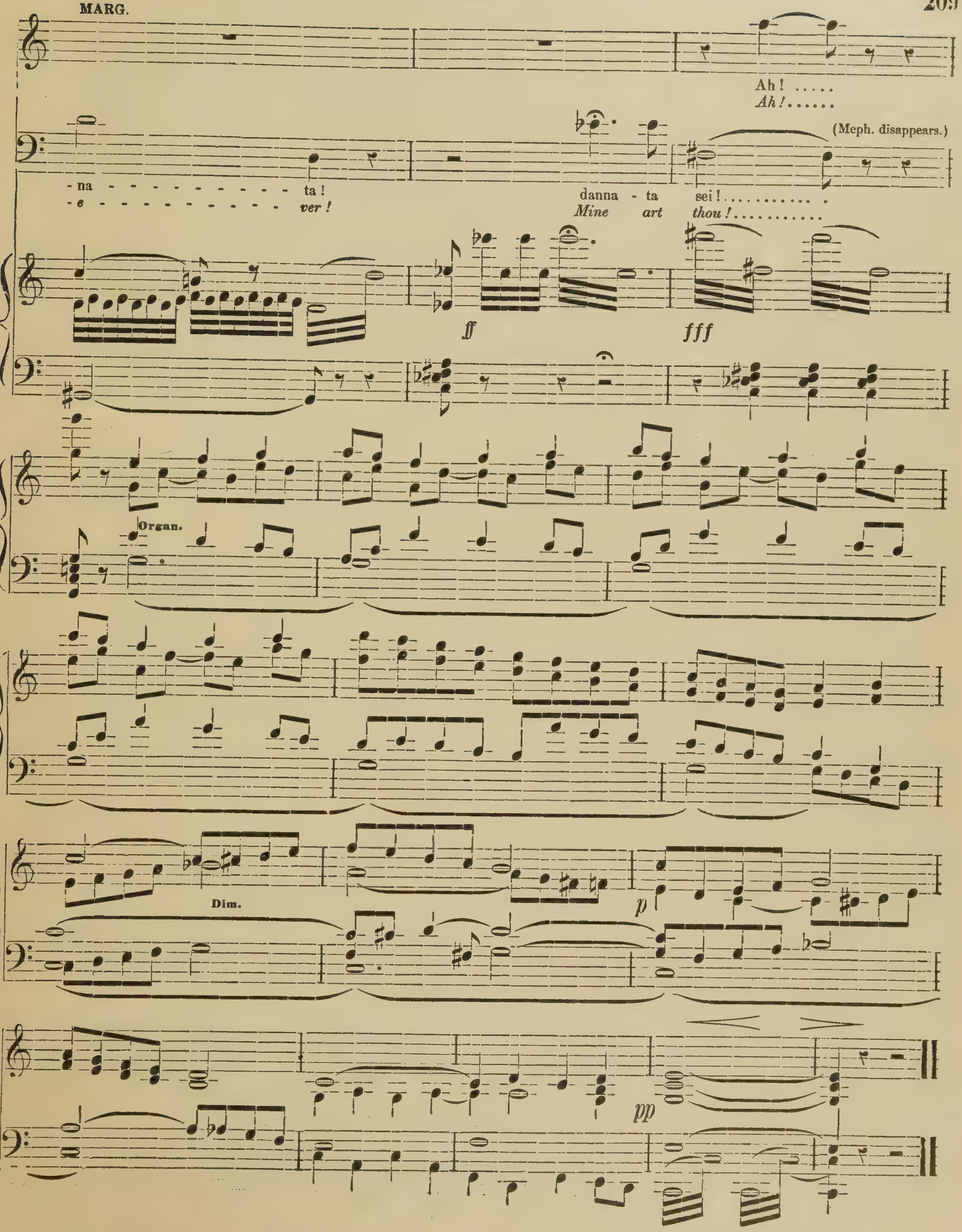

CHORAL.
ff
Che di - ro allo - ra al miò si - gnor....... O - ve
Where shall hu - man sin - ner be,.......... How lie
Piu Mosso.
f Organ.
p Orch.
f Organ.
tro - va - re un pro - tet - tor,........ Se l'in - no - cen -
hid in earth or sea,............... To es - cape, es -
p Orch.
f Organ.
MARG.
- te, è in - certo an - - cor! Ah! sof - fo - ca - ta op - pres - sa io
- cape E - ter - ni - - ty! Ah! the hymn is a - round and a -
p Orch.
pp
MEPH.
so - - no, Ne spi - ra - - re non pos - so più!.............. Ad -
- bove me, It bind - - eth a cord round my brow!............ Fare -
Cres.
f


- dio, ... not - ti d'a - mor, ... Ad - dio gior - - - - - ni d'eb -
- well, ... thy friends who love thee, And thy guar - - - - diANS a -
- brez - - - - za, Per - du - - ta sei. . . . .
- bove thee. The past is done. . . . .
ff
MARG.
piu lento.
Si - - gnor, ... Si - - - gnor, ac - cog - li la pre -
O Thou, ... O Thou, on thy throne who dost
dam - na - - ta sei, ...
the pay - - ment now, ...
Soprani, Tenori. CHORUS.
Si - - - - gnor, Si - - -
O Thou, O
rit.
p
Organ and Orch.



- ghie - - - ra, D' un mi - se - - - ro cor, ... Un raggio ven - ga dal - la tua
hear me, By the side of my grave, ... Let a tear of mer - cy fall
- gnor, ac - - - cog - li la pre - ghie - - ra D' un mi - - - se - - - ro
Thou, on thy throne, who dost hear us! That go down to the
Viols.
sfe - - - ra, E cal - - - - mi il do - lor! .... Ac - - cog - li Si - gnor, la pre -
near me, To pi - - - - ty and save, ... O Thou on thy throne who dost
Tenori.
cor, ... D' un mi - - - - se - - ro cor, ... Un raggio,
grave, ... That go down to the grave, ... Let thy
- ghie - - - ra, la pre - ghie - ra d'un mi - se - ro cor, ... Un raggio ven - ga dal - la tua
hear me, who dost hear, by the side of my grave, ... Let a tear of mer - cy fall
Soprani.
Un rag - - - - gio dal - la tu-a sfe - - - ra e cal - - mi il do -
Let thy mer - cy, thy mer - cy be near us, To pi - - ty and
Tenori.
ven - - - ga dal - - la tu - a sfe - - - ra e cal - - mi il do -
mer - - - cy, thy mer - - - cy be near us, To pi - - ty and
Cres.


sfe - - ra, Un raggio ven - ga dal - la tua sfe - ra, E cal - - - - - - - mi il do - -
near me, Let a tear of mer - cy fall near me, To aid.................. and to
- lor,.......... do - lor, il do - - lor,....... do - - - - - - - -
save!....... Thy mer - cy be near us, aid!
- lor,.......... do - lor, il do - - lor,....... do - - - - - - - -
save!........ Thy mer - cy be near us, aid!
Cre - - - scen - - do.
f
- lor!.................. .
save!.........................
MEPH.
Mar - - - - ghe -
Mar - - - - - ga -
- lor!.............................
save!.. ....
ff
- ri - - - - - - - - - ta!
- ri - - - - - - - - - - - ta!
Sei dan -
'Tis for

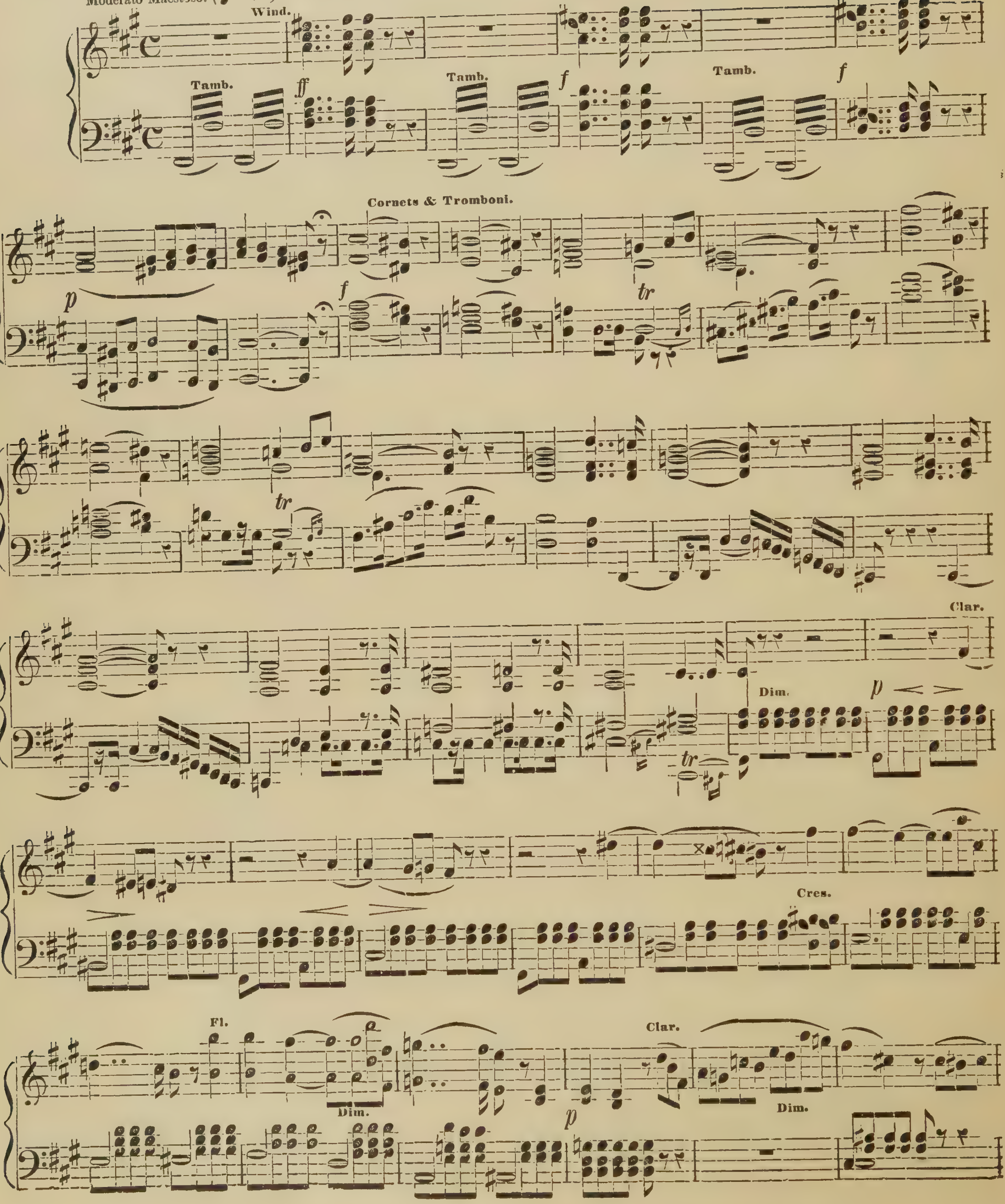

MARG.
Ah! .....
Ah!......
(Meph. disappears.)
-na - - - - - - - - - - - ta!
-e - - - - - - - - - - ver!
danna - ta sei!...........
Mine art thou!...........
ff
fff
Organ.
Dim.
p
pp

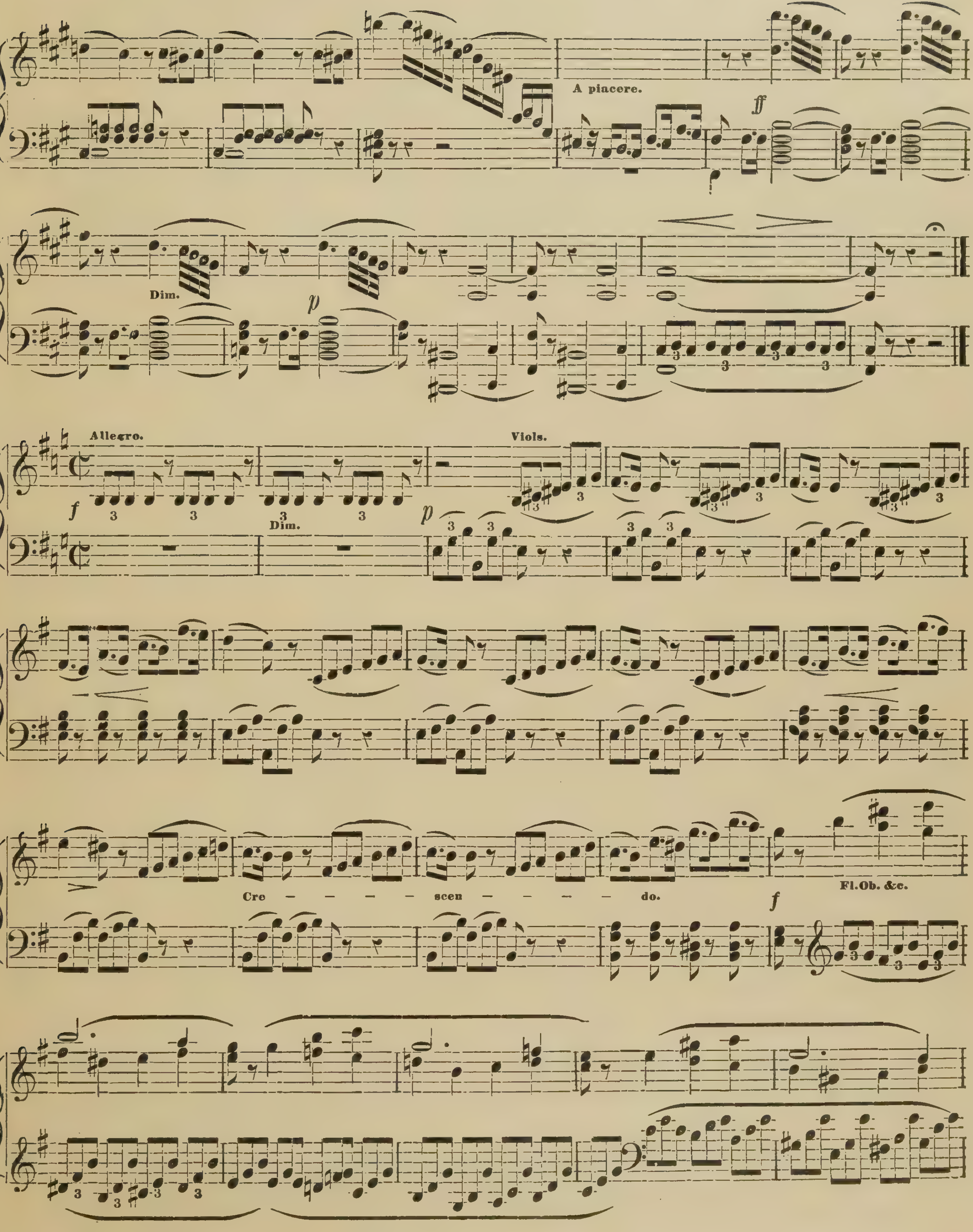
Faust.

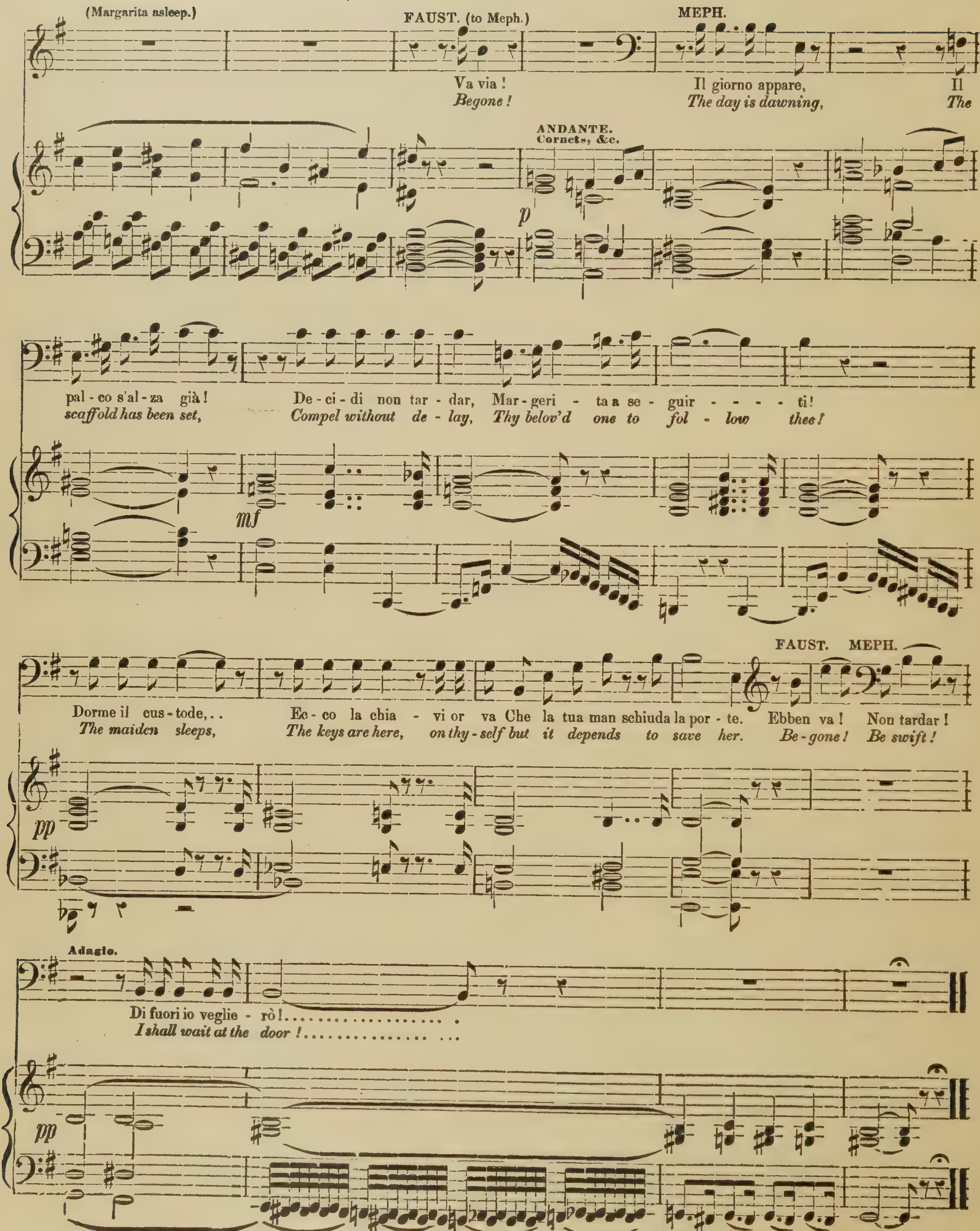
ACT V.

No. 18. Intermezzo and Recitative. The Prison Scene.

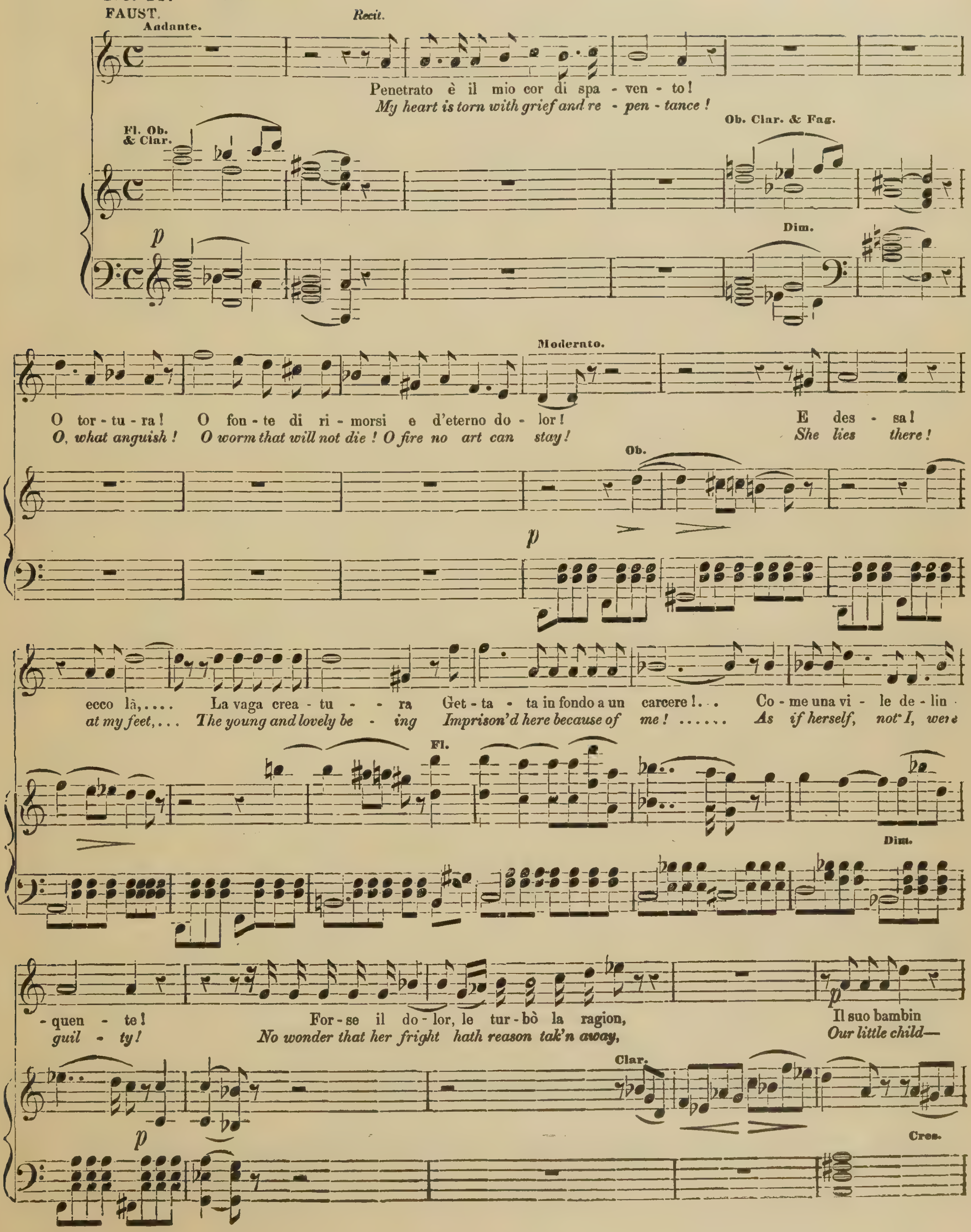
Moderato Maestoso. (♩ = 72.)

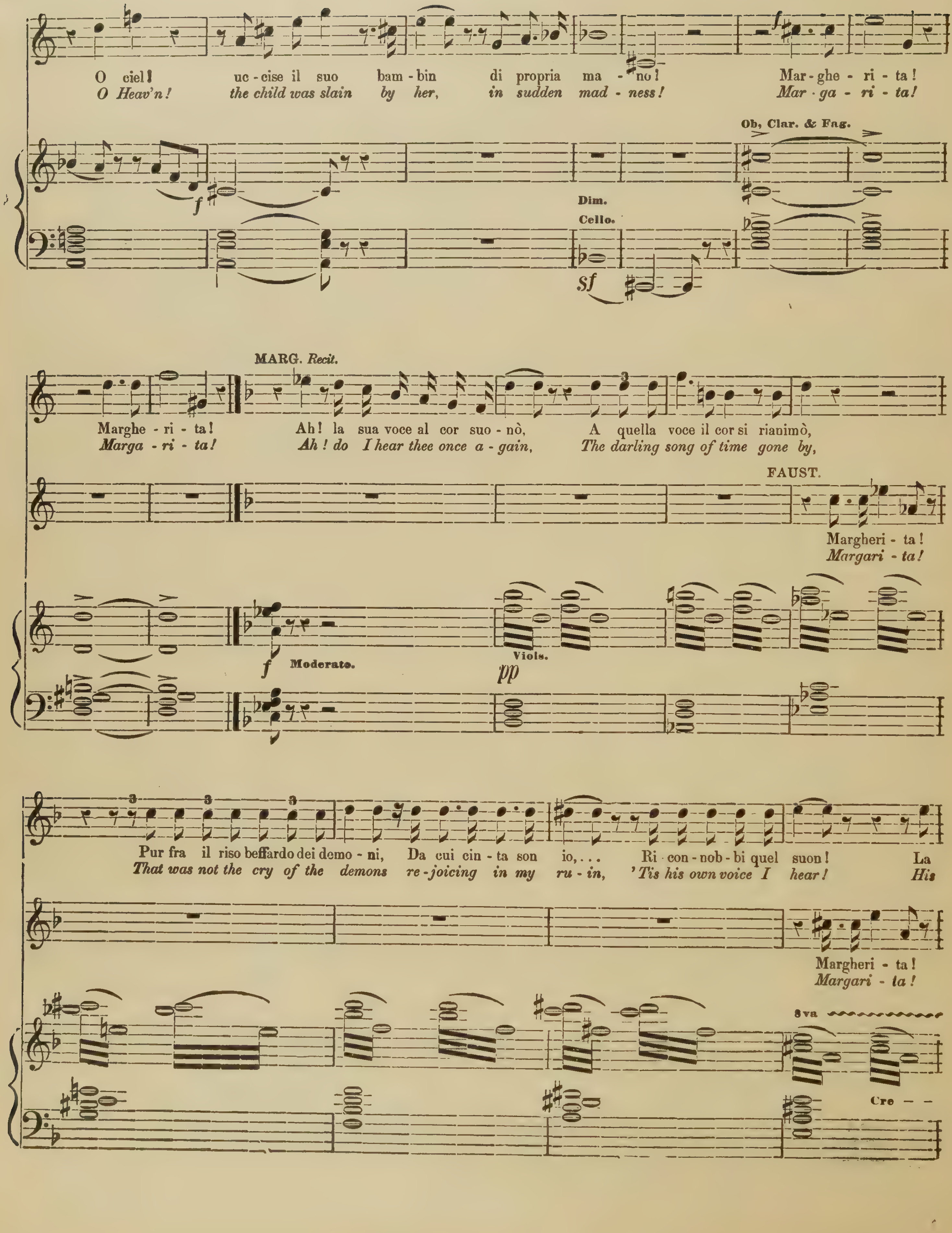


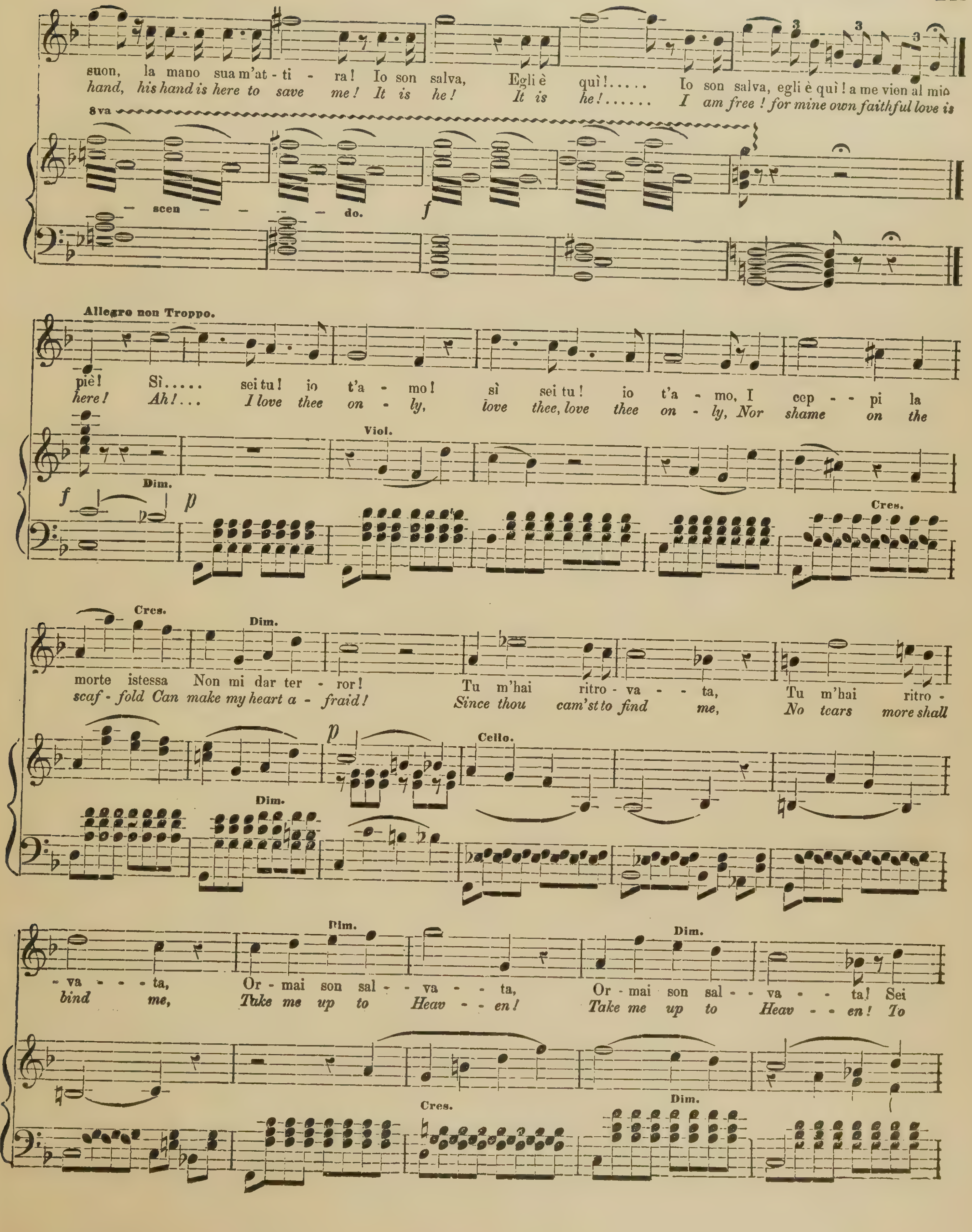

A piacere.
ff
Dim.
p
Allegro.
Viols.
f
Dim.
p
Cre — — — — scen — — — — do.
f
Fl.Ob. &c.

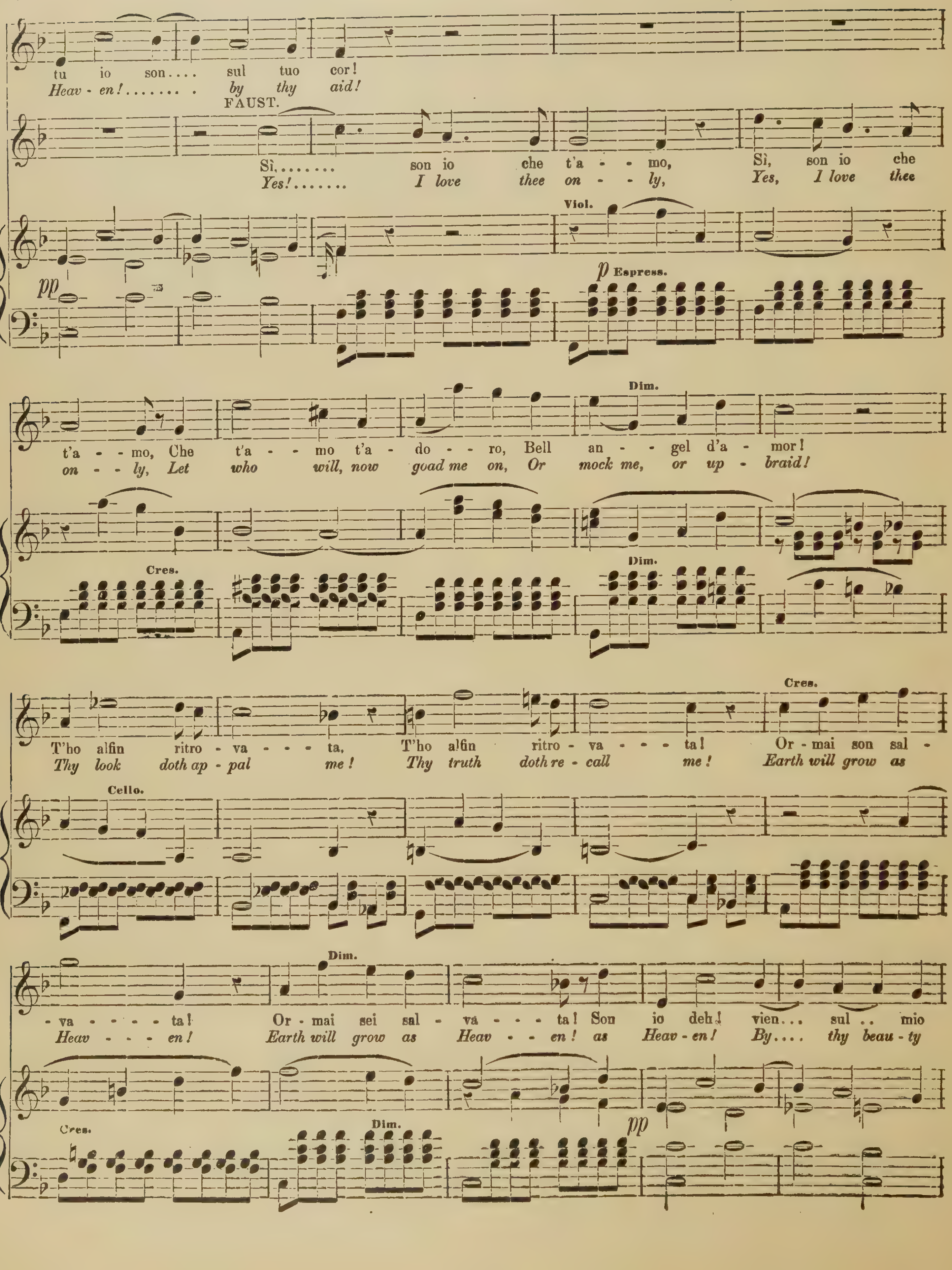

(Margarita asleep.)
FAUST. (to Meph.)
Va via !
Begone !
MEPH.
Il giorno appare,
The day is dawning,
Il
The
ANDANTE.
Cornets, &c.
p
pal-co s'al-za già !
scaffold has been set,
De-ci-di non tar-dar,
Compel without de-lay,
Mar-geri-ta a se-guir-ti!
Thy belov'd one to fol-low thee!
mf
FAUST.
MEPH.
Dorme il cus-tode,..
The maiden sleeps,
Ec-co la chia-vi or va Che la tua man schiuda la por-te.
The keys are here, on thy-self but it depends to save her.
Ebben va !
Be-gone !
Non tardar !
Be swift !
pp
Adagio.
Di fuori io veglie-rò!...................
I shall wait at the door !...................
pp

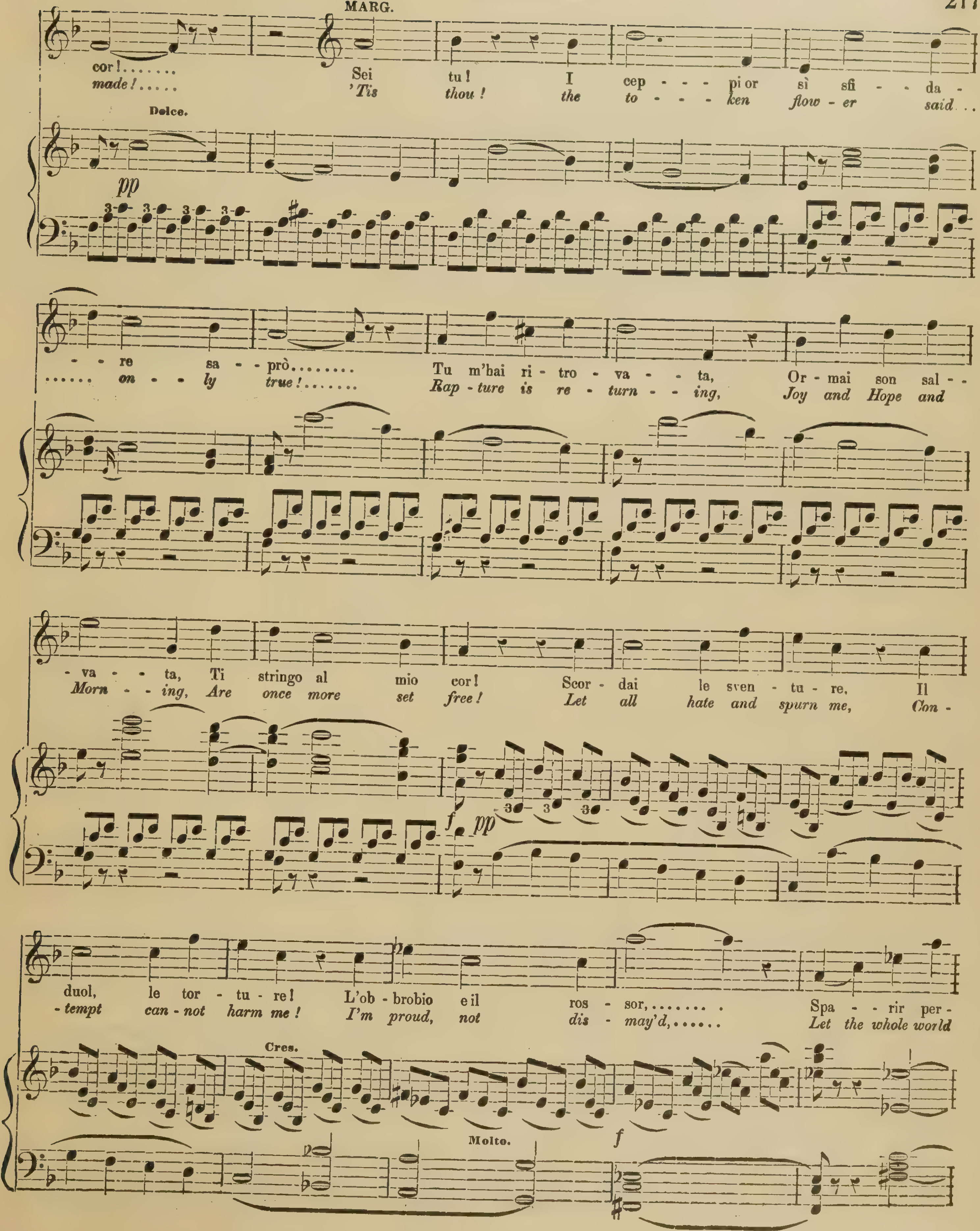
No. 19. Duet

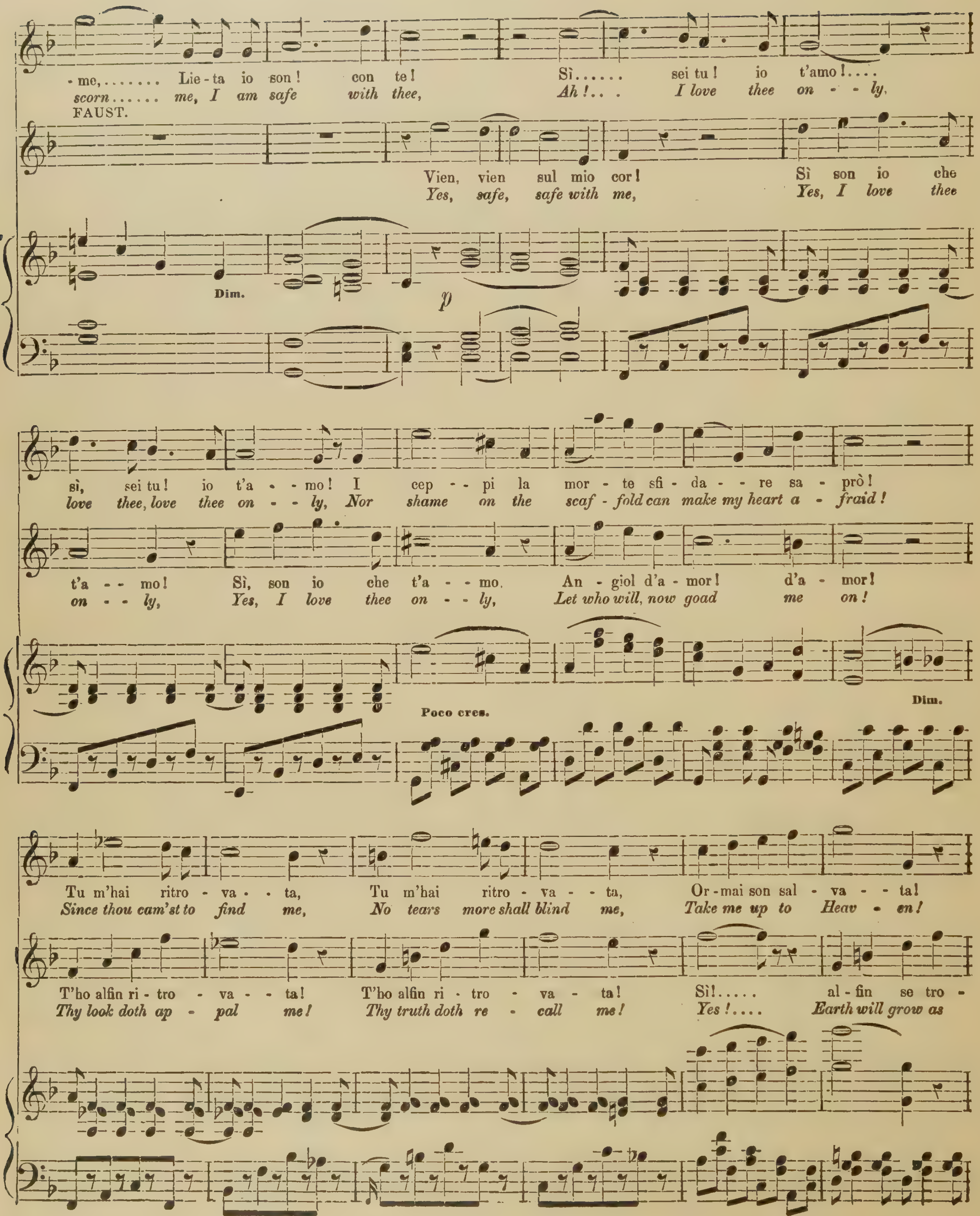

FAUST.
Andante.
Recit.
Penetrato è il mio cor di spa - ven - to!
My heart is torn with grief and re - pen - tance!
Fl. Ob. & Clar.
Ob. Clar. & Fag.
p
Dim.
O tor - tu - ra! O fon - te di ri - morsi e d'eterno do - lor!
O, what anguish! O worm that will not die! O fire no art can stay!
Moderato.
E des - sa!
She lies there!
Ob.
p
ecco là,.... La vaga crea - tu - ra Get - ta - ta in fondo a un carcere!... Co - me una vi - le de - lin -
at my feet,... The young and lovely be - ing Imprison'd here because of me!...... As if herself, not I, were
Fl.
Dim.
- quen - te! For - se il do - lor, le turbò la ragion, Il suo bambin
guil - ty! No wonder that her fright hath reason tak'n away, Our little child—
Clar.
p
Cres.

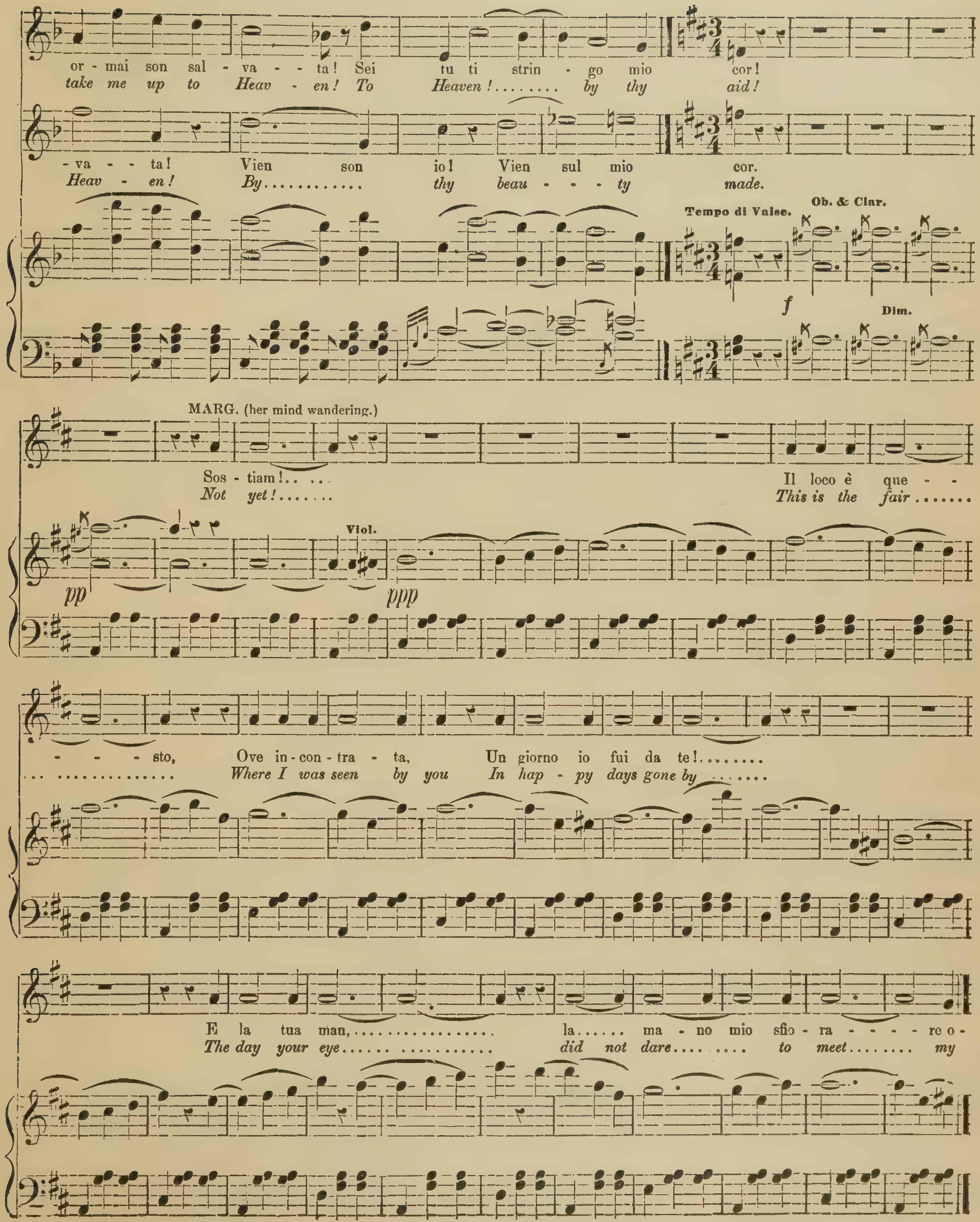

O ciel! uc-cise il suo bam-bin di propria ma-no! Mar-ghe-ri-ta!
O Heav'n! the child was slain by her, in sudden mad-ness! Mar-ga-ri-ta!
Ob, Clar. & Fag.
Dim.
Cello.
sf
Marghe-ri-ta!
Marga-ri-ta!
MARG. Recit.
Ah! la sua voce al cor suo-nò, A quella voce il cor si rianimò,
Ah! do I hear thee once a-gain, The darling song of time gone by,
FAUST.
Margheri-ta!
Margari-ta!
Moderato.
Viols.
pp
Pur fra il riso beffardo dei demo-ni, Da cui cin-ta son io,... Ri-con-nob-bi quel suon! La
That was not the cry of the demons re-joicing in my ru-in, 'Tis his own voice I hear! His
Margheri-ta!
Margari-ta!
8va
Cre

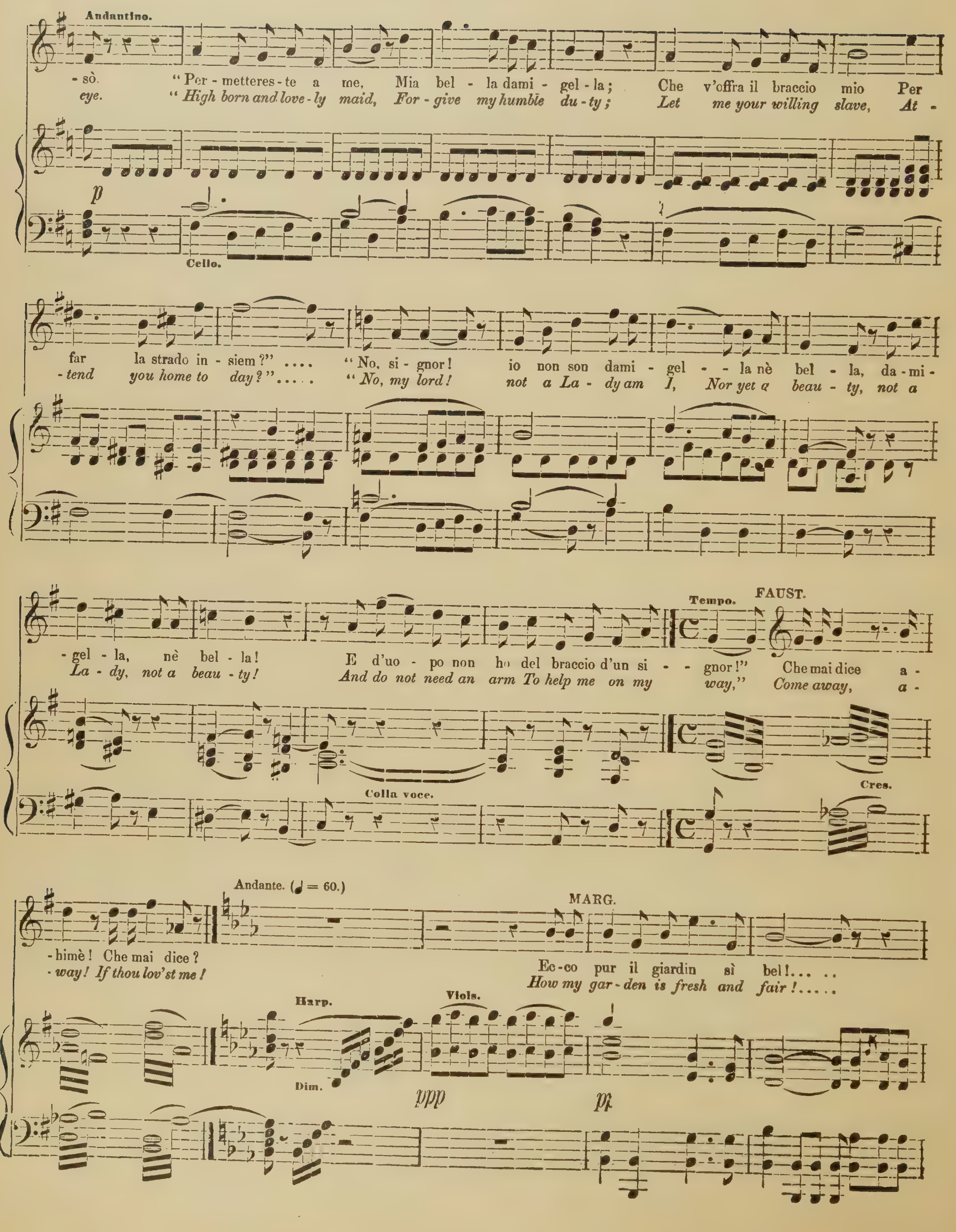

suon, la mano sua m'at-ti - ra! Io son salva, Egli è quì!..... Io son salva, egli è quì! a me vien al mio
hand, his hand is here to save me! It is he! It is he!...... I am free! for mine own faithful love is
8va
scen - - - do.
f
Allegro non Troppo.
piè! Sì..... sei tu! io t'a - mo! sì sei tu! io t'a - mo, I ceppi la
here! Ah!... I love thee on - ly, love thee, love thee on - ly, Nor shame on the
Viol.
Dim.
p
Cres.
morte istessa Non mi dar ter - ror! Tu m'hai ritro - va - ta, Tu m'hai ritro -
scaf - fold Can make my heart a - fraid! Since thou cam'st to find me, No tears more shall
Cello.
- va - - ta, Or - mai son sal - - va - - ta, Or - mai son sal - - va - - ta! Sei
bind me, Take me up to Heav - - en! Take me up to Heav - - en! To

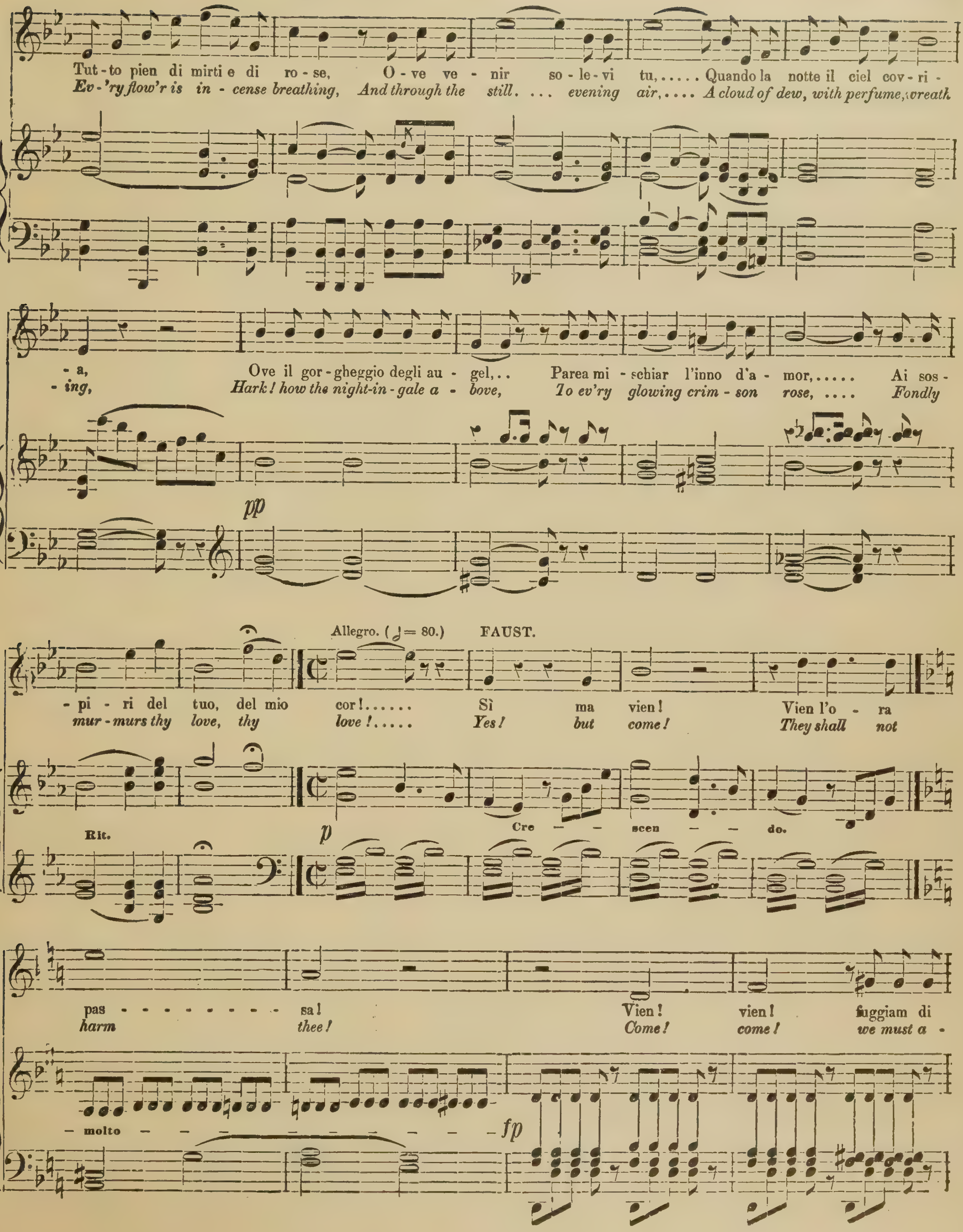

tu io son.... sul tuo cor!
Heav - en!........ by thy aid!
FAUST.
Sì,........ son io che t'a - - mo, Sì, son io che
Yes!....... I love thee on - - ly, Yes, I love thee
Viol.
p Espress.
pp
t'a - - mo, Che t'a - - mo t'a - do - - ro, Bell an - - gel d'a - mor!
on - - ly, Let who will, now goad me on, Or mock me, or up - braid!
Cres.
Dim.
T'ho alfin ritro - va - - - ta, T'ho alfin ritro - va - - - ta! Or - mai son sal -
Thy look doth ap - pal me! Thy truth doth re - call me! Earth will grow as
Cello.
Cres.
- va - - - - ta! Or - mai sei sal - va - - - ta! Son io deh! vien... sul .. mio
Heav - - - en! Earth will grow as Heav - - en! as Heav - en! By.... thy beau - ty
Dim.
Cres.
Dim.
pp

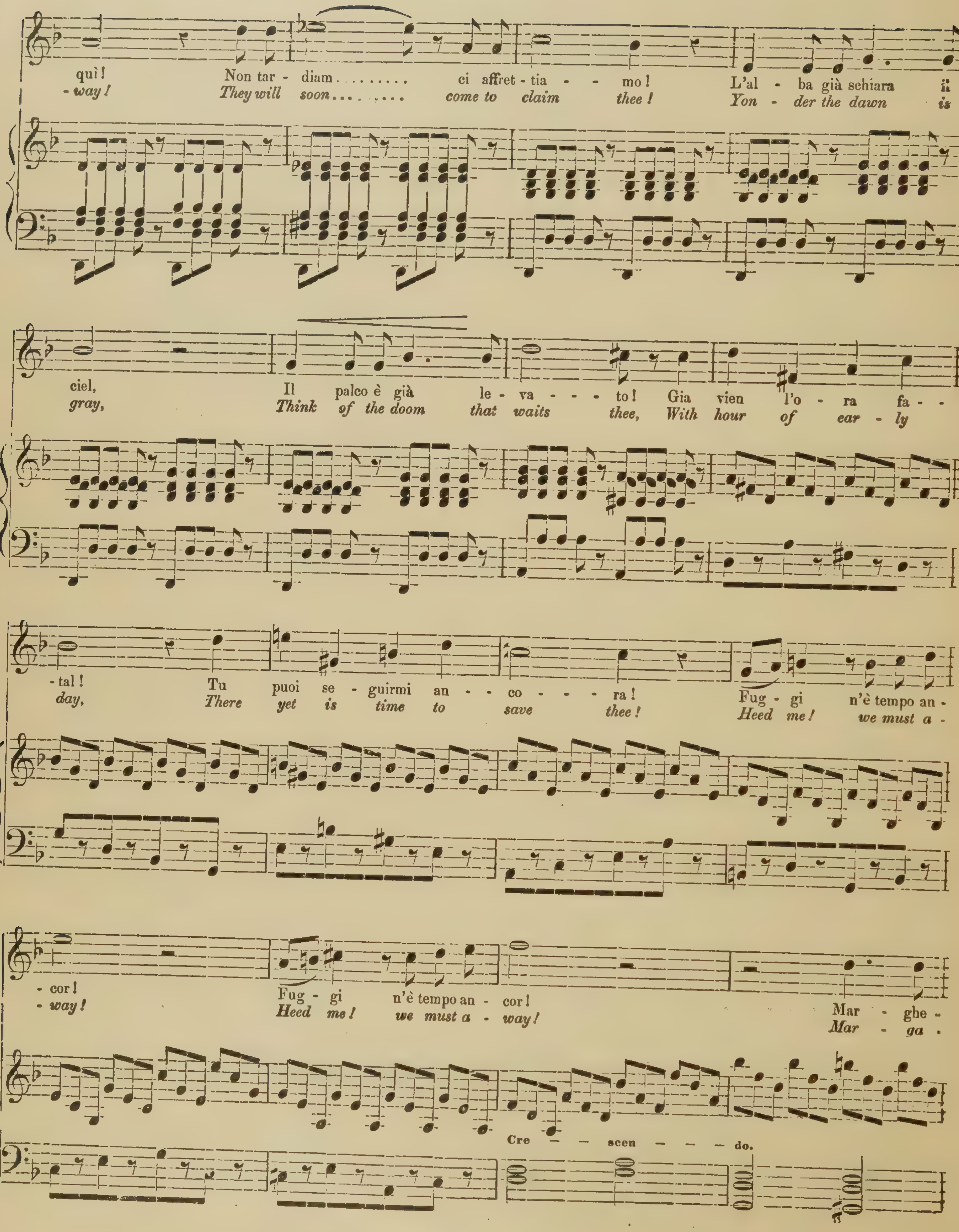

MARG.
cor! .... Sei tu! I cep - - - pi or sì sfi - - da -
made! ..... 'Tis thou! the to - - - ken flow - er said . .
Dolce.
pp
- - re sa - - prò .... Tu m'hai ri - tro - va - - ta, Or - mai son sal - -
...... on - - ly true! .... Rap - ture is re - turn - - ing, Joy and Hope and
- va - - ta, Ti stringo al mio cor! Scor - dai le sven - tu - re, Il
Morn - - ing, Are once more set free! Let all hate and spurn me, Con -
f pp
duol, le tor - tu - re! L'ob - brobio e il ros - sor, ... Spa - - rir per -
- tempt can - not harm me! I'm proud, not dis - may'd, ... Let the whole world
Cres.
Molto.
f

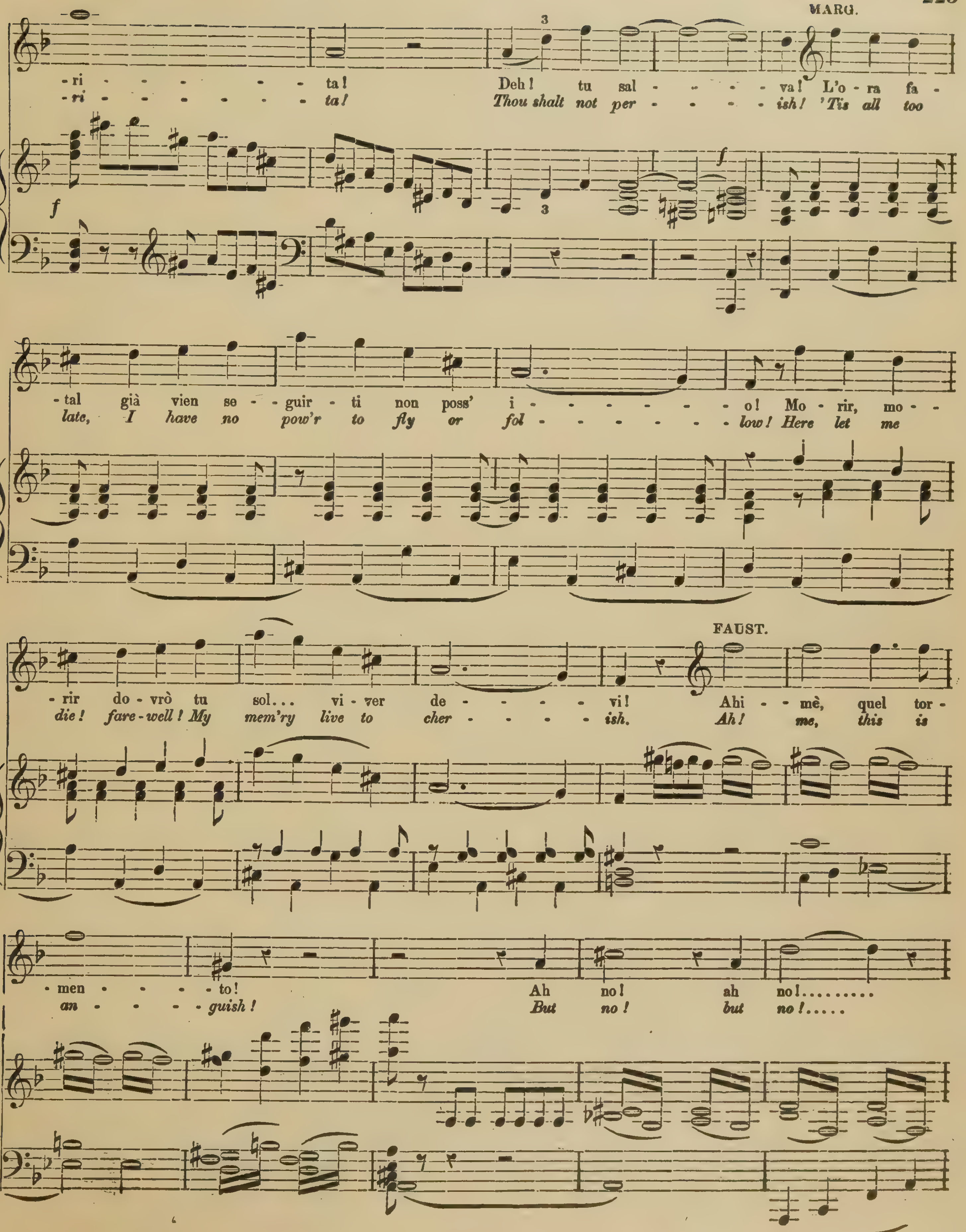

- me, ... Lie - ta io son! con te! Sì. . . . . . sei tu! io t'amo! . . . .
scorn . . . . . . me, I am safe with thee, Ah! . . . I love thee on - - ly,
FAUST.
Vien, vien sul mio cor! Sì son io che
Yes, safe, safe with me, Yes, I love thee
Dim.
p
sì, sei tu! io t'a - - mo! I cep - - pi la mor - te sfi - da - - re sa - prò!
love thee, love thee on - - ly, Nor shame on the scaf - fold can make my heart a - fraid!
t'a - - mo! Sì, son io che t'a - - mo. An - giol d'a - mor! d'a - mor!
on - - ly, Yes, I love thee on - - ly, Let who will, now goad me on!
Poco cres.
Dim.
Tu m'hai ritro - va - - ta, Tu m'hai ritro - va - - ta, Or - mai son sal - va - - ta!
Since thou cam'st to find me, No tears more shall blind me, Take me up to Heav - en!
T'ho alfin ri - tro - va - - ta! T'ho alfin ri - tro - va - ta! Sì! . . . . . al - fin se tro -
Thy look doth ap - pal me! Thy truth doth re - call me! Yes! . . . . Earth will grow as

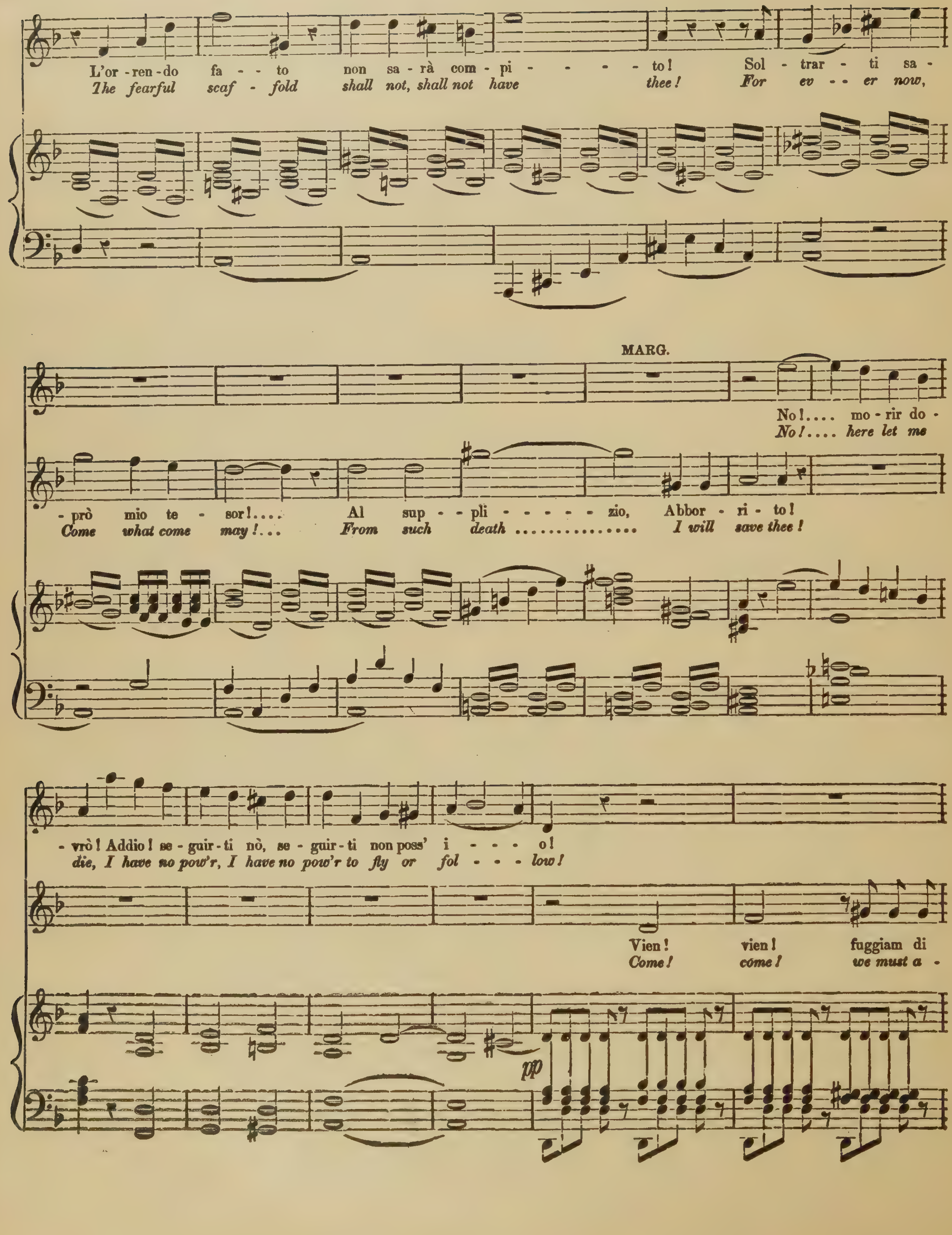

or - mai son sal - va - - ta! Sei tu ti strin - go mio cor!
take me up to Heav - en! To Heaven! .... by thy aid!
- va - - ta! Vien son io! Vien sul mio cor.
Heav - en! By........... thy beau - - - ty made.
Tempo di Valse.
Ob. & Clar.
f
Dim.
MARG. (her mind wandering.)
Sos - tiam!.. ...
Not yet!.......
Il loco è que - -
This is the fair.......
Viol.
pp
ppp
- - sto, Ove in - con - tra - ta, Un giorno io fui da te!........
Where I was seen by you In hap - py days gone by ....
E la tua man,................ la...... ma - no mio sfio - ra - - - - re o -
The day your eye...... .... did not dare.... .... to meet........ my

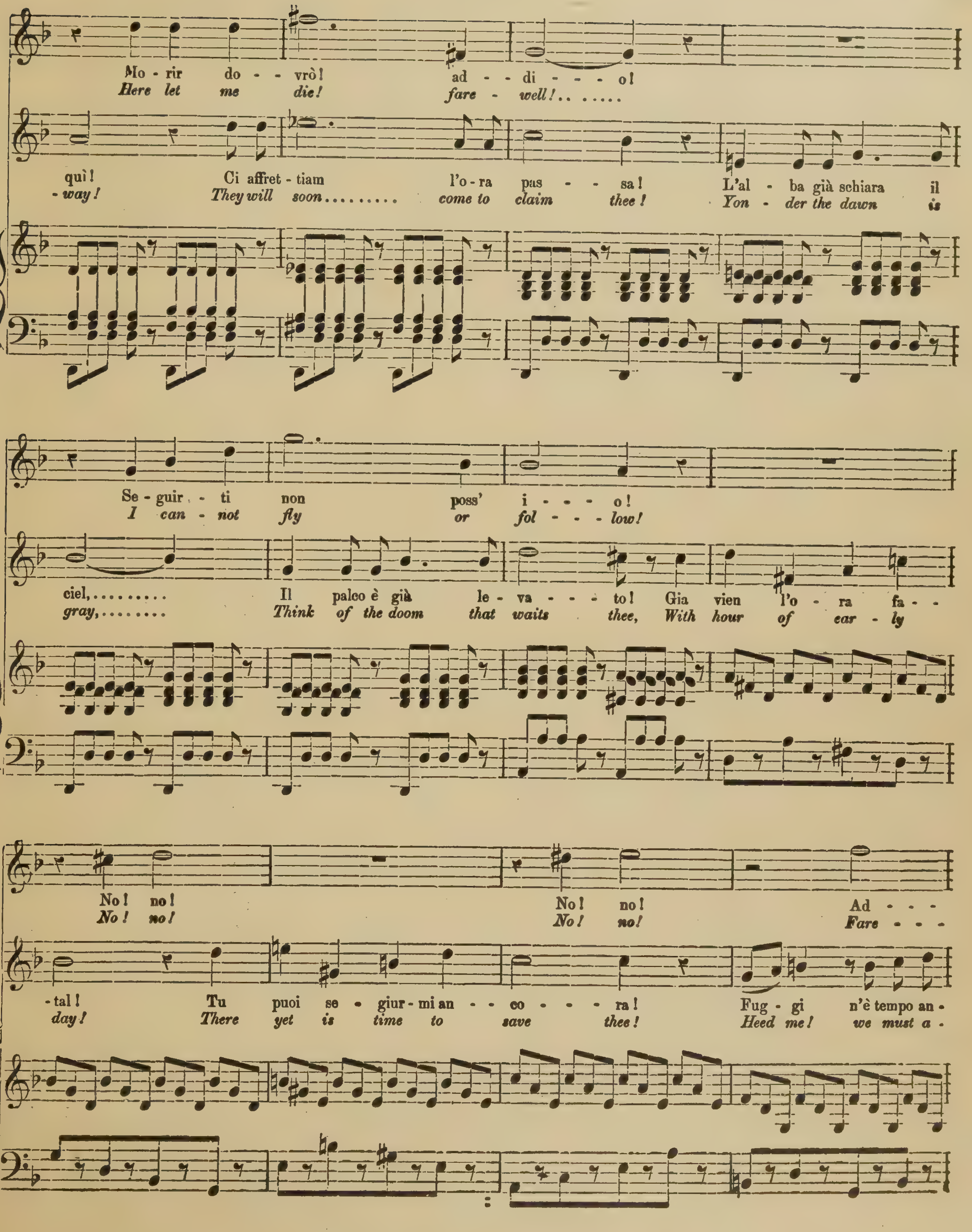

Andantino.
- sò. "Per - metteres - te a me, Mia bel - la dami - gel - la; Che v'offra il braccio mio Per
eye. "High born and love - ly maid, For - give my humble du - ty; Let me your willing slave, At -
p
Cello.
far la strado in - siem?" .... "No, si - gnor! io non son dami - gel - - la nè bel - la, da - mi -
- tend you home to day?" ..... "No, my lord! not a La - dy am I, Nor yet a beau - ty, not a
- gel - la, nè bel - la! E d'uo - po non ho del braccio d'un si - - gnor!"
La - dy, not a beau - ty! And do not need an arm To help me on my way,"
Tempo.
FAUST.
Che mai dice a -
Come away, a -
Colla voce.
Cres.
- himè! Che mai dice?
- way! If thou lov'st me!
Andante. (♩ = 60.)
MARG.
Ec - co pur il giardin sì bel!.... ..
How my gar - den is fresh and fair!.....
Harp.
Viols.
Dim.
ppp
pp

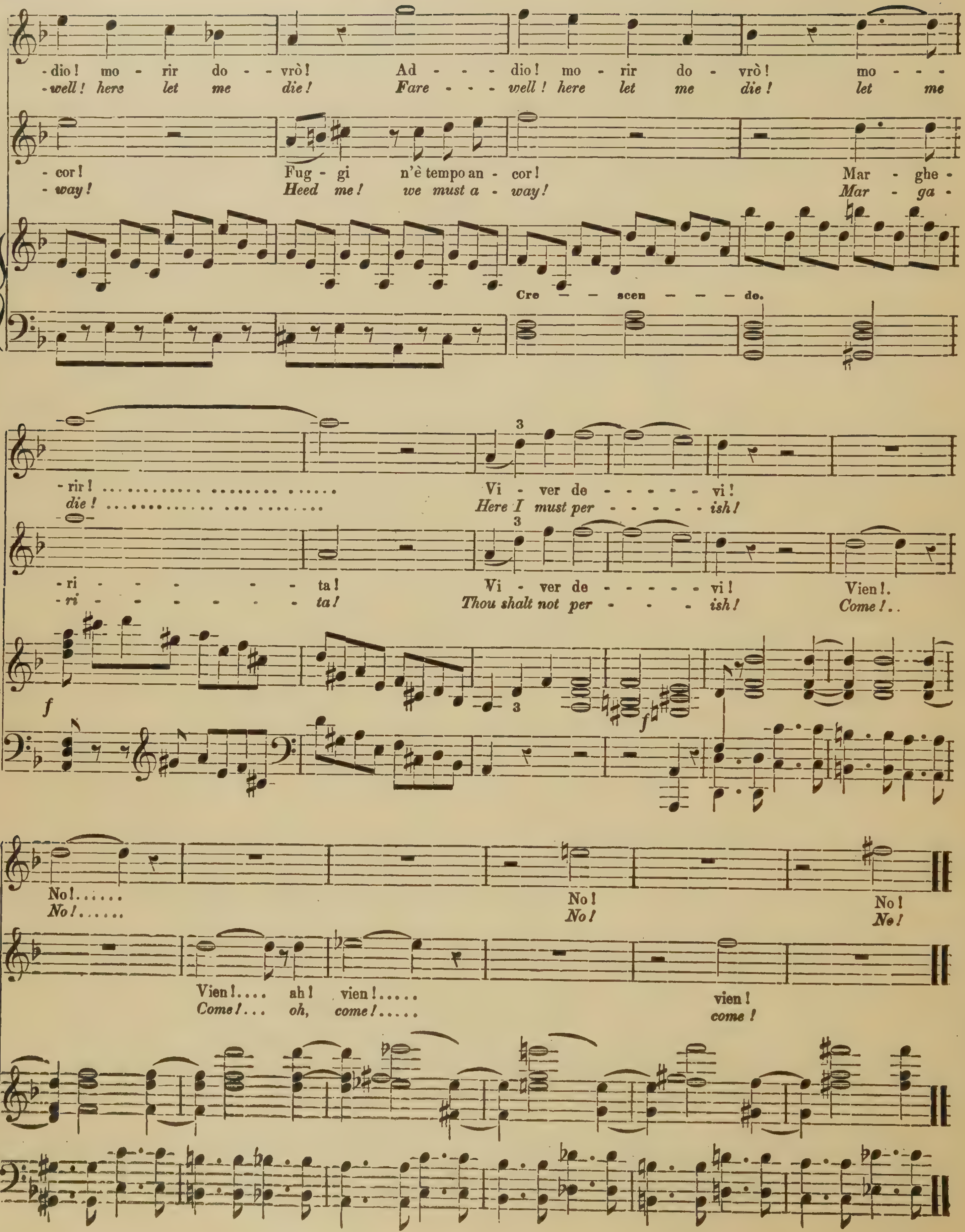

Tut-to pien di mirti e di ro-se, O-ve ve-nir so-le-vi tu,..... Quando la notte il ciel cov-ri-
Ev-'ry flow'r is in-cense breathing, And through the still.... evening air,.... A cloud of dew, with perfume, wreath
-a, Ove il gor-gheggio degli au-gel,.. Parea mi-schiar l'inno d'a-mor,..... Ai sos-
-ing, Hark! how the night-in-gale a-bove, To ev'ry glowing crim-son rose, ... Fondly
pp
-pi-ri del tuo, del mio cor!...... Sì ma vien! Vien l'o-ra
mur-murs thy love, thy love!..... Yes! but come! They shall not
Allegro. (𝅗𝅥 = 80.)
FAUST.
Rit.
p
Cre - - scen - - do.
pas - - - - - - - - - sa! Vien! vien! fuggiam di
harm thee! Come! come! we must a-
molto
fp


quì! Non tar - diam......... ci affret - tia - - mo! L'al - ba già schiara il
- way! They will soon.......... come to claim thee! Yon - der the dawn is
ciel, Il palco è già le - va - - - to! Gia vien l'o - ra fa - -
gray, Think of the doom that waits thee, With hour of ear - ly
- tal! Tu puoi se - guirmi an - - co - - - ra! Fug - gi n'è tempo an -
day, There yet is time to save thee! Heed me! we must a -
- cor! Fug - gi n'è tempo an - cor! Mar - ghe -
- way! Heed me! we must a - way! Mar - ga -
Cre - - scen - - - do.

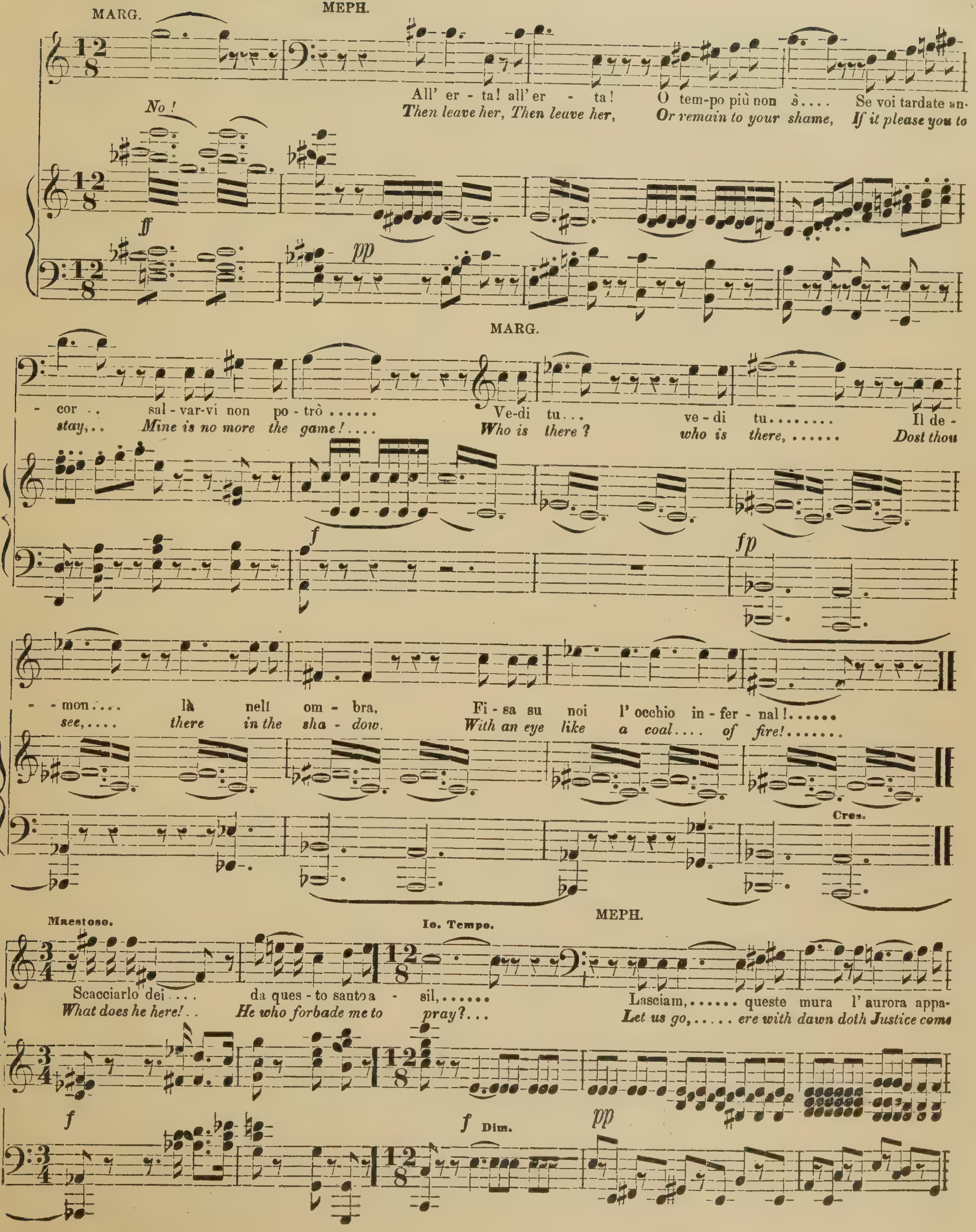

MARG.
-ri - - - - - - - ta! Deh! tu sal - - - - va! L'o - ra fa -
-ri - - - - - - - ta! Thou shalt not per - - - - ish! 'Tis all too
f
-tal già vien se - - guir - ti non poss' i - - - - - - - - o! Mo - rir, mo - -
late, I have no pow'r to fly or fol - - - - - - - - low! Here let me
-rir do - vrò tu sol... vi - ver de - - - - - vi!
die! fare-well! My mem'ry live to cher - - - - - ish.
FAUST.
Ahi - - mè, quel tor -
Ah! me, this is
-men - - - - to! Ah no! ah no!.........
an - - - - guish! But no! but no!.....

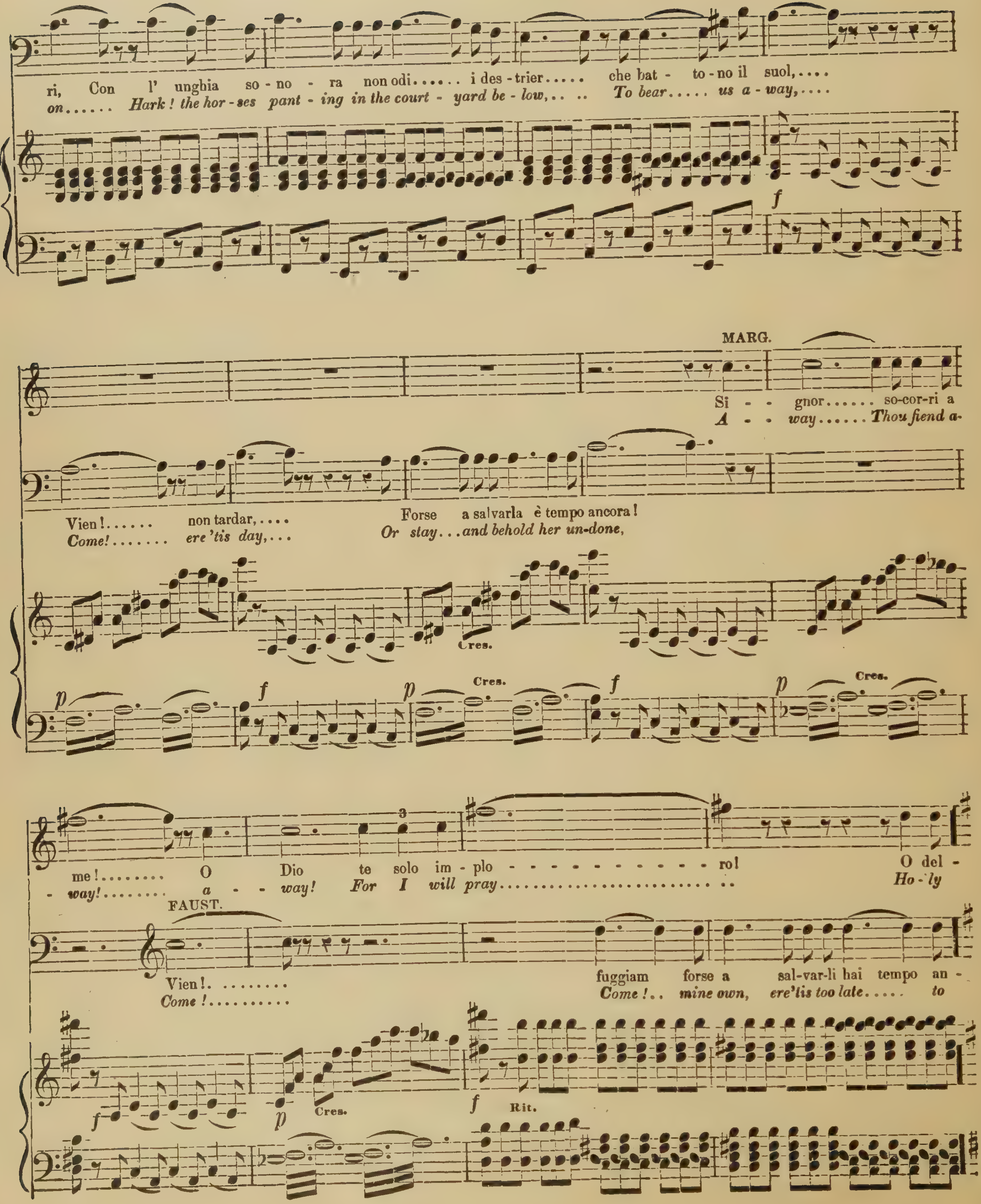

L'or - ren - do fa - - to non sa - rà com - pi - - - - - - to! Sol - trar - - ti sa -
The fearful scaf - fold shall not, shall not have thee! For ev - - er now,
MARG.
No!.... mo - rir do -
No!.... here let me
- prò mio te - sor!.... Al sup - - pli - - - - - - zio, Abbor - ri - to!
Come what come may!... From such death .... I will save thee!
- vrò! Addio! se - guir - ti nò, se - guir - ti non poss' i - - - - o!
die, I have no pow'r, I have no pow'r to fly or fol - - - low!
Vien! vien! fuggiam di
Come! come! we must a -
pp

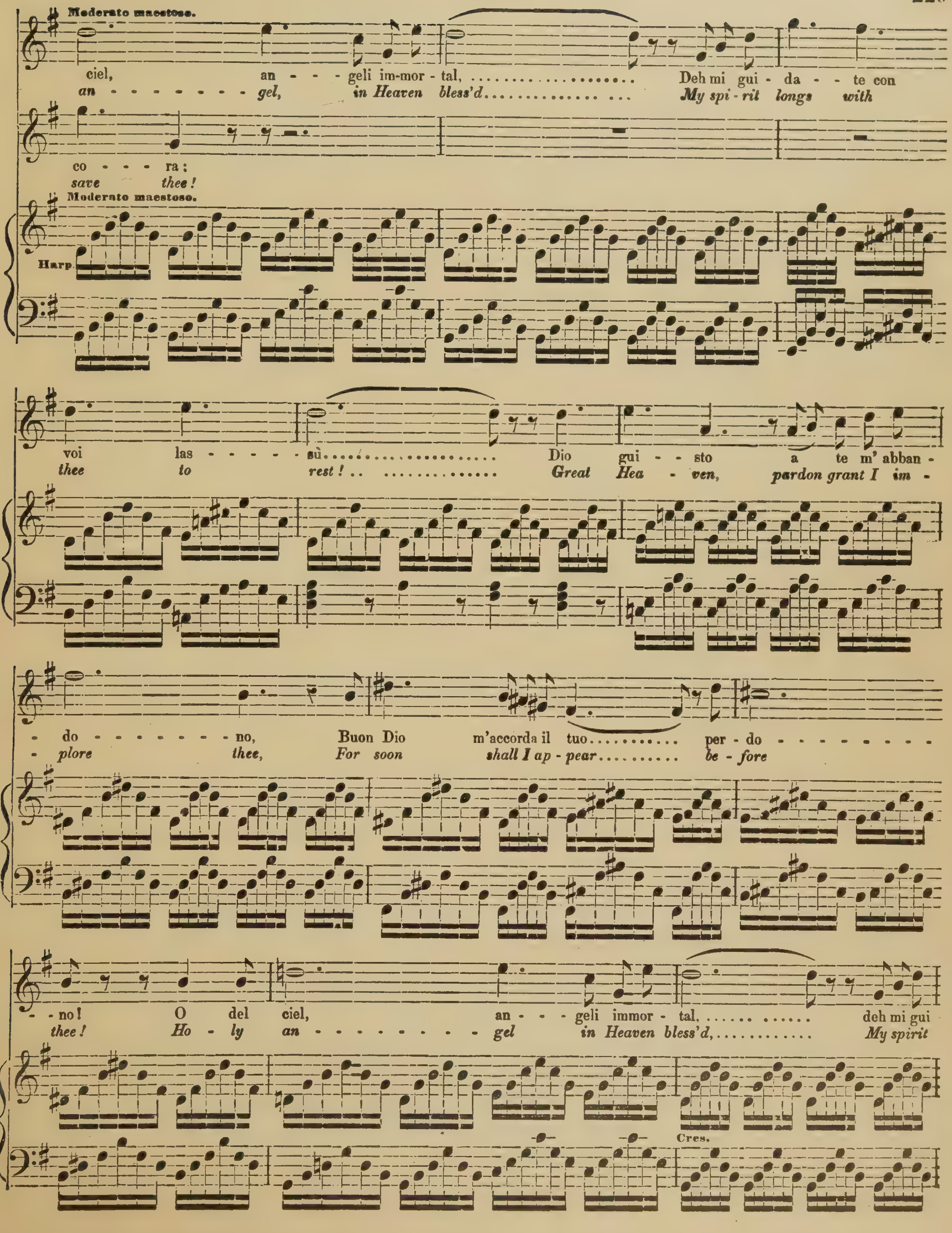

Mo - rir do - - vrò! ad - - di - - - o!
Here let me die! fare - well! .. ..
quì! Ci affret - tiam l'o - ra pas - - sa! L'al - ba già schiara il
- way! They will soon......... come to claim thee! Yon - der the dawn is
Se - guir - ti non poss' i - - - o!
I can - not fly or fol - - - low!
ciel,......... Il palco è già le - va - - - to! Gia vien l'o - ra fa - -
gray,........ Think of the doom that waits thee, With hour of ear - ly
No! no! No! no! Ad - - -
No! no! No! no! Fare - - -
- tal! Tu puoi se - giur - mi an - - co - - - ra! Fug - gi n'è tempo an -
day! There yet is time to save thee! Heed me! we must a -

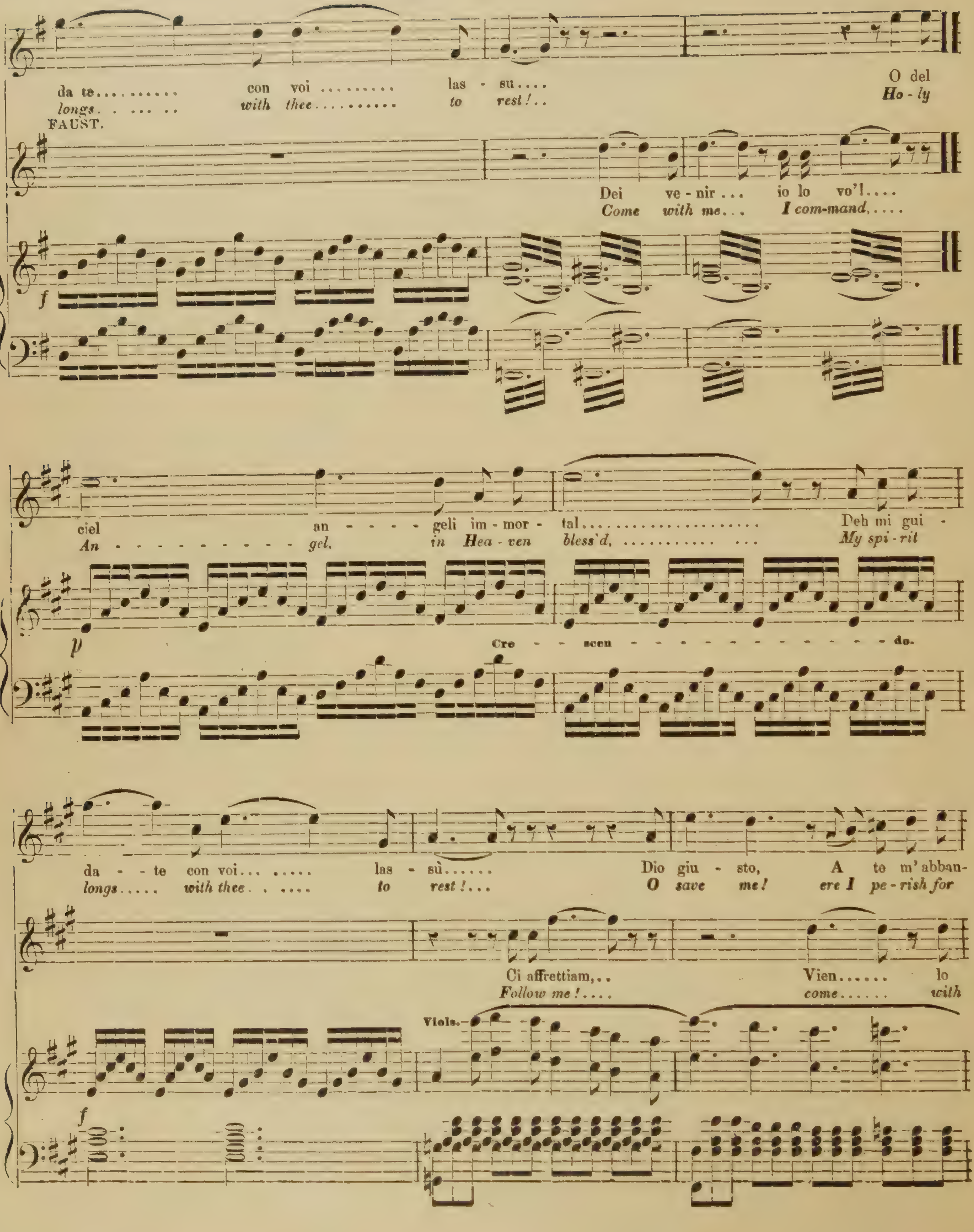

-dio! mo - rir do - vrò! Ad - dio! mo - rir do - vrò! mo -
-well! here let me die! Fare - well! here let me die! let me
- cor! Fug - gi n'è tempo an - cor! Marghe -
- way! Heed me! we must a - way! Marga -
Cre - scen - do.
- rir! ...... Vi - ver de - vi!
die! ...... Here I must per - ish!
- ri - ta! Vi - ver de - vi! Vien!.
- ri - ta! Thou shalt not per - ish! Come!..
f
f
No!...... No! No!
No!...... No! No!
Vien!.... ah! vien!..... vien!
Come!... oh, come!..... come!

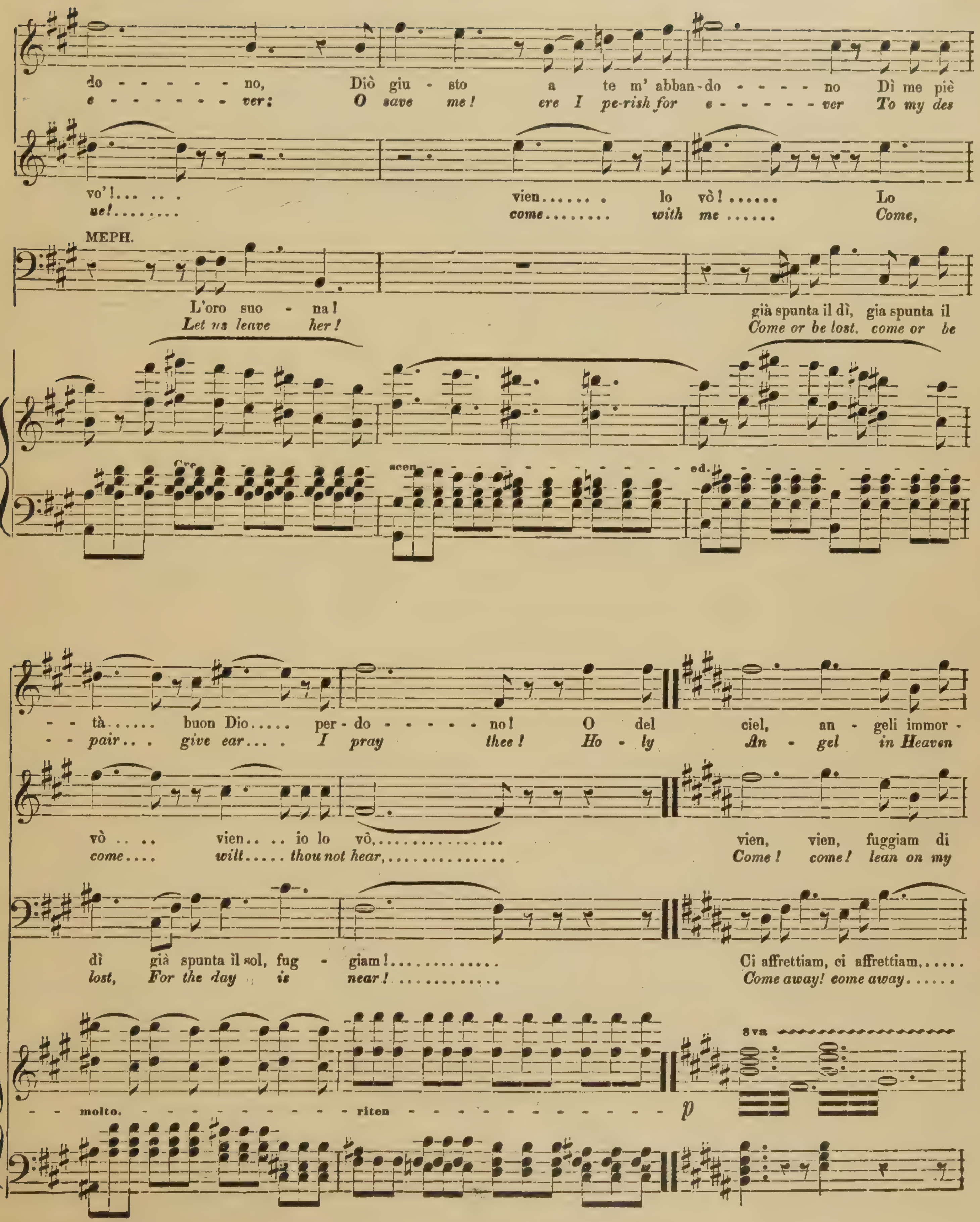
No. 20. Trio & Finale.

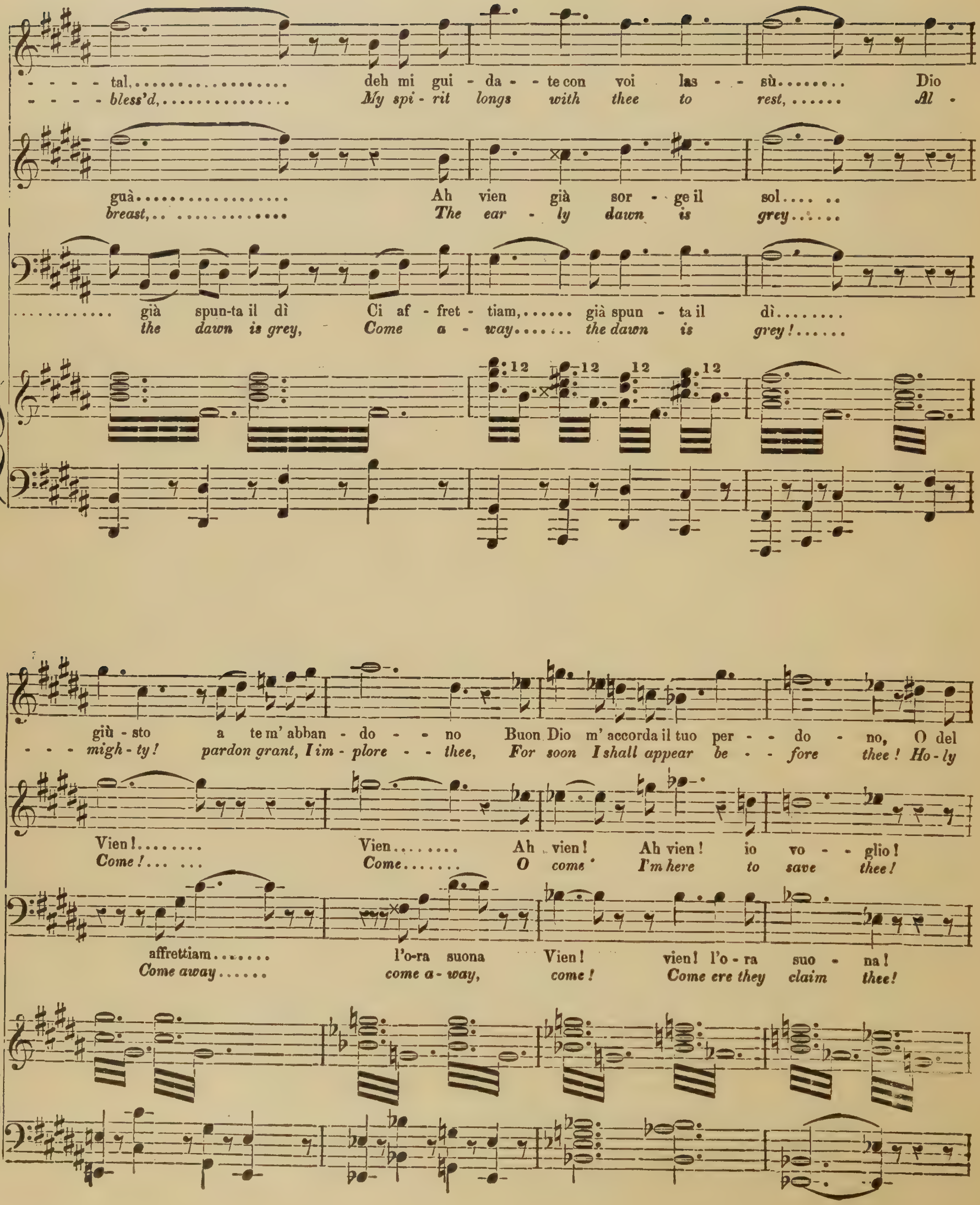



ri, Con l' unghia so - no - ra non odi...... i des - trier..... che bat - to - no il suol,....
on...... Hark! the hor - ses pant - ing in the court - yard be - low,.. .. To bear..... us a - way,....
f
MARG.
Si - - gnor...... so-cor-ri a
A - - way...... Thou fiend a-
Vien!...... non tardar,.... Forse a salvarla è tempo ancora!
Come!....... ere 'tis day,... Or stay...and behold her un-done,
Cres.
p f p Cres. f p Cres.
me!........ O Dio te solo im - plo - - - - - - - - - - - - - rol O del -
- way!........ a - - way! For I will pray.............................. Ho - ly
FAUST.
Vien!. .... fuggiam forse a sal-var-li hai tempo an -
Come!.......... Come!.. mine own, ere'tis too late..... to
f p Cres. f Rit.

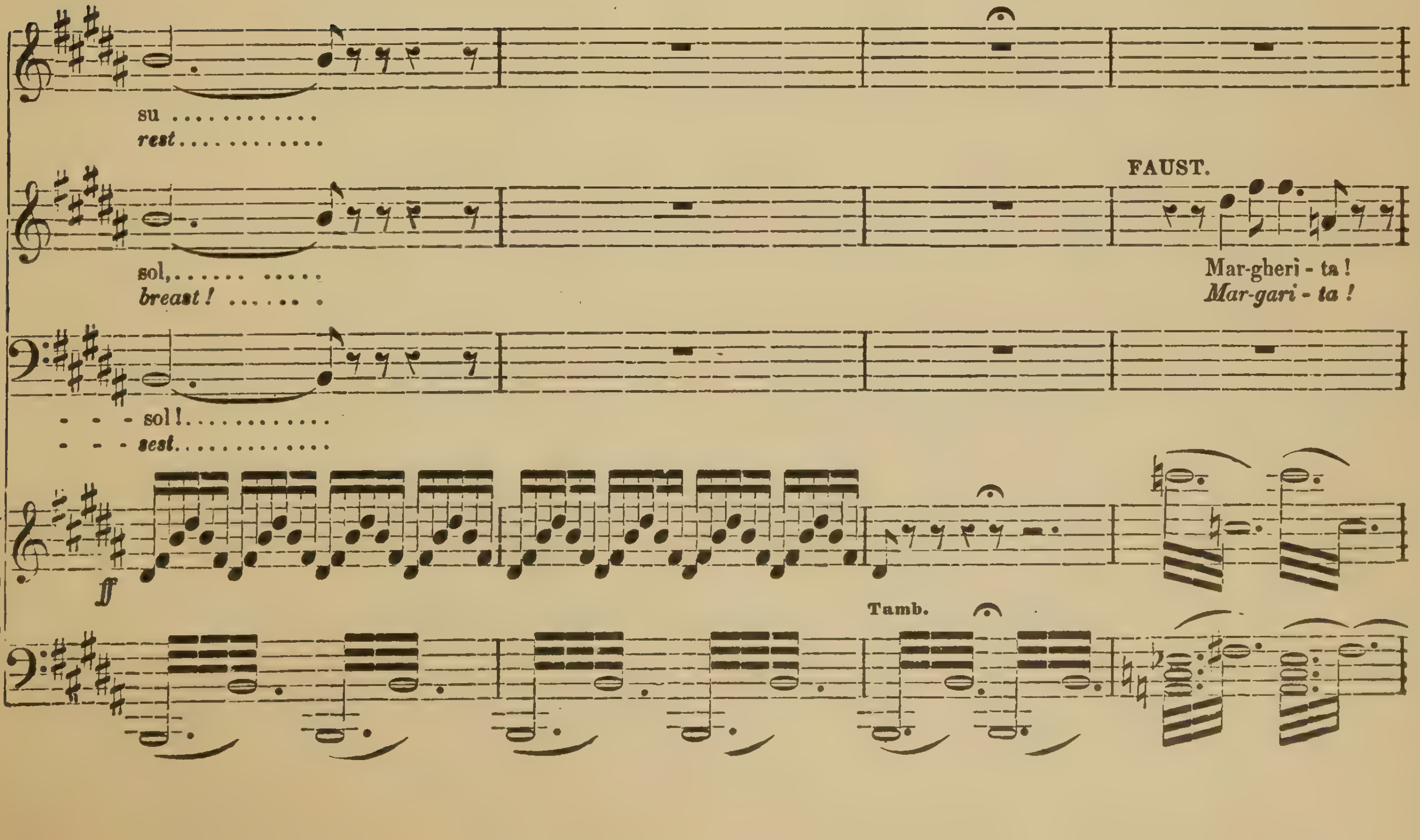

Moderato maestoso.
ciel, an - - - geli im-mor - tal, ... Deh mi gui - da - - te con
an - - - - - - - - gel, in Heaven bless'd.............. ... My spi - rit longs with
co - - - ra;
save thee!
Moderato maestoso.
Harp.
voi las - - - - - sù..................... Dio gui - - sto a te m' abban -
thee to rest! .. .. Great Hea - ven, pardon grant I im -
- do - - - - - - - - no, Buon Dio m'accorda il tuo........... per - do - - - - - - - - -
- plore thee, For soon shall I ap - pear.......... be - fore
- - no! O del ciel, an - - - geli immor - tal, ... deh mi gui
thee! Ho - ly an - - - - - - - - - gel in Heaven bless'd, ... My spirit
Cres.

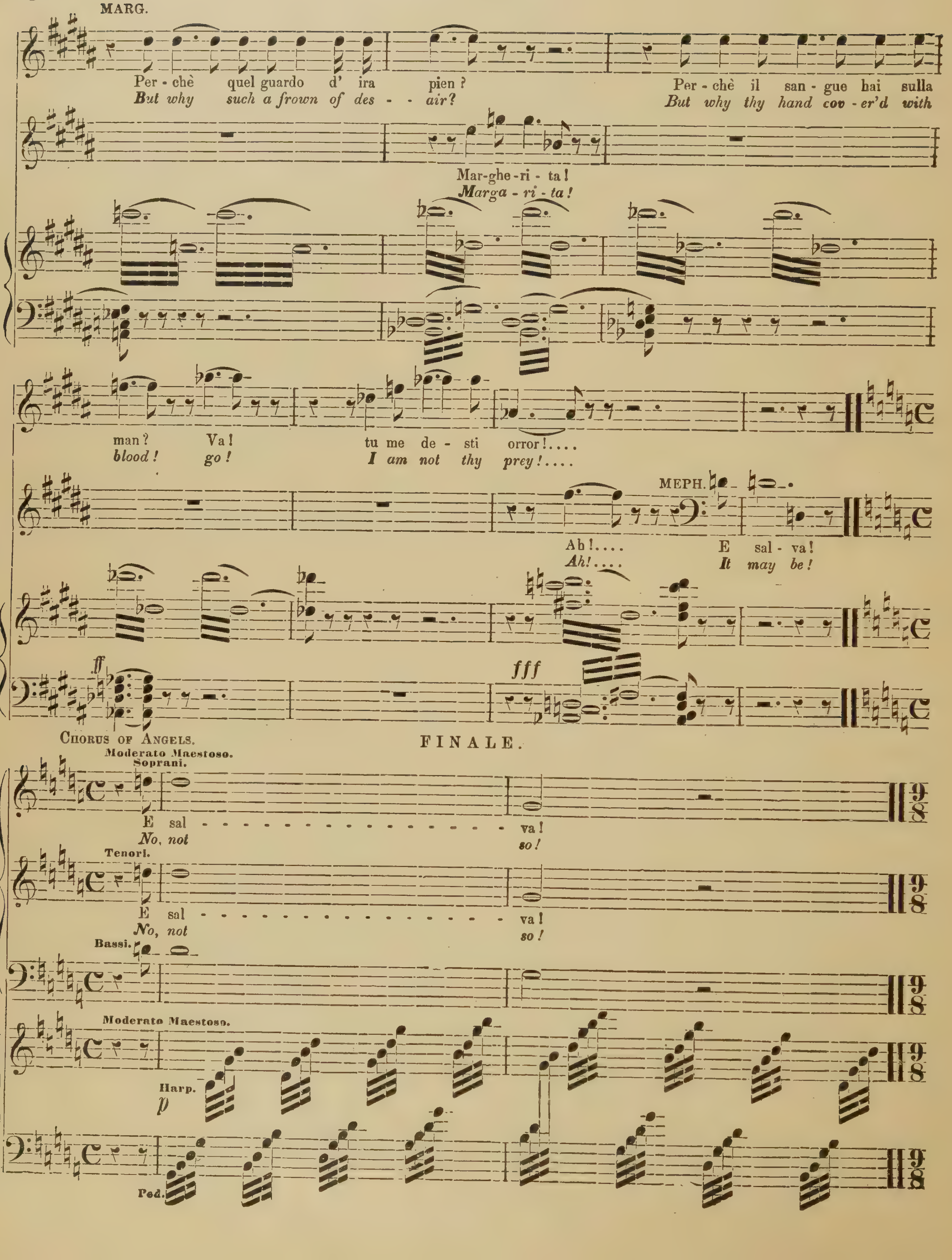

da te.......... con voi......... las - su.... O del
longs. . ... .. with thee.......... to rest!.. Ho - ly
FAUST.
Dei ve - nir... io lo vo'l....
Come with me... I com-mand,....
ciel an - - - - geli im - mor - tal...................... Deh mi gui -
An - - - - - - - - - gel, in Hea - ven bless'd, ... My spi - rit
Cre - - scen - - - - - - - - - - - - - do.
da - - te con voi... ..... las - sù...... Dio giu - sto, A te m'abban-
longs..... with thee. . .... to rest!... O save me! ere I pe - rish for
Ci affrettiam,.. Vien...... lo
Follow me!.... come...... with
Viols.

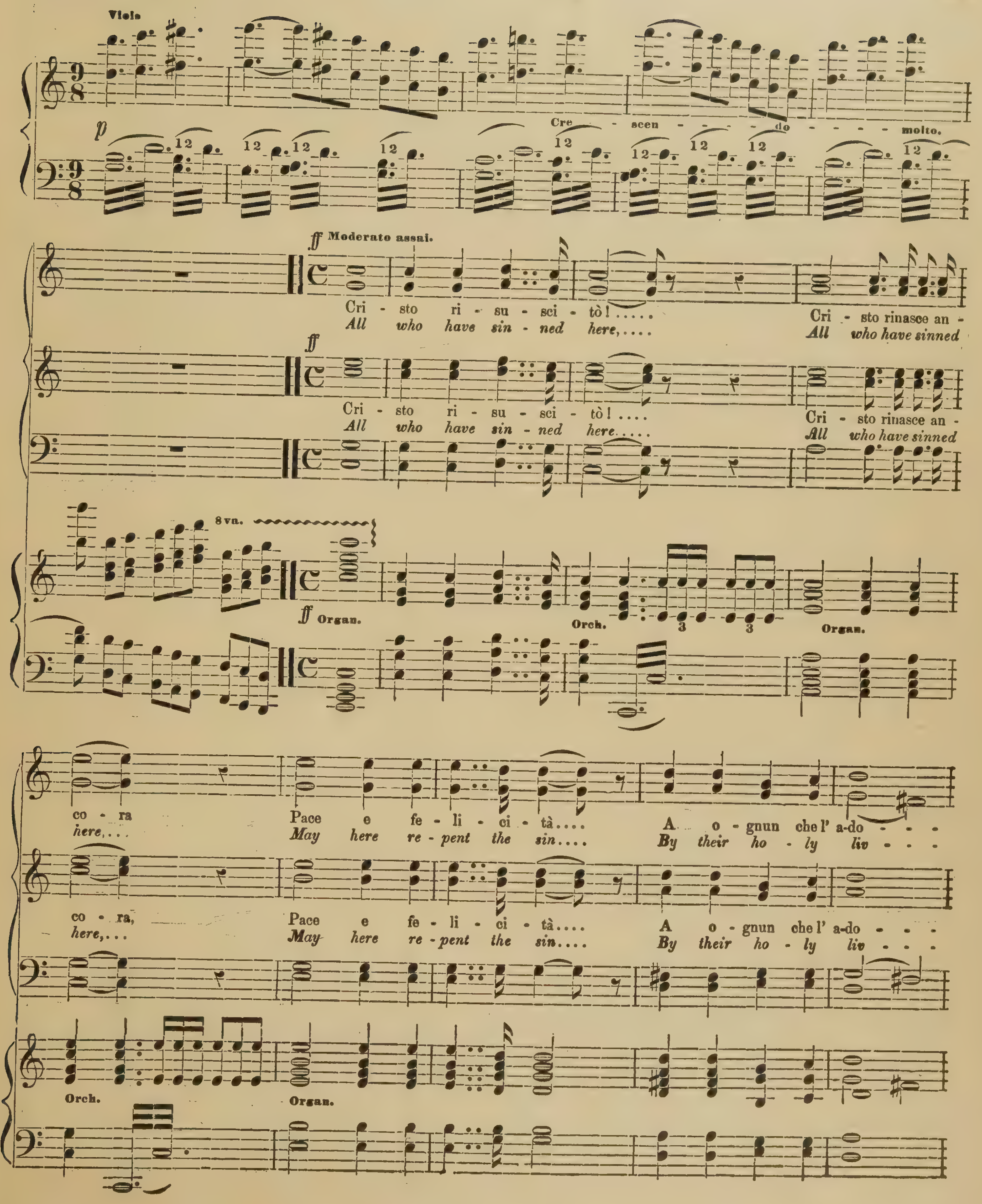

do - - - - - - no, Diò giu - sto a te m' abban - do - - - - no Dì me piè
e - - - - - - - ver; O save me! ere I pe-rish for e - - - - - - ver To my des
vo'!... .. . vien...... . lo vò! ...... Lo
ve!........ come........ with me...... Come,
MEPH.
L'oro suo - na! già spunta il dì, gia spunta il
Let us leave her! Come or be lost, come or be
Cre - scen - - - - - - - - - - - - - - do.
- - tà...... buon Dio..... per - do - - - - - - no! O del ciel, an - geli immor -
- - pair... give ear.... I pray thee! Ho - ly An - gel in Heaven
vò .. .. vien.. .. io lo vò,................ vien, vien, fuggiam di
come.... wilt..... thou not hear,............... Come! come! lean on my
dì già spunta il sol, fug - giam!............. Ci affrettiam, ci affrettiam......
lost, For the day is near!............. Come away! come away......
8va
- - molto. - - - - - - - - - - riten - - - - - - - - - - - - - p

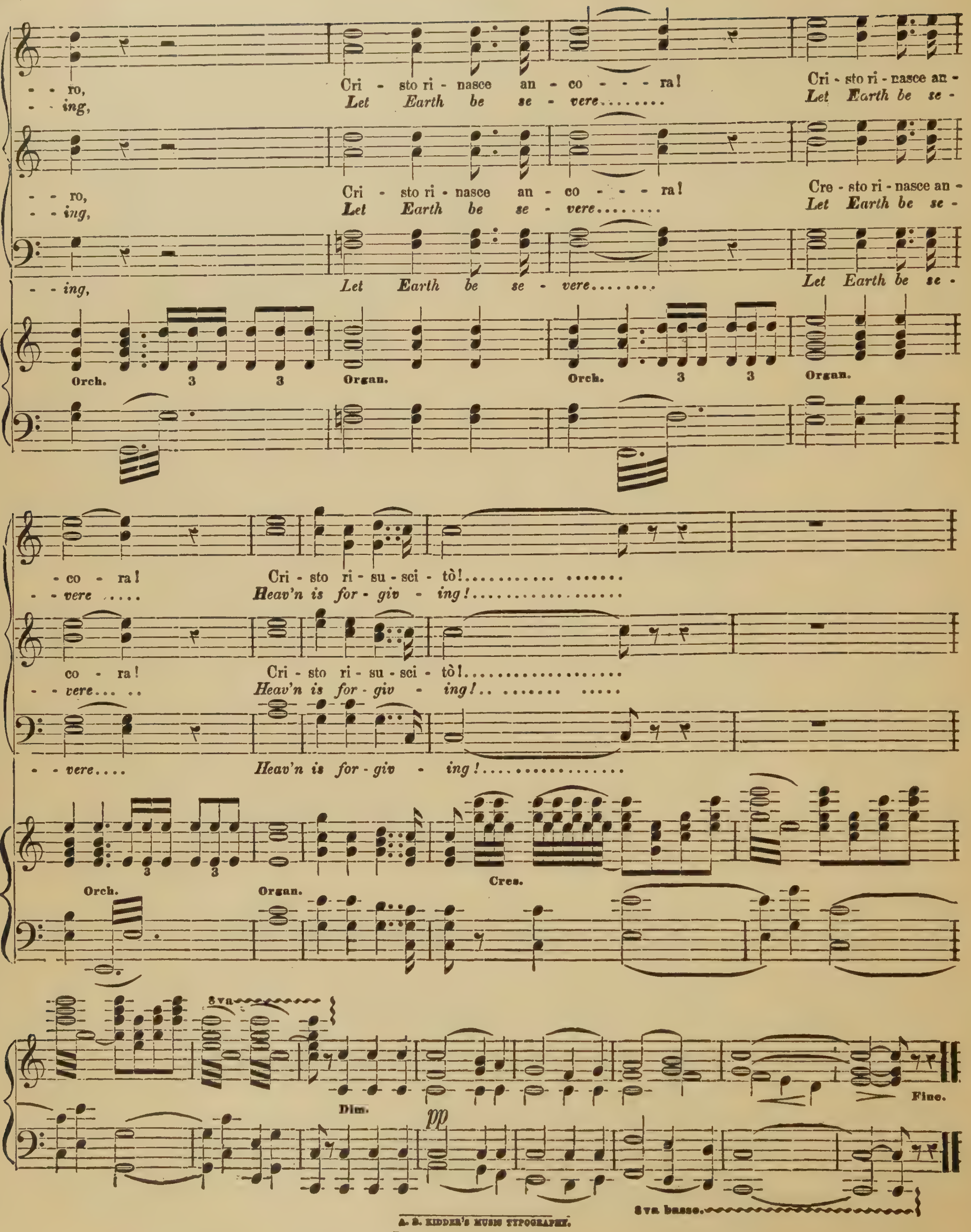

- - - - tal. deh mi gui - da - - te con voi las - - sù. Dio
- - - - bless'd, My spi - rit longs with thee to rest, Al -
guà. Ah vien già sor - - ge il sol.
breast, The ear - ly dawn is grey
già spun-ta il dì Ci af - fret - tiam, già spun - ta il dì.
the dawn is grey, Come a - way the dawn is grey!
giù - sto a te m' abban - do - - no Buon Dio m' accorda il tuo per - - do - no, O del
- - - migh - ty! pardon grant, I im - plore - - thee, For soon I shall appear be - - fore thee! Ho - ly
Vien! Vien. Ah vien! Ah vien! io vo - - glio!
Come! Come. O come I'm here to save thee!
affrettiam. l'o-ra suona Vien! vien! l'o - ra suo - na!
Come away come a - way, come! Come ere they claim thee!

Ciel an - geli im - mor - tal,............... deh mi gui - da - te con voi...... las -
An - - - gel in Hea - ven bless'd............ My spi - rit longs.... with thee...... to
Vien! vien! fuggiam di quà!..............
Come! come! lean on my breast,...... .....
Vien .... già sorge il
Come!... lean on my
Ci affrettiàm, ci affrettiam....... già spunta il dì già spunta il dì...... già sor - ge il
Come away! come a - way!...... the dawn is grey! If the girl.. be, not pos - -
8va
f


su ....
rest.............
FAUST.
sol,...... .....
breast! ....
Mar-gheri - ta!
Mar-gari - ta!
- - - sol!...........
- - - sest.............
ff
Tamb.


MARG.
Per - chè quel guardo d' ira pien? Per - chè il san - gue hai sulla
But why such a frown of des - - air? But why thy hand cov - er'd with
Mar-ghe-ri - ta!
Marga - ri - ta!
man? Va! tu me de - sti orror!....
blood! go! I am not thy prey!....
Ah!.... E sal - va!
Ah!.... It may be!
MEPH.
ff
fff
Chorus of Angels.
FINALE.
Moderato Maestoso.
Soprani.
E sal - - - - - - - - - - - - - - - - va!
No, not so!
Tenori.
E sal - - - - - - - - - - - - - - - - va!
No, not so!
Bassi.
Moderato Maestoso.
Harp.
p
Ped.


Viola
p
Cre - scen - - - do - - - molto.
ff Moderato assai.
Cri - sto ri - su - sci - tò! .....
All who have sin - ned here, ...
Cri - sto rinasce an -
All who have sinned
ff
Cri - sto ri - su - sci - tò! ....
All who have sin - ned here, ...
Cri - sto rinasce an -
All who have sinned
8va.
ff Organ.
Orch.
Organ.
co - ra
here, ...
Pace e fe - li - ci - tà....
May here re - pent the sin....
A o - gnun che l' a-do - - -
By their ho - ly liv - - -
co - ra,
here, ...
Pace e fe - li - ci - tà....
May here re - pent the sin....
A o - gnun che l' a-do - - -
By their ho - ly liv - - -
Orch.
Organ.


- - ro, Cri - sto ri - nasce an - co - - - ra! Cri - sto ri - nasce an -
- - ing, Let Earth be se - vere........ Let Earth be se -
- - ro, Cri - sto ri - nasce an - co - - - ra! Cre - sto ri - nasce an -
- - ing, Let Earth be se - vere........ Let Earth be se -
- - ing, Let Earth be se - vere........ Let Earth be se -
Orch. 3 3 Organ. Orch. 3 3 Organ.
- co - ra! Cri - sto ri - su - sci - tò!..................
- - vere ..... Heav'n is for - giv - ing!..................
co - ra! Cri - sto ri - su - sci - tò!..................
- - vere... .. Heav'n is for - giv - ing!.. ....
- - vere.... Heav'n is for - giv - ing!..................
Orch. Organ. Cres.
8va
Dim. pp Fine.
8va basso.

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